

TUCSON ♦ ARIZONA CITY MAGAZINE

March 1987

Volume 2, Number 3

\$2.00

White Collar Justice for a Thief

This man stole thousands and never spent a day in jail.

Catalina State Park For Sale?

As land values spiral, the state may have no other choice.

Searching for Joe Batiste

An ex-cop tracks the death of a great athlete who never made it.

☐ Turquoise Power

Byrd Baylor found out why you don't fool with this stone.

☐ Now Comes Panic Time

It's okay to be anxious in the '80s. The jitters are out of the closet.

☐ Breaking Bread with Bruce

Our ex-gov throws a million-dollar dinner party for a grubstake.



Chris Andrews



OPENING SOON



Primitive antiques from the European countryside.



FURNITURE and ACCESSORIES

St. Philip's Plaza, Suite 43



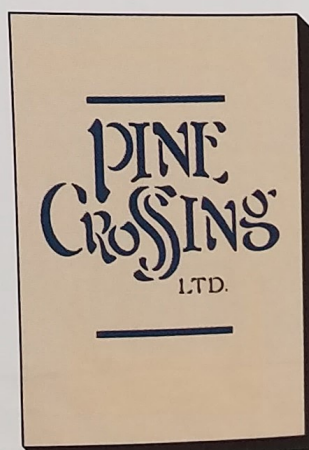
Campbell & River



Tucson, Arizona



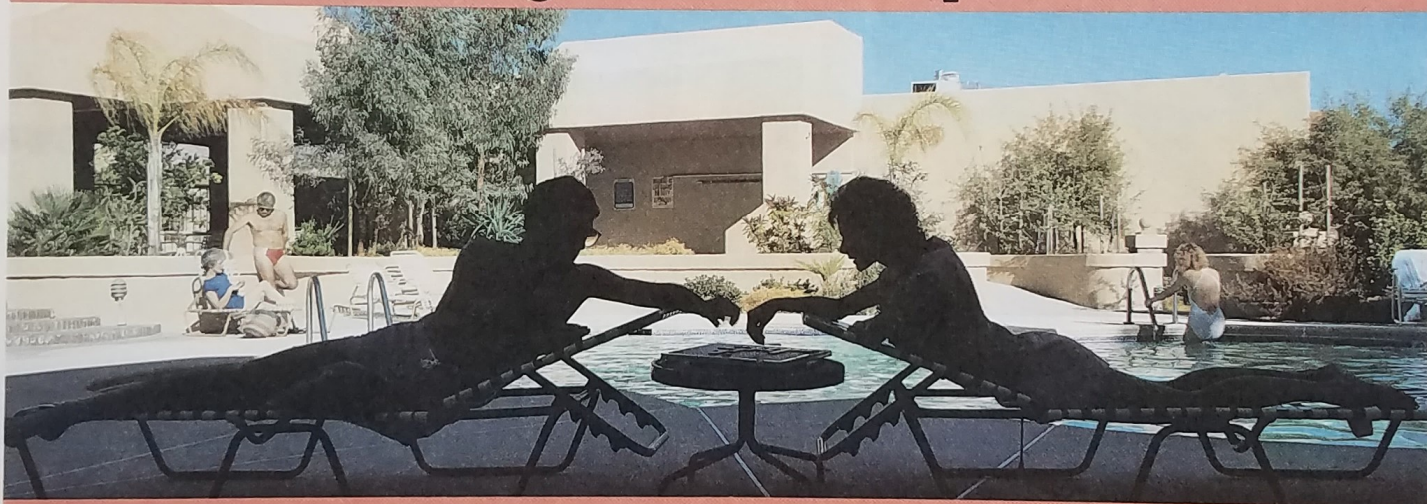
(602) 577-0506



SUNSET RIDGE



You shouldn't get all worked up ...



Unless you have a place to relax.

That's why we have two Recreation Centers.

One Center for the body—with a lap pool, and weight and exercise room. The other Center for the soul—with nothing but pure relaxation in mind.

At Sunset Ridge, we've begun building and selling our final phase. The two Recreation Centers, the northwest location, the double garages, the value, they've all played a part in making Sunset Ridge that rare find these days.

A home, for body and soul.

7.5% FHA/VA

30-year financing (APR 7.625%).

On Lavery Lane, one-half mile west off Oracle.

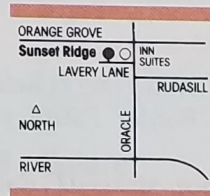
2 and 3-Bedroom models.

From only \$76,900.

742-1258

Open Daily from 10:30 a.m.

Broker Participation Welcome.



TOBIN HOMES

Interest rates and prices subject to change.

LETTERS

Tall, Dark and Scaly



Dear Iggy,

I was infatuated by your great photograph in the last issue of *City Magazine*. Your scales, your eyes----- oh what a hunk of an iguana!

I am a single, green, female, approx. 6 lbs. and 40 inches long. I enjoy long afternoons in the sun, and vegetarian food. Enclosed is a photo of myself.

Yes, one more thing, PLEASE be my valentine!

With love,
Ms. Remus

Iggy did better the second time

Dear Editor (or should that be Iggy?):

First, a confession. When I received the introductory offer to *City Magazine*, I saw that Chuck Bowden was going to be the editor. Bowden's good. So I subscribed to Chuck Bowden, by return mail. Well, to be frank, I was a little disappointed in the first issue. It was not puro Bowden. Perhaps my expectations were too high. I waited for issue number two.

It's great! Good writing, good articles, interesting topics. Newcomer camps in Gila Bend. An Arizona migra. (Really, guys, I've lived here a long time. Like, I'm almost a native. I mean, I drive a truck and it's not even air-conditioned. Ah, come on, you know the water in Gila Bend tastes awful. I'm a desert rat, honest.) "Tucson may well be the only city in the inland United States in which the farther east you go, the closer you get to Southern California." "The only Mexican restaurant in the history of the planet to expand, get all gussied up and not go to hell." (Another one of DR's lines cracked me up, but I don't want that printed in my letter.) And more. All in all, a very good issue.

My only criticisms are the format—the size of the magazine is just too awkward—and a couple of lines in the last issue didn't print right.

Sally Adams

Where is Tom Sheridan's heart?

Sir:

In your January article on "Immigration Reform," why does the author run down aid to the beleaguered Border Patrol yet overlook organized, illegal importing of aliens?

Has his national allegiance strayed? Rather, I think Tom's heart is buried in some Hispanic or nostalgic wounded knee.

Yours,
Bob Cunningham

'Staying Put' kindled memories

Dear Mr. Bowden,

We are enjoying the *City Magazine*. Thanks a million.

Enclosed is a money order for a year's subscription to the king magazine. I particularly enjoyed "Staying Put" (January)—that's real! I love the picture of the ocotillo hut. I lived in an identical one when our house burned in 1910.

Sincerely,
Eva Cruce

Grackles weren't early birds

Dear Charles:

I want to express my appreciation for your pro-environment choice of material in *City Magazine*. It is refreshing to see a piece dedicated to a common species of bird like the Great-tailed Grackle (January). In the interest of accuracy, however, I would like to point out that according to Phillips, Marshall and Monson, *The Birds of Arizona*, UA Press, 1964, no grackles were recorded in Arizona prior to their arrival at Safford in May, 1935. The first grackles to appear in Tucson came in April, 1937, and probably originated in Sonora. January, 1945, marked the first wave of the Eastern subspecies. Therefore the linkage of Great-tailed Grackles with the Hohokam—who vanished in the 13th century—seems far-fetched. Better to marry them with the on-going immigration of Mexicans and out-of-staters that gives Tucson its present-day strength, adaptability and character.

Sincerely,
Rick Taylor

Hold the macho, gimme opinions

Dear Chuck:

The magazine is terrific looking and your writing is exquisite—the best of yours I've read, and the best in the publication. The first issue had too much macho man stuff in it for my taste. The second one seemed better balanced. I liked the article on punks; Laura Greenberg is wonderfully descriptive, but that and the piece on roads in No. 1 disappointed my hunger for the writers' opinions. I guess it's hard to have opinions about those things.

Best thoughts,
Karen Dahood

Hard to hold, but hard to put down

Your magazine is extraordinary! Too big to hold—and too interesting to put down. It's a bit far-out for me, so no subscription at present. But all good wishes for success.

Katherine M. Doering

Rebirth of the delta

Dear Chuck:

Although the tidal bore (January) is perhaps the most spectacular historical element of the delta environment to be reborn since the return of the river in 1983, it is not the only one. Perhaps even more significant is the return of the sea grass (Indian wheat, or *Distichlis palmeri*) you mention. In 1983, the tidal flats at the river's mouth were almost barren. The return of fresh water has resulted in an Indian wheat population explosion. The plant has now re-established the vast green carpets described by Lt. Hardy in 1826.

While this demonstration of natural resiliency is reassuring, the situation up river from the tidal flats in the delta swamp is not. In pre-dam days, annual floods sustained the swamp. During the low flow years of the '50s-'70s, agricultural runoff sustained a smaller version. Paradoxically, increased river flow is now draining the swamp. As the river scours away several decades of silt, the channel is deepening and the swamp is shrinking. The bottom of the swamp is now seven miles north of where you found it last year, and the American sportsman's camp you passed is once again high and dry. The sportsmen can return if they wish, but thousands of acres of fishing holes and waterfowl marshes have disappeared. A hundred acres or so continue to drain each month.

Although the delta can never again be what it was before the "taming" of the river, it remains a mysterious and wonderful place. Thanks for capturing some of that delta spirit in your article.

Sincerely,
Steve Nelson
El Centro, CA.

Let us hear from you. Please try to keep it short. We reserve the right to edit letters, which must be signed. Also include a return address and phone number, which we won't publish. Send your letters to *City Magazine*, 1137 N. 7th Avenue, Tucson, 85705.



Arizona Historical Society

Uncle Sam's Girls—a Tucson Fourth of July celebration, 1897.

FEATURES

- 22 White Collar Thief**
Don Pavone stole thousands and never did time. By Patric Hedlund.
- 28 High and Dry**
Dying of thirst in the lights of Phoenix. By John Annerino.
- 33 Catalina State Park for Sale?**
As property values spiral, it could happen. By Charles Bowden.
- 36 Michael Cuddihy**
The editor of Ironwood speaks up. An interview by Nils Nelson.
- 38 Pushing the Panic Button**
Anxiety is okay in the eighties. By Laura Greenberg.
- 44 Novelaland**
Those hot adult comic books from Mexico. By John Durham.
- 46 Looking for Joe Batiste**
A cop tracks the death of a great athlete. By Arturo Carillo Strong.

DEPARTMENTS

- 8 Where to Howl**
Guide to good times. Food and drink, music, theater, art and other things.
- 18 Desert Notes**
Breaking bread with Bruce. From pithouse to skyscraper. English-only and pronunciation anonymous.
- 50 Straight Shots**
Before "progress," the barrio thrived. By Dave Burckhalter.
- 56 Local Custom**
Legacy of a hole in the ground. By Jim Griffith.
- 62 One of Us**
Signe Razzi turns a haircut into an art form.

Cover: Don Pavone.
Airbrush illustration by Chris Andrews.

City Magazine is published monthly by First City Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 13164, Tucson, Arizona 85732-3164 (street address: 1137 North Seventh Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85705), 602/628-9981. Copyright © 1987 by First City Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction or other use in whole or in part of the contents without written permission of the Publisher is prohibited. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for the care or return of unsolicited materials. Return postage must accompany any material if it is to be returned. In no event shall this material subject this magazine to any claim for holding fees or similar charges. Subscriptions: one year, \$15; two years, \$30, in the United States. Payable in U.S. currency. Single-copy price is \$2.00. Address all correspondence to City Magazine, 1137 North Seventh Avenue, Tucson, Arizona 85705. Bulk postage paid at Tucson, Arizona. Postmaster: Send Form 3579, change of address form, to City Magazine, Subscription Department, P.O. Box 13164, Tucson, Arizona 85732-3164.

COLUMNS

- 9 Arts**
Dylan Thomas showed up drunk, but stole the night. Lawrence Clark Powell was there.
- 15 Film**
The scholars take a serious look at blood, guts, and the communist threat. Ken Nichols has a preview.
- 57 Style**
You have to be careful how you handle turquoise—it's powerful stuff. Find out why Byrd Baylor cashed in her chips.
- 58 Nature**
Magic, sex and the history of the world, all in a tiny seed. Tom Dollar tells about those wonders stored in mason jars.
- 60 Books**
Memories saved from the flames comprise the fascinating history of Latin America. Reviewed by Robert Kahn.
- 61 Snowbirds**
Sometimes it takes a visitor to help remind us why we came here. Eleanor O'Bryon talks about the Arizona cure.

A PRIVATE ESTATE OF MIND



The "naturally advantaged" life is yours on custom homesites with vistas forever protected, next to the Coronado National Forest. Foothills living, high above it all at the top of Campbell, with breath-taking city views below. The Santa Catalina Mountains embrace Cobblestone in high Sonoran desert lushness.

More than private, exclusive estates, Cobblestone is a private estate of mind. It affords a proven investment in luxurious living and architectural purity, away from crowded townhome and condominium subdivisions.

Call 299-4348 for a private showing of available acreage or existing homes. Cobblestone, a natural environment for a rich and fulfilling lifestyle since 1980.

ROY H. LONG REALTY CO., INC.
(602) 299-4348

3131 E. Ina Road
at the top of Campbell
Tucson, Arizona 85718



COBBLESTONE

A Sears Financial Community

HOWDY



If you're a cold-blooded kind of guy like I am, you make sure you've a roof over your head when the snow flies. Well, Don Pavone fooled a lot of people (and maybe even a few gullible iguanas) who figured they had taken care of their housing needs. Turn to Patric Hedlund's account on page 22 and discover a facet of the new Tucson: a guy steals thousands and doesn't spend a day in jail. For another kind of experience, try Laura Greenberg's visit to panic, the shake of the eighties (page 38). Frankly, this is a new way of thinking for a steely eyed reptile—we don't panic, we hardly blink. Green leaves are more my kind of thing—turn to page 33 and discover how that fine iguana pasture, Catalina State Park, may not be secure after all. There has been loose talk that iguanas ain't got no culture. Well, read the interview (page 36) with Michael Cuddihy, editor of the poetry magazine *Ironwood*, and you'll learn that classy writing is for everyone.

Being long, scaly, and with a hide that makes bootmakers give me the eye, I'm a little touchy about racism. This town is getting better, but for the way we were, see Arturo Carrillo Strong's story on Joe Batiste, maybe the best athlete this town ever produced—and then discover the hard facts of race relations here during the thirties and forties.

When I was just a little lizard sitting on my mother's spiny back, I knew enough to come in out of the desert sun. John Annerino, a running fool, still hasn't learned. Dip into his attempt to race along the Sierra Estrella (page 28) and you'll know why I run this magazine and human beings don't. Or let Byrd Baylor explain why it's not nice to hog turquoise (page 57), or have Bunny Fontana show you the link between Hohokam pithouses and office buildings (page 20). And more and more.

Let's talk politics every month. I'm happy to announce that I am the first lizard in Tucson history to employ Norma Coile, recently of the *Tucson Citizen*, now of *City Magazine*. Having watched the human folly for a time, it is obvious even to my scaly eye that the tumult in this valley between warm-blooded mammals is the best theater since the Marx brothers. Ms. Coile will bring it to you in detail.

That's Tucson, a fit place for a frisky iguana.

Iggy Lizardo
Founder

Ignacio "Iggy" Lizardo
Founder

Richard S. Vonier
Publisher

Charles Bowden
Editor

James J. Forsmo
Art Director

Political Editor
Norma Coile

Calendar Editor
Laura Greenberg

Copy Editor
Ken Nichols

Art Assistant
Gil Juarez

CITY MAGAZINE

Contributors

Chris Andrews, John Annerino, Arlene Bateman, David Burckhalter, Byrd Baylor, Tom Dollar, John Durham, Bernard L. Fontana, Scott Garber, Hal Gould, Jim Griffith, Patric Hedlund, Robert Kahn, Peter Kresan, Vern Lamplot, Nils Nelson, Eleanor O'Bryon, Lawrence Clark Powell, Bettina Single, Arturo Carrillo Strong, Ned Sutton,

Account Executives
Cindy Barrett, Susan Caraway

Circulation Manager
Elisabeth Roche

We already know each other...we just haven't met yet.

It happens all the time here, you strike up a conversation and discover mutual friends. Instant amigos. Now meet **City Magazine**, the place to discover and explore common bonds. We bring together friends and foes, writers and readers, superb photography, the varied events that enrich our lives. **City Magazine**, written by people who live here for people who live here.



John DeCindis

Let's meet in City Magazine.

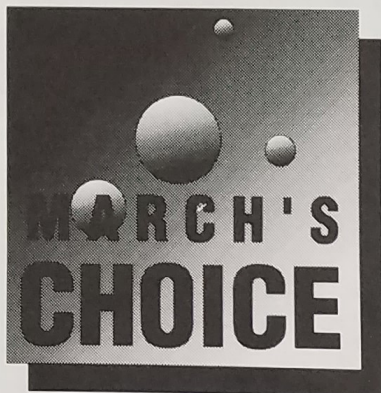
Subscribe now—don't miss a single issue.
Only \$15 for a full year (12 issues in all).
That's a savings of \$9 off the single-copy price.

City Magazine Guarantee

If you don't find **City Magazine** to be the best source for discovering Tucson, just let us know. We'll refund the unused portion of your subscription—no questions asked.

Where to Howl

Tucson's guide to entertainment, restaurants, the arts and other things to do.



PDQ Bach Mar. 13, 14

An evening of music madness with Peter Schickel and the Tucson Symphony Orchestra playing real weird scores supposedly found in a trash can in Dresden after the firebombing in World War II. The last of Bach's twenty-one children, he was the least talented. The history is up for conjecture, but the evening should be entertaining. T.C.C. at 8 p.m. Adm. fee. 791-4101.

Native American Music Mar. 14

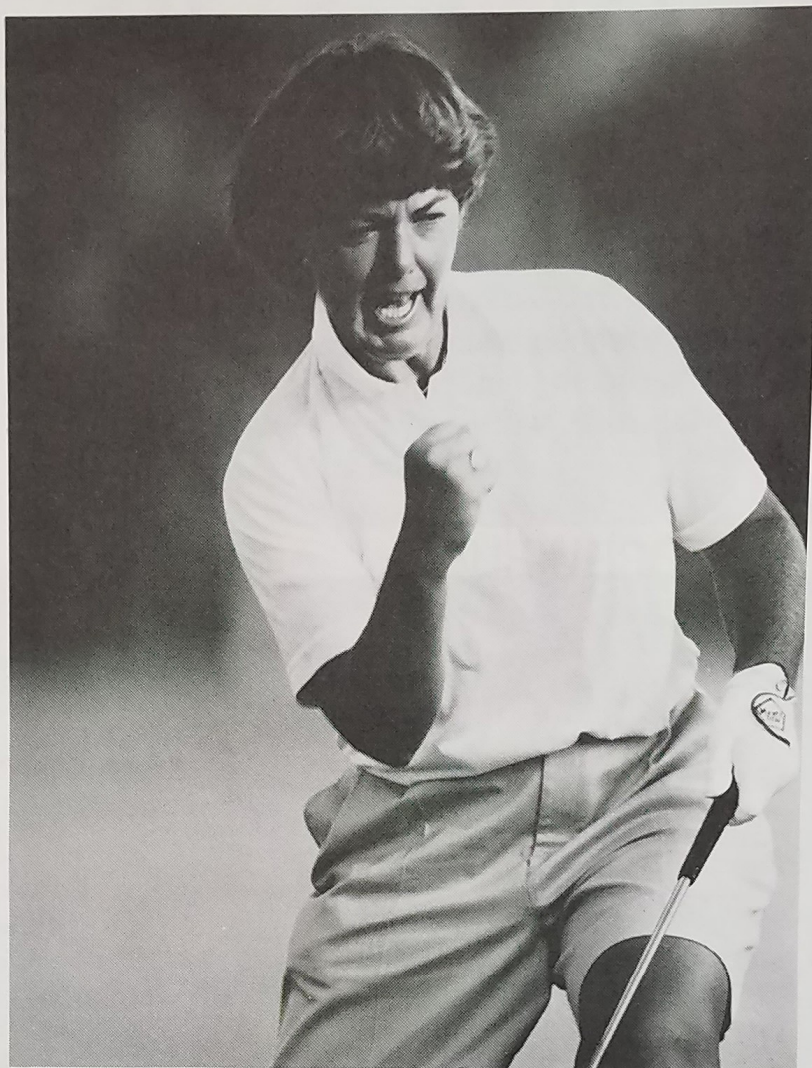
R. Carlos Nakai, of Navajo-Ute heritage, performs traditional cedar wood Native American flute music, featuring American Indian melodies and his own impressionistic compositions. Second part of this evening stars Jackalope, a New Age ethnic jazz ensemble venturing into the metaphysical at 8 p.m. Unitarian Universalist Church, 4832 E. 22nd St. \$8, \$5 students at the door and Dillards. Info, 624-5864 or 1-266-7835.

Selling The Printed Word Mar. 14, 15

Browse through several thousand used books—hardcovers and paperbacks that run the literary gamut. They've got classics, poetry and trash. What more could a bookhound want? The best sells quickly. Sat. 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Sun. 1-4 p.m. Universalist Church, 4831 E. 22nd St. All proceeds to the church. Info, 748-1551.

Polo For Charity Mar. 15

Polo is not just for Floridians or the rich. Kids get out of their wheelchairs and onto horseback because of T.R.O.T., a volunteer organization dedicated to helping handicapped children enjoy the unique experience of riding a half ton of flesh. The Therapeutic Riding of Tucson holds its third annual polo tournament Sunday at 1 p.m. at the La Mariposa Polo Field, Houghton Rd. just north of



Speedway. \$5 adm. charge. Golden Mallet lunch tent where the champagne flows is \$125 (registration required.). All proceeds to T.R.O.T. Further info, call Aline 624-1389.

Medi-Care Update '87 Mar. 18

Learn about patient rights, current legislation and the prospective payment system from a U.S. government health care big-wig. Medi-care is so complicated you need a lawyer to figure it out. Maybe this will shed some light. Sponsored by the TMC auxiliary in cooperation with the Pima Council on aging. Your chance to ask questions. From 2-4 p.m. at TMC in Marshall Auditorium. Free. Ample parking. Info, 327-5461 ext. 5355.

Circle K LPGA Open Mar. 18-22

Definitely an audience participation sport. Follow these professional ladies around the golf green and watch them drive and putt near-perfect shots. The big names are here and so is the money. Go to the tent for power socializing and refreshments. Good luck parking. Tickets at all Circle Ks. Tournament pass \$25.

4 p.m., Sun. 11-3 p.m.

Turn On To Bugs Mar. 23-June 28

On loan from the Oakland Museum is this traveling show on centipedes, crustaceans, insects, spiders and arachnids—displayed both live and dead. Not for entomophobes. Sponsored by the Sonoran Arthropod Studies, Inc., this exhibit is supplemented by pictures of insects on postage stamps, live insects native to the Sonoran desert and some dead specimens for the squeamish. Seems interesting. 2437 N. Stone. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. 9 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sun. noon to 5 p.m. Adm. charge. Info, 884-7274.

UA Spring Fling Apr. 2-5

It's carnival frenzy time again in the UA mall. See the latest styles as students and adventurers from all over Tucson wedge themselves in between rides and lines of ethnic food booths. Scare yourself in the haunted house, take a risk on the ferris wheel. There's music, dancing, mimes, clowns, facepainters and more. The largest student-run carnival in the country. It's just a fling, though, and it's fun 'til it ends. UA campus. Adm. charge. 621-2782.

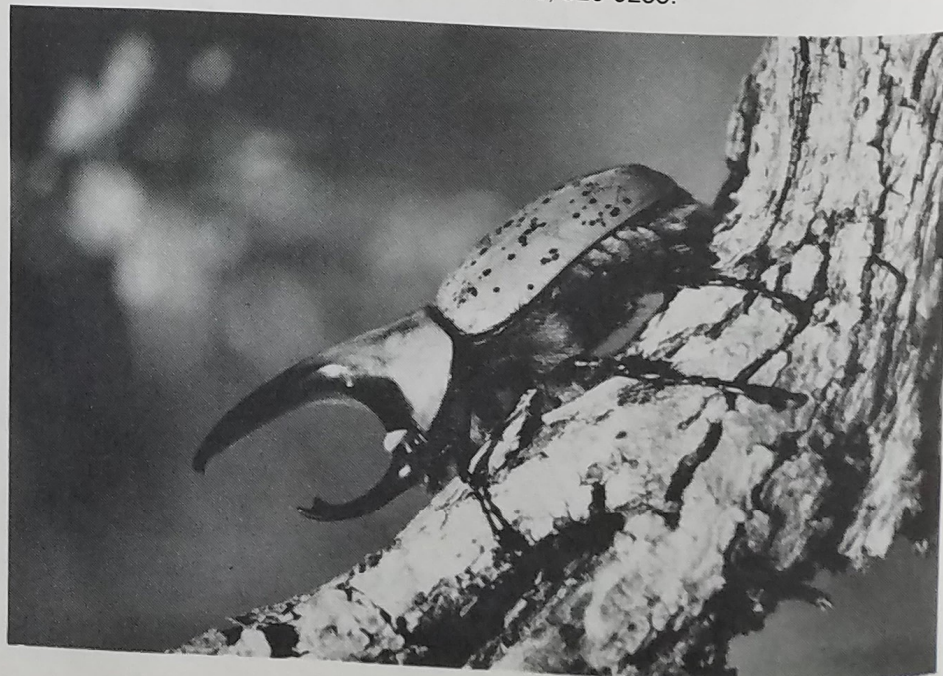
Spring Wildflower Walk Apr. 3

Put on solid hiking shoes and take a 5-mile hike with the Tucson Botanical Gardens folks up in Pima Canyon. They'll show you what's blooming at the height of the flowering season. Don't forget your brown bag lunch. 9 a.m.-2 p.m. Pre-registration required. \$5, \$4 members. Info, 326-9255.

Info, 791-4854.

UA Union Gallery Mar. 22-Apr. 12

Southern Arizona Watercolor Guild's annual juried competition of the members' best work. Last year, it took up three floors of wall space. A great show. We hope this year someone will paint a portrait in this medium. Don't miss. UA Student Union. Main Floor. Mon.-Fri. 10-



A Reading By Dylan Thomas

He was drunk, morose, sullen and combative, yet upon facing an audience he was instantly transformed.

By Lawrence Clark Powell

Private writing and public speaking don't necessarily go together. While at UCLA, I hosted writer-speakers of varying ability, including Aldous Huxley, Henry Miller and Kenneth Rexroth. Outstanding as these was another who came on April 11, 1950. After co-hosting him with the head of the English department, a wealthy snob, I wrote that night in my journal:

"This afternoon Dylan Thomas read poetry on campus, a squat, trol-lish fellow, insecure in the world beyond his work. We met before lunch. He was drunk, morose, sullen and combative, yet upon facing an over-flow audience he was instantly transformed and gave a powerful reading of Hardy, Yeats and his own poems, in a bardic voice, precise, clear and controlled. Not until it was over did he revert and refuse to go on to his next reading."

Now, thirty-seven years later, I am moved to enlarge on that hap-pening as best I can remember it. They said it was one of his best performances before drink did him in at age thirty-nine. Ours was a "risk venture" in light of Thomas' reputa-tion for bizarre behavior. When my colleague and I took him to lunch before the reading, the storm signals were flying gale force, and yet it was too late to draw back, for he had given the event wide publicity. The poet took an instant dislike for my colleague's black Rolls Royce. I did not volunteer that his wife drove a white Rolls and their cook a red Thunderbird for grocery shopping. UCLA in the '50s!

Nor did our guest like the Santa Monica Fox and Hounds with its phony hunting decor and red-coated

waiters. He refused to eat and demanded his own bottle of gin. My thin-lipped and icy associate gave up trying to engage the poet in a literary discussion; and distancing himself from the approaching fiasco, he left it to me to cope. Fair enough, for it was I who had proposed in- viting Thomas to campus.

Knowing that it was now a gamble for triumph or disaster, I also knew that a happy drunk is a more manageable drunk, and so I went for broke and plied him with all he called for, and more. When he learned that I was a librarian, not a professor, things improved and I ate lunch for the three of us.

By the time we reached campus, my colleague had withdrawn into deep silence tinged with contempt. All the while I kept serving up what Thomas appeared to find acceptable comments on the present state of poetry. We steered our wobbly guest through a side door and onto the stage where stood a lectern and three straight chairs. The appearance of the pear-shaped poet in a rumpled suit, skewed necktie and bird's-nest hair brought loud cheers; and there before our eyes we witnessed the transformation of drunk into actor and I knew that I had won. I felt a rush of well-being.

"Is my favorite drink in that pitcher?" Thomas demanded in a loud voice. I nodded, knowing that it held only water. "I'll need my books," he said in the same com- manding voice, opening a valise I had carried for him. The books spilled out on the floor. I picked them up and stacked them on the lectern to cheers from the audience. When they finally subsided, my colleague rose and in High Church voice intoned, "Ladies and gentle- men, it is my privilege to present the most distinguished poet writing to-



Dylan Thomas

From "A Garland for Dylan Thomas" Clarke & Way, Inc.

day in English—Mr. Dylan Thomas." It was one of the few times I unreservedly liked that long-since departed man.

Still, I held my breath as Thomas made his unsteady way to the lectern, grasped it and sought to pour himself a drink, at the same time knocking the books to the floor again. Once more I replaced them, and filled his glass. He took one sip, then roared, "Tricked again, and by a bloody librarian!" I made myself even smaller while Thomas tested the microphone. When it proved live, he allowed as how librarians weren't all bad.

At last he settled down in ear- nest, arranged his books with pages marked while he bantered with the students, expressing the hope that they were of the only two sexes he recognized. After the hall finally fell silent, he began to read. Time indeed came to a stop and the unturn- ing world belonged to the poet. My colleague even gave me a surrepti- tious thumb and finger sign of ap- proval.

Thomas began with Hardy's poem of love and irony, "To Lizbie Browne," then moved on through the minor Welsh and Irish writers, to Yeats and Auden, descending at last (his words) to his own poems to end with "In My Craft and Sullen Art."

In a cathedral hush, to the organ music of his voice, the audience remained transfixed. No word did he fluff, nor did he ad lib between poems. His was in total mastery of himself and us.

Thomas was due to read that evening on another campus. When we finally made our way through the throng to where the Rolls was wait- ing at idle speed, the poet sat down on the sidewalk and declared, "I am not going." The gathered students cheered. Whereupon my colleague, as burly as the poet was slight, towered over Thomas and said with quiet fury, "You nasty little man, you are going!" He gathered the dishev- eled poet in his arms and with one hand opened the back door of the Rolls, threw him in on the seat, slammed the door, got behind the wheel and drove majestically off to even louder cheers. My last sight of our visitor was of a small bundle curled up on the wide back seat of the departing car.

The recording made that day is not perfect, yet the magic is there. A copy of it is in the University of Arizona Poetry Center. □

Lawrence Clark Powell is Professor Emeritus at the UA graduate library school and the author of several books about Southwestern culture.

WHERE TO HOWL



1. ANXIOUS 2. CURIOUS 3. DISTURBED 4. MUSICAL 5. ABSENT-MINDED 6. CLUMSY 7. THEATRICAL 8. PRECISE
9. GENEROUS 10. IMAGINATIVE 11. MERCURIAL 12. ANOREXIC 13. VAPID 14. ALOOF 15. FIDGETY 16. HONES
17. TALENTED 18. RUTHLESS 19. INSECURE 20. DEMANDING 21. AMOROUS 22. LONELY 23. PINK 24. BLUE
25. WISHY-WASHY 26. FLIGHTY 27. FORGIVING 28. CUNNING 29. NAIVE 30. SEXY 31. SHREPTITULOUS

"Stolen Birds" by Liisa Phillips, part of her show at Etherton Gallery.

Manley Commercial Photography

BODY SHOP

Courageous Legs Mar. 15

The Southern Arizona Road Runners are off and running at 7 a.m. in the Sabino Canyon parking lot. Run or jog the Esperero Canyon Loop, 21.2 miles from 2,720 to 6,950 ft. If you're not in good shape, bring oxygen. Further info, 748-0633 or 298-0792.

Bicycle To Health Mar. 22

Get off those "Lifecycles" and ride the real things. The Pima Velo Club is pedaling the Sunrise Loop, 11.2 miles/22.4 miles. Take your pick on how long you want to ride. Meet on Sabino Canyon Rd., just south of Sunrise Drive. Info, 884-9018 (days), 884-5564 (eves.).

Aroma Therapy

Mar. 26

Mixing the correct herbs, oils and other natural ingredients are not just old-fashioned remedies. Get the rub on healing tired skin and muscles. Not only will you feel good, but you'll smell great too. 7 p.m. Free. Desert Institute of the Healing Arts. 639 N. 6th Ave. 882-0899.

Doubletree Tennis Open Mar. 27-29

You don't have to be Navratilova to enter this tournament. They have all skill levels for singles, doubles, mixed doubles. Get out the racquet you love and see how competition spurs your game. Sanctioned by the U.S.T.A. Adm. charge. Info, 791-4896.

Strong Heart Mar. 29

Consider the benefits of running the Mica Mountain Marathon, 26.6 miles from a starting elevation of 2,750 ft. climbing to 8,660 ft. Once your endorphins kick in, you'll forget the pain. Sponsored by the S.A.R.R. Begins at 7 a.m. at the east end of Speedway. Info, 748-0633 or 298-0792.

HEAD SHOP

Official Volleyball Mar. 12, 19

If you're interested in learning the nuts and bolts of being a volleyball official for the city, a clinic will be held at 6:30 p.m. at the City Parks and Recreation Lounge. Both clinic dates are mandatory to qualify. Your chance at high pressure decision making. Info, 791-4879.

Future Eating Mar. 11

It's time to get next year's salad in the ground. The Pima County Co-op Extension Service demonstrates the proper methods of planting vegetables. 10 a.m. at 4040 North Campbell Ave. Join a lively group of dirt handlers. The same demonstration takes place on Mar. 11 at Wilmot

Library at 11:30 a.m., 530 N. Wilmot, and at Nanini Library on Mar. 12 at 2 p.m., 7300 N. Shannon Rd. We recommend. Free. Info, 628-5628.

Plan Your Landscape Mar. 11

Illustrated lecture and discussion by docent Lucy Pascoe on keeping those thumbs green during the upcoming summer months so your shrubs, trees and ground covers won't be baked to a brown crisp. 9:30-11 a.m. \$5; members \$4. Pre-registration encouraged. Tucson Botanical Gardens, 2150 N. Alvernon. 326-9255.

Women's Roundtable Mar. 12

Tucson Medical Center sponsors these seminars, specifically for women, once a month. Dr. James Scala, Ph.D., explains how diet relates to illness, especially osteoporosis and arthritis. This is the nitty-gritty on living a long and healthy life. 7-9 p.m. at the Radisson Suite Hotel. Refreshments served. Bring your questions. \$10 non-members; \$5 members. Reservations required. Call 29-WOMAN.

With This Ring.... Mar. 14

This seminar focuses on what is rapidly becoming the most common new relationship—the stepfamily. They examine the potential hazards you might be in, or fall into. This should help you get out of them. 9 a.m.-noon by Lynn O'Hern, M.Ed., and Frank Williams, Th.D. Second part of the seminar focuses on conflict resolution in marriages and families. A good way to avoid saying "I'll see you in court." 1:30-4 p.m. with Timothy Musty, A.C.S.W., and Ann Remers, J.D. Adm. charge. Registration, call Options, 326-7620.

Sky Talk Mar. 17

"Observing the Universe," lecture by Dr. Tom Gehrels of the UA Lunar and Planetary Laboratory begins at 7:30 p.m. in the Star Theatre, Flandrau Planetarium. Ever stare at the night sky and wonder what's up? Get some answers. The telescopes at the Planetarium and Steward Observatory are open for public viewing after the lecture. \$1 admission. Info, 621-4515.

Things Men Worry About.... Mar. 18

Tucson Medical Center is sponsoring a lecture on the causes, diagnosis and treatment of that condition people get timid about...impotence. 7 p.m. in Marshall Auditorium. Free. Info, 327-5461 ext. 5070.

Specifically Women Mar. 20-21

A two-day conference by three leading women psychologists/authors; Dr. Lillian Rubin, Dr. Mary Belenky and Dr. Rita Freedman. Do women over-value love and under-value friendship? Do they think differently than men? Is beauty basic to the way women are perceived? Is the women's movement dead? Find out how this gets translated into how women act. Make your own decisions. UA Gallagher Theater. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. \$50 registration. Student Counseling Service, 621-7591.

Body Rub Mar. 23

Think you give a good backrub? Get better in this 3-hour workshop (7 p.m.-10 p.m.) teaching Swedish

WHERE TO HOWL

Massage techniques. You'll get a full body massage and be taught the proper way to give one. Wear loose, comfortable clothing—leave your Spandex at home. Instructors Barbara Grandstaff, R.N., Ms. T., and Kathryn, B.A., L.M.T., faculty members of the Desert Institute of the Healing Arts. Registration. \$25. Class limited to ten. 882-0899.

Fruit Thins

Mar. 25

We've got citrus trees all over this city. Find out what's edible, what's not and when they need to be thinned back. The Pima County Co-op Extension Service sponsors these demonstrations. Mar. 25, 10 a.m. at 4040 North Campbell Ave; Mar. 25, 11:30 a.m. at Wilmot Library, 530 N. Wilmot Rd.; Mar. 26, 2 p.m. at Nanini Library, 7300 N. Shannon Rd. Free. 628-5628.

Learn to Profit

Mar. 26

If you're involved in a non-profit organization, get the lowdown on how to bypass begging for money from the government and become self-sufficient. James Masters from the Center for Community Futures is coming in from Berkeley for this seminar. Adm. charge. Brochure available. Call Information and Referral to register. 323-1303.

Curious About PMS?

Mar. 28

If you don't have it, chances are you know someone who does. Kathleen Taylor, M.A., and Carolyn Brown, R.N., N.P., will explain PMS symptoms, methods to cope with hormones out of control and information on community resources for sufferers. Sponsored by Westside Counseling Center. Doubletree Inn, 445 S. Alvernon from 9 a.m.-noon. \$25 registration. Info, 887-9506.

Mysterious Spring

Mar. 31

Lawrence Dunlap talks about the myths and mysteries of the spring sky. Learn about the heavenly bodies during our most comfortable season. Star Theatre, Flandrau Planetarium. The Planetarium and Steward Observatory telescopes will be open for public viewing after the lecture. \$1 admission. Info, 621-4515.

Build a Basket

Apr. 4

Get the jump on Easter and

weave your own Appalachian egg basket from start to finish in three hours, from 9 a.m.-noon. Materials provided, but bring sturdy scissors. Pre-registration required. \$10; non-members \$12. Tucson Botanical Gardens, 2150 N. Alvernon. 326-9255.

China and The Powers

Apr. 7

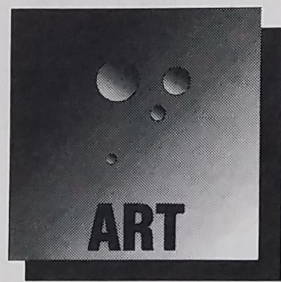
Continuing the UA Faculty Community Lecture Series, political science professor Allen S. Whiting examines China's relations with the Soviet Union, Japan and U.S. concerning current political and economic strategies. Domestic Chinese politics will also be assessed as well as what the future might hold. The Superbowl of politics. Can our planet withstand all this shuffling among the major powers? Show up and find out. Question and answer period follows lecture. Free. 7:30 p.m. University of Arizona Health Sciences Center Main Auditorium, Room 2600. Parking available. Info, 621-1856.

Screening for Breast Cancer

Stay healthy through preventative medicine. TMC is traveling around Tucson and Southern Arizona in their high-tech van, offering low-cost mammograms and information on breast cancer. Times and locations, call 327-5461 ext. 5070.

Calling All Women

If you have any questions concerning women's health issues, there is now a 24-hour confidential hotline, staffed by a R.N. A good deal sponsored by Tucson Medical Center. 299-6626.



Arizona Aqueous '87

Mar. 1-Mar. 22

Tubac is neutral territory for this statewide juried watercolor show held at the Tubac Center for the Arts. Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-4:30 p.m., Sun. 1:30-4:30 p.m. Info, 1-398-2371.

Art Network

Mar. 1-31

Featuring wearable and funky art—bola ties, jewelry, gonzo colored T-

shirts. This is a shot at the bizarre. Outfit yourself in something terrific and unique. Corner of Hotel Congress. Tues.-Fri. 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sat. 12-5 p.m. 624-7005.

Azimuth Gallery Through Mar.

The new kid on the gallery block is currently showing George Arntz, Janet Burner, Barbara Kennedy, Eva Mari Lugo, Catherine Nash and Sheila Pitt. Work ranges from large oils on canvas to small hand-painted etchings. 210 E. Congress. 624-7089.

Berta Wright Gallery Shops

Through Mar. 31

Both shops are featuring Rose Cabat's unique porcelain "feelies," concurrently with the Cabat retrospective at T.M.A. Rose Cabat's work has been seen in the Smithsonian Institution. Both shops will feature an earlier collection of "feelies" from private collectors—some available for sale. Tying in with Cabat's work are selected mineral specimens as art; amethyst geodes, quartz crystals, malachite and pyrite. In town, 1736 E. Speedway, 325-2591. Mon.-Sat. 9:30 a.m.-5:30 p.m. Foothills Mall, 742-4134, Mon.-Sun. mall hours.

Cafe Magritte Through Mar. 13

Catherine Nash exhibits pastels, color lithographs and handmade paper constructions. She has a great one of a flying person. Arguments abound as to the gender of this flying wonder.

Mar. 14-May. 15

Dan Chiavone shows mural-size figurative drawings in charcoal on paper, with a bent (out of proportion, maybe?) perspective. Oil paintings on canvas in the same vein. Congress St. is going opening crazy with a variety of openings on Mar. 14, early evening. Get social downtown. 254 E. Congress. Info, 884-8004.

Center For Creative Photography

Mar. 1-Apr. 2

Joan Myers exhibits platinum b&w photos of the Japanese relocation camps in Arizona, Arkansas, Utah, California and Washington. Recent photos of the camp remnants. Reception Mar. 1, 3-5 p.m. Mar. 2, Myers will lecture on this and other recent photographic projects at 7:30 p.m. in the UA Optical Sciences Bldg. Rm. 408. 843 E. University

Arizona Theatre Company
THE PROFESSIONAL RESIDENT THEATRE OF ARIZONA

MARCH SCHEDULE

PLAYS & PLAYWRIGHTS

presents

Staged Readings of 4 New Plays

"Katsina" by Carol DuVal,
March 13 and 15

Play #2, March 20 and 22

Play #3, March 27 and 29

Play 4, April 3 and 5

All readings begin at 7:30 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE

ATC Rehearsal Hall, 56 W. Congress

ATC's Plays and Playwrights Program is dedicated to the development of new theatre works by new theatre writers. The Program, now in its 2nd year, is funded by a generous grant from the Flinn Foundation.

ATC presents CHILDSPLAY, a professional theatre producing stage works for young audiences, in "Beauty and the Beast."



Performances begin March 27th
Adults \$7 - Children \$4

622-2823

Hand crafted treasures
inspired by our
country heritage

Also antiques

Tues. - Sat. 10 -5



AUNT SUZIE'S
Country Corner

Many Hands Courtyard
3054 N. 1st.
792-3570

ASUA

SPRING FLING

There's Nothing Else Like It!



April 2-5, 1987



University of Arizona McKale Lawn

TOP BANANA LTD.
HAIR DESIGNS
 1072 N. SWAN • TUCSON, AZ • 602-326-8137

HOW TO WIN THE BATTLE WITH BILL COLLECTORS



This book is for the person who sincerely wants to take care of their debts but may be in difficult financial situations.

SAVE YOUR CREDIT RATING WITH THESE PROVEN TECHNIQUES.

\$9.45 (State sales tax included)

Not available in stores. Order yours now

Mail to: Winning, P.O. Drawer BCD, Bisbee, AZ 85603

"Can You afford to be Surprised about the Enforced Land-Use Regulations?"

BUREAUCRATIC LIAISON
 Rezoning
 Variances
 Conditional Uses

REAL ESTATE CONSULTANT
 Regional Analysis
 Site Analysis
 Conceptual Plans

bruder
 PLANNING & EXPEDITING
 Suite 208
 2777 N. Campbell Ave.
 Tucson, Arizona 85719
 (602) 327-9419



VOORLAS JOHNSON GROUP

Public Relations
 Human Resources Training
 Speakers Bureau
 Convention Services
 Telemarketing

TINA VOORLAS JOHNSON
 President

6713 East Camino Principal
 Tucson, Arizona 85715
 (602) 722-5400

WHERE TO HOWL

Blvd. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun. noon-5 p.m. 621-7968.

Central Arts Collective Mar. 1-Mar. 31

James White, Jr., is a graphic illustrator who uses black-and-white altered photos, cut-up billboards and other things to assemble mixed media images. This time around, expect the unexpected. 250 E. Congress. Wed.-Fri. noon-3 p.m., Sat.-Sun. 1-4 p.m. Call for reception date. 623-5883.

El Presidio Mar. 7-Mar. 22

Hal Empie's impressionistic Western paintings in oil on masonite reflect his 78 years in Arizona. Considered the dean of Arizona Western painters.

182 N. Court Ave. Hours Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sun. 1-4 p.m. 884-7379.

Etherton Gallery Mar. 4-Apr. 11

Liisa Phillips, winner of last year's billboard competition, exhibits new oil paintings splashed with bright colors and filled with whimsical, exotic creatures. She's a wizard with color. Reception Sat. Mar. 7, 6:30-9:30 p.m. 424 E. 6th St. Wed.-Sat. 12-5 p.m. Thurs. 12-7 p.m. 624-7370.

Mesquite Grove-Patagonia Through March

Patagonia has a reputation as an artists' hangout. Beyond that, it's beautiful. On your way out of town, visit this gallery, currently

showing handmade masks by local artists. Thurs.-Sun. 1-4 p.m., Fri., 10 a.m.-12 noon, Sat. 1-4 p.m. 1-394-2358.

Beth O'Donnell Gallery, Ltd.

Through Mar. 14
 Barbara Smith's work in watercolor, acrylic and mixed media focuses on the shapes, colors and rhythms of nature. Her watercolors are exceptional. St. Philip's Plaza. River and Campbell, Suite 64. Tues.-Sat. 11 a.m.-6 p.m. 299-6998.

Mar. 17-Apr. 11

The spotlight is on the palette knife oils of Italo Botti, heavily influenced by his extensive work in stained glass and mosaic. He places an emphasis on vivid colors. Sounds like we're in Italy. Call for reception date.

Phoenix Art Museum Mar. 14-May 17

There is light at the end of Interstate 10. Original posters wait to be seen at the Phoenix Art Museum. Toulouse-Lautrec and his contemporaries reveal cabaret life at the turn of the century in France. 1625 N. Central Ave. Tues.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., Wed. 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sun. 1-5 p.m. Adults \$2, students/seniors \$1, children free. Info, 1-257-1880.

Pima College Mar. 4-31

The big one. Pima's annual juried exhibition of all the students who got it together in time to submit their work and were considered good enough to get wall space. Work includes painting, photos, mixed media, fibers, drawings and anything else that comes under the term "art." Awards presented. Reception Mar. 4, 11 a.m.-1 p.m. in the PCC Art Gallery. 2202 W. Anklam Road. Mon.-Thurs. 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Fri. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. 884-6975.

Randolph Park Exhibit Mar. 27-29

Juried exhibition of painting, drawings, sculptures, jewelry, graphics and a host of other mediums at Randolph Recreation Center from 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Artwork you don't often get a chance to see—by artists who don't usually get a chance to exhibit. If you're interested in having your work scrutinized a non-refundable fee of \$3 (per entry) must accompany hand-delivered works being accepted Mar. 7-24, Randolph Recreation Center, Bldg. 1. Info, 791-4063 or 791-4560.

Sanders Galleries

John Sherill Houser exhibits new works in bronze and pastels representing people of the Southwest throughout March at Westin La Paloma. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-7 p.m. 577-5820. Mar. 22-Apr. 15 starts the Richard Iams display: landscapes in oils capturing the Southwest from the Grand Canyon to the Catalinas, and Don Jaramillo's alabaster sculptures. 6420 N. Campbell. Mon.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. 299-1763.

Showcase Cinema Mar. 16-Apr. 20

Not just for movies anymore. Rebecca Gaver displays prints and colored drawings of life in the desert—cacti, landscapes, and self-portraits. 3233 E. Speedway. Info, 326-2425.

Tucson Art Institute Mar. 27-31

"Native American Invitational," features examples of paintings, sculpture, weaving and pottery by artists (from different tribes) combining traditional and contemporary techniques and mediums. 1157 S. Swan. 748-1173.

Tucson Museum of Art Through Mar. 15

The Stonewall Foundation Series continues, showing Tucsonan Lynn Taber-Borcherdt's fairy tale theme paintings, using the medieval technique of gold leafing with alkyd paints. 140 N. Main Ave. Tues. 10 a.m.-9 p.m. Wed.-Sat. 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Sun. 1-5 p.m. 624-2333.

Mar. 28-Jun. 7

"Two-hundred years of American Art: Selections from the Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute." A special ten-week show features an eclectic collection of American art since the 18th century. Some of the powerhouses include John Singleton Copley, Georgia O'Keefe, John J. Audubon, Milton Avery, Jackson Pollock, Mark Rothko, Franz Kline, Helen Frankenthaler to name but a few. This one runs the artistic gamut from abstract to realism. The blockbuster show of the year.

Through Mar. 15

Serious folk art by the ones who lived through the Revolution and World War I, including textiles, needle work, painting and sculpture. There's also a book of the exhibit put out by Hudson Hills Press to remind you that you went to an art show. Part of a 4-museum tour sponsored by IBM.

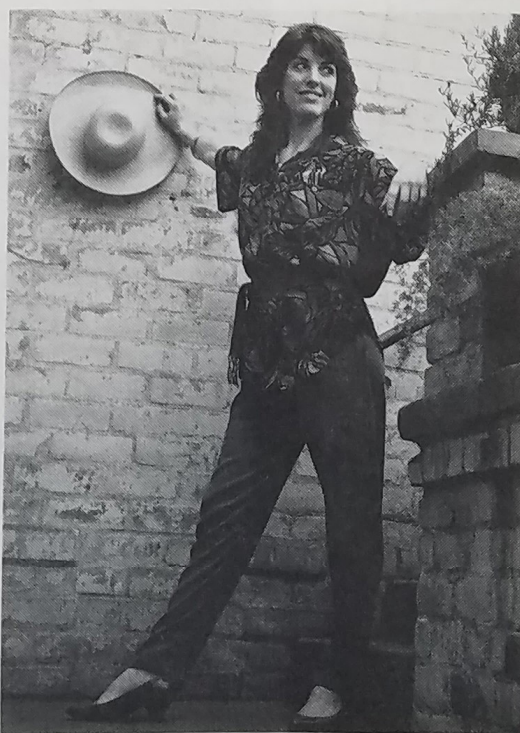
Desert Scribe



Secretarial support and word-processing service for any kind of written endeavor.

791-2788

HIGH-SPIRITED CLOTHING!



Butter-Soft Cotton • Reasonable Prices

Zona
 boutique

2932 East Broadway • 325-5102

WHERE TO HOWL

Through Mar. 15
Tucson's transplanted New Yorkers, Ernie and Rose Cabat, are taking over the Upper Gallery in a retrospective of their careers (he's a painter, she's a ceramist).

Tucson Pima Arts Council

Mar. 9-June 5
Shirley Cannon's mixed media figurative drawings (pastel, pencil, charcoal and collage elements); Diane Meyer Melton's large floral watercolors; and Richard E. Schaffer presents mixed media drawings.

UA Hall of Fame Gallery

Through Mar. 10
The show is called "Re-Creation" and it features paintings and drawings by Monica Jost. She's making her way across town.

UA Joseph Gross Gallery

Through Mar. 13
Twisted metal and steel, commonly known as sculpture, by Rico Eastman. Art Bldg. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-4 p.m. 621-7570.

Mar. 6-10, 13-17, 20-24

Mar. 27-May 1
The final MFA review exhibition of what the grad students worked so hard on all year long. This one counts toward their degrees. Show support and visit.

Mar. 28-Apr. 2

Check out fine-tuned graphics in the annual student exhibition—everything from pastels to pencils and pens will make their point on some kind of surface or another.

UA Museum of Art

Mar. 8-Apr. 1
This is the first museum to run this show, "Constellations: Aspects of Contemporary Swiss Art." More than 60 paintings, as well as sculptures and paper compositions by eight of Switzerland's most talented living artists in a juried exhibition organized by the Swiss government. It's good to know they don't just export time pieces and knives. Olive and Speedway. Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-5 p.m. and noon-4 p.m. on Sunday. 621-7567.

UA Rotunda Gallery

Through Mar. 17
Jim Klukkert exhibits photographs entitled "Family and Friends." Third floor, UA Student Union. Regular building hours. 621-3546.

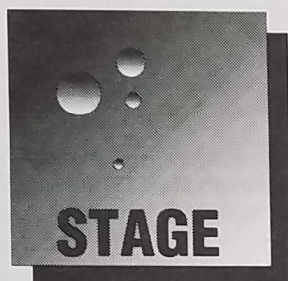
UA Union Gallery

Through Mar. 13

A celebration of black culture week spotlighting black women: achievement against odds presents itself in a poster exhibition from the Smithsonian. UA Student Union. Main Floor. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-4 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.-3 p.m.

UA 830 Gallery

Mar. 2-14
Jennifer Douglass, Betina Fink, Sarah Burnham Mertz, Catherine Nash and Lauren Raine show individual and group installation work. Mostly two-dimensional prints and paintings. A student operated exhibit hall. 830 E. Speedway. 621-5740.



Recital in the Hills

Mar. 9
Members of the Tucson Symphony are taking a break from the full orchestra and are performing a string quartet concert at St. Philip's in The Hills at 8 p.m. The most prominent example of chamber music. Adm. charge. Campbell and River Rd. 299-6421.

Faculty Chambers

Mar. 9
They're taking a break from teaching to get down with some strings and wind in a chamber concert. 8 p.m. at UA Crowder Hall. Adm. charge. 621-3065.

a.k.a. Theatre

Mar. 10-14
Tucson's experimental theatre company presents two one-act plays. "Ludlow Fair" by Lanford Wilson and "Vegetarian Summer," the premiere of an original script by Bill Morey. Both plays are directed by Meg Nolan. The plot centers around troubled love—meet girls in trouble and the boys who make it happen. \$5, one dollar off with a photo of your "sweetheart." 8 p.m. at 125 E. Congress St. Info, 623-7852.

Instrumental Friends

Mar. 11
The Trio Di Milano performs selections from Haydn, Gabriel Faure and Antonin Dvorak, brought to us by the Arizona Friends of Music. Part of the chamber music series. Crowder Hall at 8 p.m. \$10, students \$4. On sale at the

door at 7 p.m. Info, 298-5806.

Heavy Players

Mar. 12
The Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra traveled all this way to show us what world class music is about. Hear what's happening out of Eastern Europe. 8 p.m. at Centennial Hall. Tickets \$19, \$17, \$15 at CH box office. Info, 621-3341.

Assorted ORTS

Mar. 12-14
Compelling modern performances—solos and in groups—by our local experimental dance company. See what good muscle tone really is. TCC, Little Theatre. Info, 628-7212.

"Rashomon"

Mar. 20-29, Apr. 1-12
A man is murdered; his wife raped; the criminal captured. But there are enough twists and turns that everyone involved might be lying. Each player acts out his/her version of what really happened, revealing that perception and truth are often mutually exclusive. A timeless play. This international classic was originally filmed by Kurosawa. a.k.a. Theatre is presenting this play, produced and directed by Bob Byars. \$6, one dollar off with donation of a can of food for the Community Food Bank. 8 p.m. at 125 E. Congress St. Info, 623-7852.

Kitchen Musicians

Mar. 21, 22
It's the 1987 Folk Festival and here's a chance to hear some music that doesn't come out of an electronic gizmo or rupture your eardrums. Acoustic performances by local talent—classic folk, bluegrass, blues, gospel, contemporary folk, country, ragtime, jugband and more. Your shot at having an audience when they open up the mike to avocational musicians. Food, craft displays, music workshops. Spread out on the grass and enjoy. Reid Park Bandshell from 11 a.m. til 10 p.m. Free. Info, 327-8434.

Plaza Musical Theatre

Mar. 27-28
Enjoy dinner and this musical "Love & Marriage," and "The Telephone," in the Plaza Hotel at 5:30 p.m. In light of today's long distance marriages, find out what the connection is. Info, 886-9040.

"Mame"

Mar. 28
Saloc offers up this classic musical in the TCC music hall at 8 p.m. Very basic

plot outline about a very rich, eccentric woman. Info, 323-7888.

Composers in Concert

Mar. 29
The TOS Performing Arts Ensemble from Tempe performs music by two of its members, James DeMars and Robert Kaplan. Sponsored by the Arizona Composer's Forum. Tucson Museum of Art, Lower Level at 2 p.m. Info, 624-2333.

Tuned Fiddles

Mar. 29
An old-time string band from the depths of Appalachia (Crittton Hollow, Virginia) plays traditional and original ballads with harmony singing. The Crittton Hollow String band just recorded an album and is beginning a U.S. tour. S.U. Arizona Ballroom at 8 p.m. Adm. charge. Info, 881-7643.

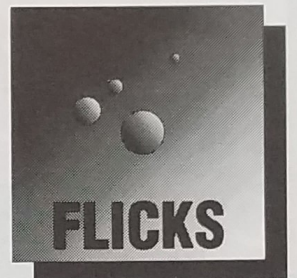
Invisible Theatre

Mar. 31

One night only. They're performing a staged reading of "Fireworks." Show up to see what explodes or fizzles. 8 p.m. at 1400 N. First Ave. Adm. charge. Info, 882-9721.

Folk Favorite

Apr. 3, 4
Judy Collins, '60s folk legend, performs with the Tucson Symphony Orchestra. She's gotten older and better, and so have you. Ticket info, 882-8585.



Real Men Wear Spurs

Mar. 11
The Arizona Historical Society is showing old time Westerns. Tired of

Desert Institute of the Healing Arts

1-Year Massage Therapy Training Program
Open Forum Lectures Thursdays at 7
Community Classes
Massage Therapy by Appointment
Hours: Mon-Fri 9-8, Sat 10-4

639 N. 6th Avenue
(Corner of 4th and 6th)
882-0899



Pecan Store

(Factory Outlet)

We Ship Anywhere!

Green Valley Pecans

...and other specialty
gourmet foods



Off I-19 • 1625 E. Helmet Peak Road • Phone 791-2062 • Sahuarita



Berta
Wright

Gallery Shops

For the rare and the beautiful
in crafts, jewelry, fashions

in town • 1736 E. Speedway • 325 2591 • at the Foothills Center • 742-4134

Dick and Becky Reddoch

DARKROOM IMAGES

Custom Photo Lab—B & W and Color Enlargements • Copy Work
Internegatives • Toning • Rental Darkrooms • Darkroom Classes

2921 E. Ft. Lowell, Suite 105 • Tucson, AZ 85716
Winterhaven Plaza
(602) 326-0971



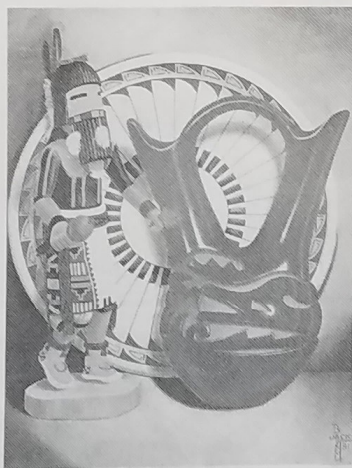
Another pleasant bonus to living in Tucson is a hair salon where the folk respect your time schedule and the fact that you never mistake fashion for fad.

4645 E. Ft. Lowell at Swan
327-2472

Tuesday thru Saturday
8:30 to 5:30

Full service salon
Call for your appointment

FELLOW ARIZONANS



For the past 10 years I've rendered my impressions of the vital and rich legacy of Native American art. I'm honored that many of my paintings have been collected worldwide. Now, I'd like to introduce the strength and clarity of Indian art in a series of full colored, numbered and signed prints. To thank the people of Arizona for their support of my Yuma gallery, I'm offering a limited issue of the first in this series before national distribution. This will be the only announcement of this offer. The print comes sealed in a protective, non-glare laminate ready for framing. Or, if you wish, we will mount it in a suitable copper frame at my gallery.

Jack Bazel

Thanks again and stop by to visit.



JACK BAZEL STUDIO & GALLERY
316 Main Street
Yuma, Arizona 85364

PLEASE SHIP ME:

_____ UNFRAMED PRINTS @ \$19.95 EA.

_____ FRAMED PRINTS @ \$29.95 EA.

INCLUDES TAX AND SHIPPING.

I'VE ENCLOSED MY NAME, ADDRESS

AND CHECK FOR \$ _____

WHERE TO HOWL

talking robots and space-age glitz? Watch big men look tough while guzzling booze and fighting it out with handguns. Escape to the days of dust. Adm. charge. Call for location. 628-5774.

Dirty Waters Mar. 27

Continuing the International Arts Society series: "Muddy River," a 1982 Japanese Film, starts at 5:15 and 8:15 p.m. in the UA Modern Languages Auditorium. \$1.50. Info, 621-1836.

"Texas Chainsaw Massacre" Mar. 28

Aficionados of regional barbecue and Tobe Hooper will love this cult classic. The slasher movie of the '70s. Some critics have called this perversely funny. If you're prone to nightmares—stay far away. 7 and 9:30 p.m. \$1.50 adm. UA Modern Languages Auditorium.

German Film Series Apr. 2

"Die Macht der Gefühle" in German with English subtitles starts at 7:30 p.m. in the UA Modern Languages Auditorium. Foreign language students, this is more fun than cassettes in the language lab. Info, 621-7388.

More International Films Apr. 3

"Only Two Can Play," is the title of this Peter Sellers Film, obviously not produced in the '80s. Starts at 5:15 and 8:15 p.m. in the UA Modern Languages Auditorium. \$1.50. Info, 621-1836.

Double Feature Apr. 4

Made with our tax dollars! "Reefer Madness" and "Red Nightmare." First we have youngsters running amok after a few tokes on the devil's weed. (Really, one can simply say no). The second part of this tells us what the red empire had in store for the U.S.A. Neither film was produced by the Reagan administration. 7 and 9:30 p.m. \$1.50 adm. UA Modern Languages Auditorium.

Fibers '87 Mar. 2-28

A juried exhibition of handweaving, spinning and related fiber arts. Truly touchable art. Sponsored by the Tucson Handweavers and Spinners Guild. Pima Community College, downtown campus library. 1255 N. Stone Ave. Mon.-Fri. 7:30 a.m.-10 p.m., Sat. 8 a.m.-noon. Info, 745-6054

Healthy Kids Mar. 1-Mar. 31

A leisure program for children, grades 1-6, includes fitness games, culture and art programs, Mon.-Fri. for three hours after school. Pull your kids away from the TV—this is "kidsitting" at its healthiest. Sponsored by Tucson Parks and Recreation. Info, 791-4878 or 791-5132.

Natural Setting Through Mar. 19

Consider art set up in a 5,500 sq. ft. home, the way it's usually hung: glossy catalog, museum lighting, and a big man from New York to run the auction(s) are the elements of this event combining art, architecture and decor. Local and national artists exhibit work. Morning hours are reserved for tours by special groups, but afternoons and evenings are open to everyone. Sponsored by Fine Art for Fine Causes, the money goes to the Arthritis Research Center and Dr. David Soren, UA archaeologist who discovered that buried city in Cyprus. 6700 North Oracle. The Bohm Company. 327-7246.

Spring Training Mar. 4-27

They're back and ready to play. The Cleveland Indians begin spring training. A great way to see big-leaguers casually and up-close. First game at Hi Corbett Field begins at 1 p.m. Info, 791-4096.

Soccer Tournament Mar. 7, 8 and 14, 15

The District II Pima Giebner Cup (in honor of Mr. Giebner who started local leagues many years ago) kicks off its annual tournament. Watch co-ed competition and boys and girls teams vie for trophies in the sport America is coming to love. For location and times call 296-1843, evenings.

Contra Dances Mar. 7, 21

Before you get the idea of boogying for a political cause, these dances have nothing to do with Central America. Musicians play

fiddle, mandolin, flute, guitar, and banjo; couples line up and face each other; dances are called in progress (similar to square dancing). Everyone is invited, and the age range is from five to seventy-five. Mar. 7 at YMCA, 5th and University at 7:30 p.m. Mar. 21 at Armory Park, 7:30 p.m. Sponsored by Friends of Traditional Music. \$3, \$2 members. Info, 883-0830.

America's Favorite Mar. 9, 10

The UA Wildcats play baseball against Pace University. Be there to see who gets on base first. Sancet Field at 2:30 p.m. Adm. charge. 621-2411.

Eat to Live Mar. 9-11

Plopped in the middle of El Con Mall are tables of literature, exhibits, demonstrations and lectures on food, nutrition and dieting—our national obsession. Find out if you eat to live, or live to eat. Info, 327-6053.

Desert Wines Mar. 11

Did you know that our arid climate is just right for growing grapes and making wine? Sonoma Vineyards owner Professor Gordon Dutt will demonstrate how. We're not talking Mad Dog 20/20. 1:30 p.m. at Wood Library, 3455 N. 1st Ave. Info, 791-4548.

Talking Heads Mar. 11

The winners of the student poetry contest get their chance on the soapbox in this poetry forum at the UA Modern Languages Auditorium at 8 p.m. Free. Reception follows readings. Corner of Speedway and Highland. Info, 621-7491.

St. Paddy's Potluck Party Mar. 13

If you consider yourself a member of Tucson's active seniors, this is a party for you. Celebrate St. Patrick's Day at a potluck being held at the Northwest Neighborhood Center, 2160 N. 6th Avenue, 11:30 a.m. until 1 p.m. Info, 791-4011.

Green Buffet Mar. 13

Ornate tables spread with green food single out this luncheon sponsored by the Adult Club. Irish music, jigs, and singing. Games too, but we don't know what kind. Ormsby Recreation Center, 899 West 24th St., 10 a.m.-1 p.m. Info, 791-4011.

EVENTS

Celluloid Heroes

The scholars take a serious look at blood, guts and the communist threat.

With more than twenty months left in the Reagan Administration, with Ghadaffi still on the loose and who-knows-what kind of skulduggery going on in the Caribbean, a film series considering images of war seems like a good idea. And that's just what the Media Arts Center has in store for Tucsonans in March and April. The center has ties to the University of Arizona and will call on film and history experts from the faculty to lead discussions about the movies and the issues they raise. The time for this series is right and so is the price—it's free and open to the public.

A Hollywood staple from the beginning (boy-goes-to-war is the basis for almost as many movies as boy-meets-girl), the combat movie has taken on a highly neurotic character lately. Recent hits demonstrate the disorder with war-visions as disparate as "Rambo" and "Platoon." Maybe the professors can help us to understand why both sell. They'll be examining the following films:

March 11—"The Big Red One." Sam Fuller returned to directing in 1980, after taking a break back in the 1960s, with this highly stylized (a redundancy where Fuller is concerned) recollection of his World War II experiences. Starring Lee Marvin in one of his best late performances, this is the most conventional work by one of America's oddest big name directors. 7 p.m. UA Social Sciences Auditorium.

March 12—"Contemporary and Historical Perspectives." Professors Paul Carter, Richard Helt and Don Kirihaara discuss the genre and, particularly, films depicting the world wars. 7 p.m. UA Museum of Art.

March 25—"Heart of the World." Be warned, fans of colorization. This one's not only in dreaded b&w, it's SILENT! D.W. Griffith's 1918 film concerns World War I, stars Lillian and Dorothy Gish and features documentary and location footage. Not on a level with "Birth of a Nation" or "Intolerance," but Grif-

fith is one of the fathers of the medium and anything he turned his hand to is worthy of our attention. 7 p.m. UA Museum of Art.

March 26—Professor Russell Merritt, authority on Griffith, discusses the great pioneer filmmaker. 7 p.m. UA Museum of Art.

April 1—"Television and the Vietnam War." Two segments from the thirteen-hour PBS series "Vietnam: A Television History": "LBJ Goes to War" shows the Texan as he gets serious about winning and contains some of the shockingly high quality combat footage that made the evening news a traumatic experience in the bad old days; "Home-front U.S.A." is a reminder of the protest and a time when parents were set against their children, when hippies battled the ROTC and all the meanness in the American character came to the surface. Professor Caren Deming speaks afterward. 7 p.m. UA Museum of Art.

April 2—"Television Images of El Salvador." UA Professor Denise Kervin will examine how television news presents the Central American conflict. Did the networks learn anything during the '60s? 7 p.m. UA Museum of Art.

April 8—"China Gate." If you love movies you have to love Sam Fuller, a B-movie director like no other. "China Gate" is a wonderfully dumb film from this most unself-conscious and unconventional master. It opens with an Asian child running through the rubble of a bombed town clutching a puppy; in one of the Cinema's great moments, a narrator informs the audience: "In this ravaged city where people are starving, all the dogs have been eaten—except one." The movie is set in Vietnam when it was the French who were being thrashed. "Gate" is the first movie to consider the country as more than an exotic backdrop for a crime caper or a safari (see, for example, the 1948 "Saigon" with Alan Ladd, who probably loved a place where the average height of males is about 5 feet, 6 inches). "China Gate" does

KEEP HIM FREE



BUY

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPT.

take a look at the issues, or at least Sam Fuller's wacky view of them. Angie Dickinson plays a half-Oriental Dragon Lady named Lucky Legs who expresses what a lot of U.S. draftees would feel later: "I'd prefer to let you and the hammer-and-sickle boys fight it out alone." 7 p.m. UA Museum of Art.

April 9—"Documentary Images of Nicaragua." Two views, diametrically opposed, in two documentaries: pro-Sandinista "Nicaragua: The Dirty War" by leftist filmmakers Lacource and Patri; "Nicaragua Was Our Home," which portrays the Sandinista as oppressor, by rightist filmmaker Shapiro. 7 p.m. UA Modern Languages Auditorium.

April 15—"In the Year of the Pig." Emile De Antonio's 1969 documentary attacking U.S. involvement in Vietnam. Interviews with those who held power at the time, combat footage and old newsreels are brought into the service of the anti-war movement. 7 p.m. UA Modern Languages Auditorium.

April 22—"The Deer Hunter." A "Vietnam" movie that actually tells us more about being blue-collar and

Slavic in Pennsylvania. A strangely affecting work with moments of absurdity, beauty and excess. A memorably intense statement on male friendship, director Michael Cimino's first (and perhaps last) big splash, and a best picture Academy Award winner, much to Jane Fonda's chagrin. A compelling film that everyone argues about. 7 p.m. UA Modern Languages Auditorium.

April 23—"Representations of the Enemy." Professors Helt, Kerwin and Peter Lehman discuss films presented thus far in the series. Time for viewers to air their views. 7 p.m. UA Modern Languages Auditorium.

April 29—"Salvador." Two hours and three minutes of unrelenting brutality in a Central American nightmare. Oliver Stone (whose current credit is "Platoon") directs, James Woods stars in a brilliant performance. The story of a barely competent, self-destructive photographer desperate for work in El Salvador in late 1980. A difficult, disturbing, and, at times, oddly comic film about misery and cruelty. 7 p.m. UA Modern Languages Auditorium. □

—Ken Nichols



TERRITORIAL TRENDS®

Authentic Handcrafted Southwestern Furniture

6536 E. Tanque Verde in La Plaza Shoppes (Behind Katherine & Co)

- Handpainted Caoba furniture
- Talavera pottery
- Exceptional Navajo & Zapotec Rugs
- Candle chandeliers & wall sconces
- Complete design services by Town and Country Interiors

Mon.-Sat.
9:30-5:00

721-1823



*The freshness
nature intended*

AN OASIS IN THE DESERT



the good earth
restaurant & bakery

El Mercado
Broadway and Wilmot
745-6600

WHERE TO HOWL

Horse Benefit Mar. 13-15

Pantano Farms is having a spring dressage show—high-class horse maneuvers to benefit Amity, Inc., drug rehabilitation program. At 5005 E. Ft. Lowell Rd. from 8 a.m.-5 p.m. Info, 326-5083 or 881-5700.

Sixth Annual Indian Arts Benefit Mar. 13-15

Special three-day event highlights Indian craftmakers from a dozen Southwest tribes selling basketry, beadwork, traditional jewelry, pottery and authentic foods. Indian music, storytelling and other entertainment. Proceeds to local Indian artists. 186 N. Meyer Ave. in the courtyard. Info, 623-6024.

WhaleRoad Express? Mar. 14, 15

Shamu the superstar killer whale and the City Street Singers and Dancers will be on hand straight from the jaws of Sea World. It's anybody's guess where they're going to stage Shamu, considering this is all going to happen at Park Mall. Maybe the kids should bring the adults to this one. Mall hours.

Aerospace and Arizona Mar. 14, 15

Davis Monthan Air Force Base presents the USAF Thunderbirds precision flying team and Acrobatic Parachute Team. Your stomach may do flip-flops at watching these machines twist and turn. When they're done flying, watch mighty men get acrobatic on their way to the ground. Incredible skill is involved in this. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. Info, 748-4570.

Ranch Tour Mar. 15

Join a busload of others to tour the historic Empire and Babocomari ranches. The present owners of both ranches are allowing the visitors to tour inside the houses and outlying buildings as well as the ranch grounds. Sponsored by the Arizona Historical Society. Space is limited. Adm. charge. Info, 628-5774.

The Garden Party Mar. 15

Three agencies are sponsoring this flower and garden show from 10 a.m.-3 p.m. in the southwest section of Reid Park. Catch the mundane to exotic in bloom—and maybe they'll let you get your hands dirty, too. Info, 791-2583.

Out of Mothballs Mar. 16

Is your attic stuffed to the rafters with old furniture? If it's old enough to be antique, this is your chance to spring clean and make some money doing it. They're accepting registration for the annual antiques fair at Ft. Lowell Park in April. Info, 791-5289.

Luck o' the Irish Mar. 17

Put on your green and let a wee bit of the Irish come out. Armory Senior Citizens Center is having a dance. These folks are serious and know how to party. 8 a.m.-10 p.m. at 220 S. 5th Ave. Refreshments. Info, 791-4865.

Out in the Open Mar. 20-22

It's the United Way's 100th anniversary. Displays and exhibits on services available will be table-to-table with info at El Con Mall.

Vista Del Pueblo Mar. 21

You can almost count on perfect weather, so head on down to the Vista del Pueblo Spring Festival. Booths, lively entertainment, dancing and enough food to consider dieting when you're done. Make your move after sundown. 1800 W. San Marcos, from noon-midnight. Info, 791-4382.

Plant Sale Mar. 21-22

Always a great selection, but you've got to get here early for the exotic ones—cacti, succulents, orchids, and bromeliads are just some of the varieties offered. Kind members will answer questions. 9 a.m.-4 p.m. In the afternoon, they're running a spring wildflower slide show. All proceeds to Tucson Botanical Gardens. Free. 2150 N. Alvernon. 326-9255.

Sweden, Ja... Mar. 22

Ric Dougherty talks sweet on "Sweden, A Mid-Summer Dream." This one runs the gamut from a smorgasbord in a 200-year-old inn, to fishing for trout in Lapland streams, to skiing in July in the land of the midnight sun. If you're an armchair traveler, don't miss. T.C.C. 7:30 p.m. Sponsored by the World Geographic Society. Adm. charge. Info, 326-7577.

Classy Lady Talks Mar. 25

Byrd Baylor takes care of animals, writes great books and now she's going to read us some poetry at the

UA Modern Languages Auditorium at 8 p.m. Don't miss her—she's a woman of wisdom. Free. Corner of Speedway and Highland. Info, 621-7491.

Take the Tour Mar. 27

Tour the art museum near Dragoon, Arizona, and see authentic Indian arts, crafts and Western pieces, sponsored by the Amerind Foundation. Pack a lunch and share a ride to the outer reaches of Tucson. Pre-registration required. Leaves at 9 a.m. Nanini Library. Info, 791-4626.

Art in Bloom Mar. 27-29

In conjunction with the exhibition, "200 years of American Art." Various garden clubs are bringing in live and exotic floral arrangements inspired by the artwork in the show. Hobnob with others who are helping raise funds for the museum. Lectures and slides on floral arranging. When was the last time you attended a giant cocktail party filled to the rafters with flowers? Chances are they'll be plenty of munchies. Adm. charge. Tucson Museum of Art. 140 N. Main Ave. Info, 624-2333.

Craft Garden Festival Mar. 27-29

Easter is around the corner and the Ocotillo Artisans are having a festival. Functional and decorative displays of pottery, Easter bunnies, decorated egg baskets, toys, quilted flower clothing, as well as cacti ready for shipping to places where they're considered gold. More stuff than Goldwaters, and the prices are better. Refreshments. Note: all the artwork and crafts here won't be available at other shows. Times and location info, 742-2030.

Birthday Party for Everyone Mar. 28

The Arizona Children's Home is celebrating 75 years of uninterrupted service to children in a rededication and birthday party—open to anyone, at 3 p.m. Show some support. 2700 South 8th Avenue. Info, 622-7611.

Visiting Poet Apr. 1

Lois Shelton directs the UA Poetry Center and brings in nationally renowned poets. This time around James Merrill will deliver his message at 8 p.m. in the UA Modern Languages Auditorium. Free. Corner of Speedway and Highland. Info, 621-7491.

MARCH THE SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

TUCSON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

From humor to classical. The March selections from the Tucson Symphony Orchestra.

Mar. 8 & 9 – Green Valley & Tucson

The String Quartet
With guest bassist Patrick Neher
Haydn/Debussy

Mar. 13 & 14 – TCC Music Hall

PDQ Bach: An Evening of
Musical Madness

Mar. 22 – Green Valley

Christopher O-Riley—piano
With the TSO Wind Quintet
Thuille/Liszt/Wagner-Kocsis

Mar. 26 & 27 – TCC Music Hall

Christopher O-Riley—on piano
Strauss/Grieg/Tchaikovsky
Sponsored by the Tucson Symphony
Women's Assoc. Eleanor Pascoe Fund

For times, locations and tickets, call the TSO Box Office at 882-8585.

882-8585

Artists and programs
subject to change.

CLASSIC
concerts

Fairfield Homes
PODS
FARAF



Theater
of the
Museum

Children's
Concerts
In Review

Clip this Calendar—As a noteworthy reminder.

WHERE TO HOWL

Night Sky Through May 17

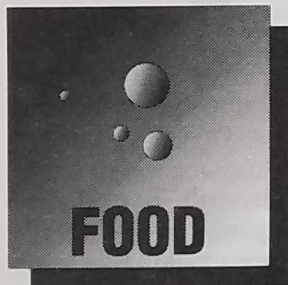
Out of the dark comes "Echoes of the Night," Flandrau Planetarium's feature starring our planet. You'll find out answers to how the earth was formed, how the stars and constellations were placed. This is the stuff campfire stories are made of. Adm. charge. Info, 621-4556.

Love an Invention?

This one's for would-be inventors. The Pima County Co-op Extension service has a new one on hand, open for public viewing. It's an irrigation controlling device that turns water on when soil becomes dry and turns it off after it's been watered. If the soil stays moist, or gets watered during a bliz of rain, the device doesn't come on. A sensory mechanism. We musn't keep this one a secret—who knows, it might save Arizona some water. 4040 N. Campbell Ave. Call 628-5628.

A Gift of Health

The American Red Cross needs volunteers to donate blood. If you're healthy and not squeamish, do a good deed. Call for times and location. Info, 623-0541.



Our reviewers: *Back East, Country, Cholesterol Kid, Embarrassingly Yup, Petunia Pig, T-Bird*

Acropolis Gyro 4811 E. Sunrise Dr.

This tiny restaurant tucked away in The Marketplace next to Lucky's at Swan and Sunrise can satisfy your cravings and impress you with the sheer size of the portions it serves. The souvlaki seemed pricey at first (\$4.75) until I was handed this huge plate heaped with cottage fries, lettuce, tomato, and other crunchies. And then, the sandwich, made with perfectly grilled (medium rare) marinated tenderloin skewered with onions and green peppers, all nestled in fresh and chewy pita bread. I was positively wide-eyed at the Greek salad, which I thought might take a week to eat. Don't be nuts enough to order the baklava: it's as big as a piece of pie. If you

desire a real dinner, these are available too, with Greek Chicken, Pastichio, and Moussaka (average price, \$7.25) among the entrees. The place is small, with a take-out counter dominating part of the room, but its seating is comfortable and surprisingly intimate. Don't miss the three-dimensional Greek columns adorning the far wall; they're more than a cut above the standard hokey murals you usually see in Greek restaurants. Tables, chairs, and a heat lamp are available for dining outside. Owner Alex Panos is on hand day and night to make sure you enjoy your meal (he and his wife also own Valentine's Beef 'n Barrel on Grant at Country Club, which she manages during the day). OPA! Lunch and dinner served daily from 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Credit cards accepted. Wheelchair access. 577-8299. P.P.

The Cafe Magritte 254 E. Congress

The ultimate surrealist lunch. We walked in and immediately noticed a chartreuse apple stuck in the brick wall. Formerly the original Dinnerware, the place has been transformed into a chi-chi eatery, plants in corners, wood floors, brick walls, large glass windows that serve up generous portions of sunlight. Small tables are scattered in an intimate setting. This is not just a visual experience. The menu is sparse but everything on it is a light, delicious combination of flavors. We sampled the vegetarian cheesecake, served hot, a platter of shaved ham and smoked gouda cheese and a fruit-and-cheese plate filled with strawberries, sliced apples and smoked gouda and brie. Everything came with french bread and salads heavy on color—we're not talking iceberg lettuce here. Salads are served with a curried mustard dressing, slightly sweet and delicious. We indulged in dessert, lemon cheesecake (slightly dry), and something called chocolate overload which was just that (great). Revolving art shows. Non-smoking section. Wheelchair access. Visa and MC. Lunch and dinner hours. 884-8004. C, T.

El Corral 2201 E. River

Favorite of locals, favorite of snowbirds, El Corral keeps growing and beef-lovers keep filling it up. The latest remodeling has added tables in the bar

area—usually the first stop, because you seldom get in here without a wait for a table. It's a good wait, which has nothing to do with whether you imbibe or not; El Corral has one of the coziest lounges in town, sort of like sitting in a ranch's living room. The whole place is like that: ranchhouse friendly, informal, crowded, the kind of beam-and-adobe atmosphere that still spells Tucson (before we were corrupted by California) to homeboys and visitors. Now that you're seated, here are the real draws: the food and the prices. Prime rib is the specialty and it has to be the best for the buck in town. It's juicy, tender and cooked to order and size—\$6.95 to \$8.95. They also feature succulent ribs, and a hot tamale pie side dish that is interesting—with all due respect, I usually opt for the standard baked potato with butter or sour cream. Nothing fancy. That's the charm. Just honest food and gracious ambience and scrubbed waitresses. A crisp salad and bread—the bread is the only disappointment—round out the meal. It's just a few blocks away from Campbell and River, but light years from the trendiness that has invaded the area. Open 5-10 p.m. daily. Visa, MC. 299-6092 —C.K.

In Cahoots Feed and Grain Restaurant St. Philip's Plaza, River and Campbell

Not just a bar for the baby-boomer, upscale crowd: Here you also can have an elegant dining experience (even if you're wearing Reeboks). The tournedos Tucson was delicious, featuring two 4-oz. servings of filet bathed in a beef sauce with a large mushroom placed on top of each, served with soup or salad. I had a salad that was colorful with small crunchy beans in it and a sweet ranch dressing. My friend had the N.Y. strip steak, a large hunk of meat cooked the way he ordered it. All red meat is choice cut. Seafood appetizers will appeal to anyone who is an oyster lover. They have platters of shrimp, crab as well as traditional American favorites with a Southwestern twist: mesquite veal chops, mesquite lamb chops, and smoked baby back ribs. Poultry entrees include duck. The dessert cart was wheeled around and I gave in to a white chocolate torte, with thick pieces of the gooey stuff covering a yellow moist cake. The

only drawback is the price. An average dinner without booze starts at \$16. Pasta dishes are available, and average out at \$8.50-meal. The atmosphere is leisurely, the service attentive and if you like coffee, they refill it fast. Tables are covered in linen, the glasses are cut in crystal patterns, the silverware polished. If you're into doing the town, you can start here with dinner and get rid of the calories on the dance floor. Lunch and dinner. Limited access. Non-smoking section. Major credit cards. 577-3223. C.

Panda Village

Notches above the usual Oriental cuisine in town; for my money, the best, in fact. Rank this place high on the intimacy scale—small, comfy booths with nothing fancy on the walls. The draw is the food, which is the choicest Chinese stuff around. It comes the closest to Back East flavors that I've encountered locally. You have your choice from 123 different dishes. Some of the chef's creations are Phoenix & Dragon (boneless chicken and beef with fresh shrimp, mushrooms, quail eggs and broccoli) or Peking Duck, which you must order twenty-four hours in advance. They have the full range of appetizers: fried dumplings (excellent), poultry, seafood, pork, beef and vegetarian delicacies. If you like throat-burning food, that's what you'll get. Or if you like food on the bland side, they have enough offerings to pick from. If

you hate MSG, tell them, and they won't give you one flake of the stuff. They pride themselves on cooking everything to order. We had lemon chicken with crispy noodles, fried lightly with not a hint of grease, and we went for the ordinary chicken chow mein. Excellent hot and sour soup—burns the palate just enough to make you want more. The service is quick, the waitresses friendly. 11 a.m.-10 p.m. Major credit cards. Limited access. C.

Mi Casa Restaurante 6335 E. Tanque Verde

Blue corn tortillas, which are to northern New Mexico what green corn tamales are to Southern Arizona, finally have arrived here—but rather than in the humble cafe style we prefer, these have been yuppified a la Santa Fe. That's okay, though. We have to admit that having an upscale Southwestern nouvelle restaurant—not unlike Berkeley's Santa Fe Grill or San Francisco's Zuni Cafe—does make us feel like we've hit the big time. And the food here is wonderful, ranging from Mexican to fresh fish and seafood, all of it presented

as an art form. Diners are encouraged to split each course so they can sample many, and we did—with the only drawback being the waiter's pretentious insistence that we begin the meal with five forks and knives lined up by our plates as an indictment of our appetites. An appetizer of Coho salmon in puff pastry was very fine; a salad of papaya and endive was even better. Our steak tacos came with a side dish of corn, nondescript until we tasted it and found it to be scraped from a fresh, sweet cob. Moist swordfish was draped in tequila butter and flanked by crisp, tiny vegetables, arranged in a different design on each diner's plate. Desserts looked wicked but we just couldn't get to them. Hope this restaurant, redone in desert pastels and Arcosanti-style sculpture, thrives on its Wilmot/Tanque Verde corner that used to be home to Chaplin's, The Looking Glass, et al. Can be quite expensive, depending on number of courses; most entrees in the \$8 to \$15 range. Open for lunch and dinner, except Mondays; also Sunday brunch. 885-5310. E.Y.

THE COMEDY ZONE

In the side room of
Cafe Napoli, 1060 N. Craycroft

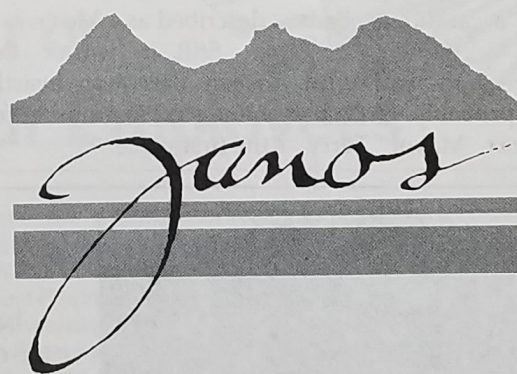
"The Best in Comedy"

SHOWTIMES:

Stand-up Showcase
Thursday 8:30

...
National & Local Acts
Friday & Saturday
8:30 & 10:00

CALL 74-JOKES FOR DETAILS



NOUVELLE AMERICAN CUISINE
IN AN ELEGANT HISTORICAL SETTING

SERVING LUNCH, DINNER
150 N. MAIN AVENUE
TUCSON MUSEUM OF ART PLAZA
CALL 884-9426 FOR RESERVATIONS

Desert Notes

Recall Rematch?

Okay, so maybe you weren't thrilled about Burton Barr, Mr. Back Room Powerbroker, last September. But after two months of Gov. Ev, maybe you've changed your mind. One rumor making the rounds at the Capitol hopes for a rematch between Republican rivals Barr, a relative moderate, and Mecham, the ultraconservative—but this time in a recall election.

Here's the scenario: Since the recall of a governor is about as easy as getting Tucson voters to go for a freeway, a deal has to be struck.

Carolyn Warner, the Democrat who lost to Mecham in November's three-way contest, has been hinting she's available as a recall candidate against Mecham. (Asked if she's heard the rumor that Barr is the chosen candidate of Phoenix business brokers, she recently answered, "I guess I've heard that I'm the chosen candidate.") But, among other political weaknesses, she's a woman in a state that hasn't exactly embraced the idea of a female governor, and she has already lost once.

No, the story goes, Warner has to be talked out of running. Yeah, sure, Barr's a loser too, but he's a Republican in a now-Republican state, he has the Maricopa County business community eating out of his hand (or is that the other way around?), and he has name recognition. Oh yes, we almost forgot, he also has perhaps a million bucks left over from his gubernatorial bust. Since there isn't much time in a recall effort to raise money or promote a candidate, Barr looks like the guy.

So Warner agrees to wait until 1990 (when she'll probably have to tangle with Phoenix Mayor Terry

Goddard in a Demo primary....but that's another story). And Barr, already on in years anyway, agrees in return to relinquish the governor's office in '90 after finishing out Mecham's term. Barr, the former twenty-year leader of the GOP majority in the Arizona House who stunned everyone by losing a "sure thing" to Mecham in last year's primary, also will do some penance: he apologizes to voters who thought he was arrogant and moderates his politics.

This way the recall election won't be splintered like the November vote. The unthinkable, in the eyes of the recall folks, would be to lose in another three-way and let Mecham claim a mandate.

Sounds like it's all figured out, except for one little problem: Politicians from both parties who are respected, powerful and, in some cases, friends of Barr's, say the whole scenario is nothing more than "rumor-mill fodder" and wishful thinking by some Mecham bashers. "Deals like that never work," said a Democrat. "Politics has short memories and short loyalties."

Not only that, but Barr isn't interested, they maintain. They add that most big-name politicians are leery of a recall movement against a governor who may be controversial, but isn't guilty of scandal, lawbreaking or malfeasance. "Serious players are not yet involved in any recall movement or discussion," said one Republican who could hardly be described as a Mecham fan.

Still...it wasn't that long ago when Barr was insisting he wasn't interested in running for governor in the first place. □

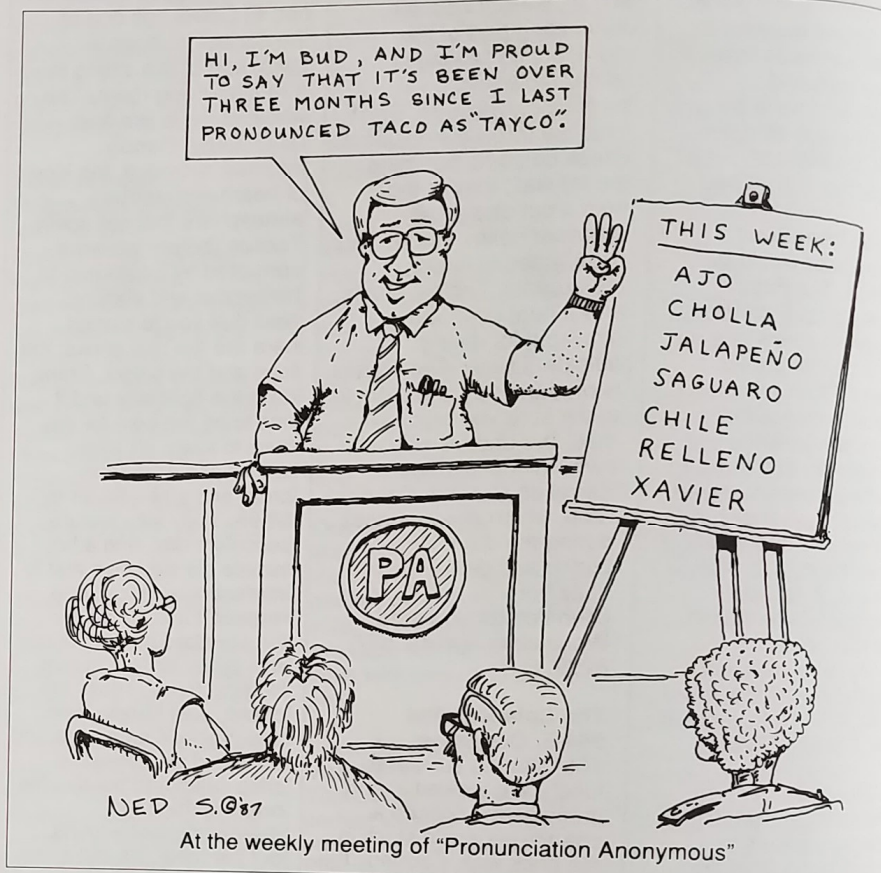


CELEBRATE NATURE

3655 N. Oracle 990 E. University 4044 E. Speedway
888-6007 792-0562 325-1554

SUMMIT HUT

gifts
books
maps
backpacks
x-c ski gear
rock climbing
footwear
apparel
sleeping bags
accessories



Go, Green Stick High!

And now some of our right-thinking state legislators from the (where else?) Maricopa area, taking another leaf from the California book, are pushing a gaggle of bills making English the official language of Arizona. Lest any kindred souls in Pima County be tempted to support this move, let them consider carefully the implications of such a law:

Would the Mehls have to rename their fancy complex The Dove?

Would Calle Trece become Thirteenth Street? Camino Principal, Main Road? Paseo Redondo, Round Walk? El Encanto, The Spell?

Won't Mayor Lew have to stop wearing guayaberas and tuck his shirttail in?

If the Conquistadors change their name to Conquerors, will it improve the Tucson Open? Will any-

thing?

How can we enjoy a sunrise over the Corner Mountains? Can our children root for Green Stick High School?

Patio parties will have to be held in the back yard.

Not that there wouldn't be some advantages:

Anyone would be eligible to join the Old Town Club.

That bilingual hybrid, El Mercado de Boutiques, would be outlawed until it turned honest as The Market of Shops.

And, since our friends in the capital are broad-gauged bigots who are offended equally by all foreign languages, won't they have to get rid of those Greek names, Phoenix and Tempe? How about coupling the two cities and calling them Birds?

That's what they're for. □

—Arlene Bateman

The Liberal Agenda?

At least a few particularly rabid partisans, of the Democratic variety, are admitting in private that they'd like to see both the Martin Luther King, Jr., state holiday and the "English-only" proposal on the 1988 election ballot—even though they suspect

results of both votes would go against their liberal sensibilities.

Their admittedly selfish goal is to draw minority voters to the polls to help Democratic candidates—and, presumably, to shore up their party's image as the inclusive, ethnically diverse party. □

DESERT NOTES

Filet Millión

Breaking bread with Bruce.

By Norma Coile

Tuxedoed men and glittery women were getting themselves seen in the right company for cocktails. In their midst, a Tucson builder was explaining how he talked skeptics into paying \$1,000 a plate for this dinner launching Bruce Babbitt's presidential campaign.

"If you go to the racetrack and there's a horse with forty-to-one odds—if he wins you stand to make a lot of money," the builder was saying. "Look at it this way: Babbitt's a darkhorse, but if he wins...."

Outside in the Scottsdale dusk, stretch limos in white and black continued to pull up to the ugly new Hyatt Regency at Gainey Ranch. "This shows what's happening in this state, when you can sell 900 (or more) tickets at \$1,000 a pop," the man continued. "I remember five years ago, you talked about a \$100-a-plate political function and people balked."

With some wondering aloud just what a cool grand would buy them tonight, the cocktail crowd slowly made its way downstairs to a banquet room with a massive backdrop of the White House painted against a hokey sapphire sky.

Carolyn Warner, last fall's Democratic celebrity before she lost the governor's race to a Republican, was stuck at a table in the back of the room, hinting that she just might run in the Mechem recall. Even Tony Mason, who couldn't get past Warner in the Demos' gubernatorial primary, had a spot halfway to the head table—but then, Warner's husband Ron has never gotten along with Babbitt, and Mason has.

Many state Democrats thought they saw the future far across the room at the head table: Phoenix Mayor Terry Goddard, tapped by the Babbitt people to introduce their presidential candidate. "He's the only uninjured Democrat in Arizona," gushed Mason of the preppy young mayor. Suggested another prominent politician, "Warner is still the nominal head of the Arizona Democratic Party, but everyone expects that Goddard will assert himself and take the reins. It's just assumed he'll run for governor in 1990."

At another table, over a chi-chi

salad of radicchio, forest mushroom and smoked trout, a Phoenix lawyer recalled the Babbitt of less ambitious days: "We were in the same law firm in the early '70s. Bruce was so introverted and shy—he met my wife half a dozen times and never knew who she was. I remember in his first campaign, for attorney general, the ads said, 'there are 1,000 unanswered consumer complaints in the AG's Office.' The joke around our office was, 'there are 1,000 unanswered calls from Babbitt clients.' But," the supporter continued, "Babbitt turned out to be the best AG the state ever had. He worked hard at politics, he learned, and he got quite good at it."

Rounding out the table were a state senator and yet another attorney, both in from the East Coast for this event. "Connecticut's a good money state, and we're going to help Bruce there," one explained. With them was a political consultant from Alexandria, Virginia, who hadn't yet decided on a presidential candidate and was checking Babbitt out. "Six months ago nobody in Washington knew who he was, but now they do," she allowed, then ticked through the rest of the list: "Hart suffers from a 'has-been' image, but he has a good organization and shouldn't be underestimated. Cuomo's reticent. Gephardt's popular in Congress, but not known elsewhere. Babbitt ought to worry about Biden, though—he has a lot of loyal fans."

Emcee Herman Chanen, the man Babbitt appointed to the Board of Regents and this night praised for "building six Arizona prisons on time," led the applause after an announcement that the evening set a party record by raising nearly \$1 million. With federal matching funds, that's forty percent of the money needed to get Babbitt through the New Hampshire primary, his committee figures.

"This may be extortion's finest hour," joked Congressman Mo Udall, the Tucson Democrat who fell short in his own presidential bid in 1976. But Udall turned serious and said he regretted not asking Arizonans for more financial help early in his campaign. "I let false pride get in the way," he said. "Just 2,500 more votes in New Hampshire and I would have won."

Finally it was Babbitt's turn to

stand before the giant, unreal White House and rally the homestate crowd. "I couldn't have done it without you," the former governor assured them, recalling his nine years at the statehouse. Then he turned to his future goals: to protect children and the environment; to make America prosper—as he said Arizona has—while sharing more of its wealth with workers; to tackle trade deficits and "balance the budget the old-fashioned way." The Nicaraguan contras should get no American support, "we must never again trade anything of value for a hostage," and the U.S. must sit down with the Soviets and hammer out arms reductions, he insisted.

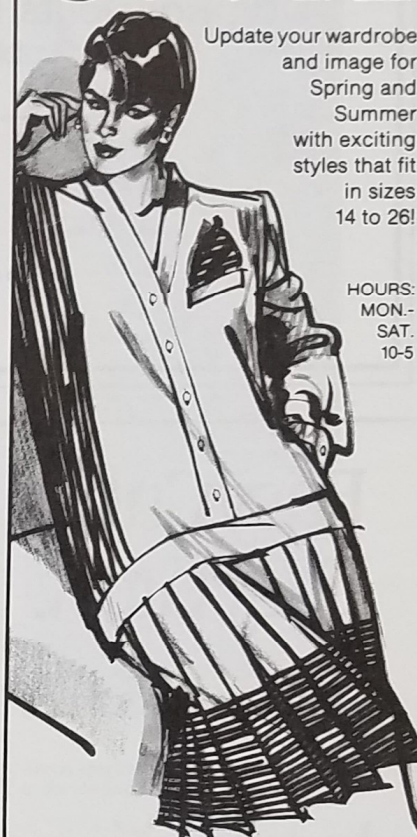
Brainy and serious as always, his ideas were spoken in a voice slowly being retrained by image consultants (Babbitt has been accused of sounding like Richard Nixon). But they still were delivered in a speaking style that could put New Hampshire into a deeper winter freeze than usual.

Does the man have any chance of bagging the big one? Out in the audience, his friend the lawyer shrugged. "Anything can happen," he said. "Evan Mechem won the governorship, didn't he? The voters can surprise you." □

STYLE

Update your wardrobe and image for Spring and Summer with exciting styles that fit in sizes 14 to 26!

HOURS:
MON.-
SAT.
10-5

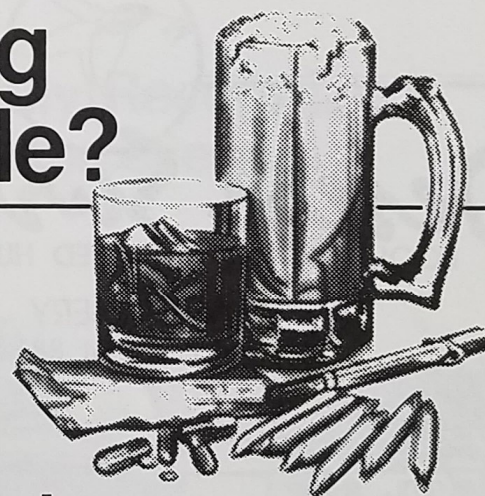


D. Stein

6536 E. Tanque Verde / 721-0818

Having Trouble?

We can help...
You or
Your Employees



- Comprehensive Treatment for Alcoholism & Cocaine Addiction
- Inpatient Care
- Outpatient Program Available
- Free Intervention Service
- Medical Supervision/Hospital Based
- Family Counseling Program
- EAP Consultants for any size business
- Comfortable Caring Environment
- Co-Dependency Treatment
- Programa Bilingue
- Adolescent Treatment Available

Confidential
Information
Anytime—24 hrs.
795-0952



Treatment with Respect

**Westcenter
Tucson General
Hospital** 3838 N. Campbell Avenue

STEVENS, JONES, IMIG & HOLMAAS, P.C.
Certified Public Accountants

6400 East El Dorado Circle
Tucson, Az 85715
(602) 886-5495

EasyCut,
EasyGrow.

From lawnmowers to fertilizer, MJ Ronstadt Co. has everything you need to keep the grass a little greener on your side of the fence. So stop by MJ Ronstadt's today and discover the power equipment company that Tucson can grow on.

MJ RONSTADT
company inc.

(602) 795-9371
4750 E. Speedway - Tucson, AZ 85712



Desert Survivors
ECOLOGICALLY ORIENTED HUMAN SERVICES

NURSERY
3621 E. Grant 881-3564

PLANT SALE

APRIL 4th & 5th, 9am - 5pm
Last sale at this location

Landscape Plants,
Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Groundcovers,
Fertilizer, Mulch - Huge Savings!

**We're Moving
Everything Must Go!**

DESERT NOTES

Our Town

I am crazy about Arizona.

When I think of Tucson, I think of Gates Pass. I feel freer and closer to God at Gates Pass—sitting up there among the saguaro cactus with the moon over here and the sun goin' down, and looking over that valley—than anywhere else in the world. Except home.

Willard Scott, *Travel & Leisure*, January, 1987

Pithouse to Skyscraper

By Bernard L. Fontana

In what other city than Tucson are you likely to have a downtown parking lot being sold for \$400,000 by a reputed Mafia chieftain to a group of developers who want to expose one or more 1,200-year-old prehistoric Indian pithouses that lie buried beneath it—so they can erect a multi-storied office building over them, featuring the archaeological site as a permanent exhibit in the high-rise?

That's what happened—or so one of the local newspapers announced on the last day of 1986—when the family of Joseph C. Bonnanno, Sr., one of Tucson's best known citizens, sold the Downtown Development Corporation and the Tucson Industrial Development Authority the southwest corner of North Church Avenue and West Washington Street, 17,880 square feet at \$22.47 per.

City history buffs and fans of archaeology had been trying for years to acquire the place.

Tucson and Arizona's Emil Haury, the dean of Southwestern archaeologists, excavated a portion of the block in December, 1954. A building was being removed to make way for the parking lot, and the late and great George Chambers—newspaperman, historian, and publisher (*Arizona Silhouettes*)—alerted Haury to the possibility of digging up part of Tucson's 1770s Spanish presidio walls which he correctly assumed were in this location. Haury and crew arrived with surveying instruments and shovels in hand on December 8. By December 9 they had found the north and east walls of the presidio, and by the time excavations were finished, mapped and photographed on December 29, they also had found a prehistoric (Hohokam) Indian pithouse, one dating from between A.D. 700-900. On the 29th, the area was backfilled for paving; it has been a parking lot ever since.

In the years following 1954, various organizations and individ-

uals had tried to approach Mr. Bonnanno about his parking lot and pithouses, but he was apparently irritated by their timorous tactics, by the low offering prices, or both. It all had to wait for a more propitious time, one including a willing seller and no-nonsense buyer: the Downtown Development Corporation and Tucson Industrial Development Authority with their many ready dollars.

William Mosher, DDC executive director, is quoted as saying he has no idea when archaeology or construction work might start. But DDC plans presently call for the use of the lobby of the office building as an archaeological hall and atrium. Folks in the lobby could watch live archaeologists at work; when the work is done, they could gaze upon one or more dead pithouses (the Hohokam excavated shallow pits in which they erected brush and mud houses). To build a high-rise will require approval of the Tucson City Council; it is in El Presidio Historic District where new structures are limited to two stories.

Even as these words are being written, another group of Tucsonans, far more ad hoc than the Corporation or Authority and led by Tucson architect and builder Lewis Hall, is crying "foul." We don't need another high-rise, say they. What we should have instead is a partial reconstruction of the presidio. Just like people are doing in Santa Barbara, where an 18th century Spanish mud fort is rising phoenix-like in the midst of its downtown and in spite of considerable community opposition (the fort, if wholly rebuilt, will screw-up Santa Barbara's downtown streets and traffic flow).

In 1976, Emil Haury and Isabel Fathauer compiled a little booklet about this parking lot site for the Tucson Historical Committee. Prophetically, perhaps, they called their publication *Tucson from Pithouse to Skyscraper*. Little did they know how literally their words might eventually be interpreted. □

Bernard L. Fontana is Field Historian for the University of Arizona.

DESERT NOTES

People are Talking

Let's listen up. It's called planning.

By Vern Lamplot

Some months ago, before Tucson police identified the man who they believe was the prime time rapist, Tucson Police Chief Peter Ronstadt addressed the downtown Rotary Club about crime statistics. His first point was that the attention created by that one rapist was distorting the public perception of the overall crime rate—in other words, things weren't as bad as they seemed. The other point, which was more interesting, and the one that Chief Ronstadt continues to talk about now that the city budget is under discussion, is that as the population of Tucson goes up, he needs more police officers—more than the simple lock-step, officers-per-thousand increase matching our growth rate.

One of the most revealing graphs he showed this audience of developers, car dealers, advertising agents, business people, etc. shows there is a demographic blip coming to Tucson. When the population rises to a certain point, the crime rate is going to strap on solid boosters and take off. This has happened in other cities, and it's going to happen here. Chief Ronstadt said he was doing everything he could to beef up the force and brace himself for the coming demographic blip.

The surprising thing was that no one disputed Ronstadt's facts or conclusions or got up and threw his dinner roll at the Chief. Here he was, basically telling those who have aided, encouraged, abetted and developed Tucson's growth that they were going to have to pay now for officers he won't really need until later, but damn well better have on board by the time we hit Blip City. In other words, Chief Ronstadt was planning. And the audience listened.

There is other planning going on around here and that gives me hope. Cocktail parties have lately been devoted to figuring out what went wrong with the recent road tax vote (if you favored it) or to celebrations (if you voted against it). People talk about the acrimonious climate for road projects and the hostility generated by the debate over the Rillito-Pantano Parkway, the Speedway Tunnel, and now the December road tax. Or they talk about flexing muscle and beating this issue or that issue. But if you look beyond that

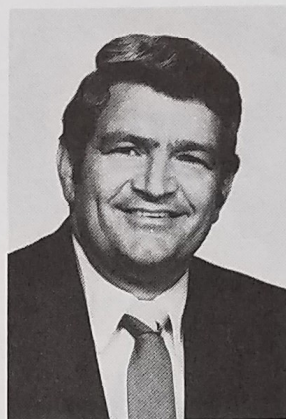
rhetoric, you will remember that less than a year ago, voters overwhelmingly passed \$200 million in improvement bonds. And one of the principle issues in the December road tax was planning. The regional transportation plan tied to the tax was a real plan; some voters supported the tax for that reason, and other voters rejected it because they thought there hadn't been enough planning—for land use, zoning density, parks or whatever. But let's listen to ourselves. Listen to the quality of the debate. What we are talking about is planning, and we are talking to each other—just as there are more organized groups working away on new growth and transportation plans.

To understand what a startling change that is for Tucson, you must go back to the late 1970s. Those of us who lived here remember the comprehensive plan that was supposed to guide the development of our future. Those of us who lived here watched that plan, which started out the size of a telephone book, get gutted by every special interest group imaginable until it became a pamphlet that would fit comfortably under a windshield wiper. I see the December vote as an opportunity to put together a new community-based coalition. If local government will reform the public hearing process to make it more meaningful, if developers will realize that desert flora is not simply an "amenity," if neighborhoods will understand that roads are an important element in our quality of life, then it can be done. Ten years ago Tucson was polarized by a debate of growth vs. no-growth. We don't need another similar debate to divide us.

Unfortunately, Pumpkinville papers are chronicling a new force who has already begun a destructive campaign against common sense. It is "Halloween Six: Jason's Uncle's Story," an axe-wielding figure in a toupee and goalie mask, stalking the halls of power in the Emerald City, smashing reason, driving a wedge between us and leaving a wake of confusion and anger. If the state axe falls on transportation, education and economic development, we could divide ourselves while trying to pick up the pieces. "Halloween Six" is not a movie, but it is coming to town. This is a warning. □

Vern Lamplot is a longtime watcher of Arizona politics.

STEWART TITLE & TRUST of Tucson



ST. PHILIP'S PLAZA
4320 N. Campbell # 238
299-9678
Cathy Eglin

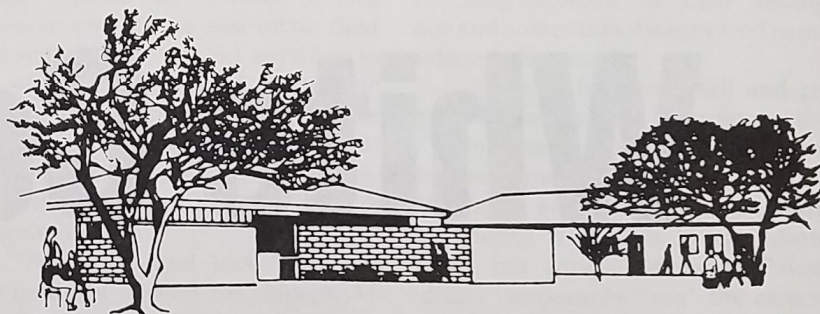


Rental apartment and patio home communities in the historic El Presidio neighborhood.

La Intrada

RENTAL APARTMENTS
& PATIO HOMES 884-8282

Nationally Recognized For Excellence



The Green Fields tradition of excellence for more than fifty years has now been nationally recognized by the U.S. Department of Education Exemplary School Recognition Project. One of sixty-five schools in the nation to receive this award, the only private high school in Arizona to be so recognized, Green Fields Country Day School is justifiably proud of its role in educating young people. A college preparatory school in an informal ranch-style setting, Green Fields offers a disciplined traditional instruction in a supportive environment where individual attention and small class size enables each student to achieve according to the best of his or her potential. Evidence of these successes has been the winning of national or regional awards in every academic discipline, awards which include the first place in National History Day competition for the best research paper by a high school student. At the same time, Green Fields offers opportunities in personal development and community awareness through such activities as Community Service Day, Issue Day, and the Interim

study program. Strongly committed to maintaining an ethnically and economically diverse student body, Green Fields is proud of its exceptional financial aid program, which this year made more than \$150,000 available to students requiring assistance. Green Fields and its students have many reasons to be proud—proud of its tradition of excellence, proud of its recent national award, proud of its continuing commitment to high quality educational opportunities for Tucson.

Grades 4-12
COEDUCATIONAL, COLLEGE PREPARATORY
Mr. Phineas Anderson, Headmaster

297-2288

6000 N. Camino De La Tierra

Green Fields
Country Day School



Gatewood Pointe homeowners are angry. They say \$79,000—set aside for new roofs—is missing from their account.

White Collar Thief

Don Pavone stole thousands and was given a new life in California and 26 years to pay back the money. The prosecutor says the taxpayers got a good deal. The defense attorney says Pavone got a good deal. Tucson homeowners, who are missing their savings, think the deal stinks.

Written and Photographed by Patric Hedlund

It was August when I last saw Don Pavone outside of a courtroom. It was the season of summer thunderstorms, when refugees from scarlet sunsets crowd into dark bars for air-conditioned Happy Hours.

I had stumbled into In Cahoots, the new Foothills hot spot in St. Philip's Plaza, a cascade of exclusive galleries and tasteful boutiques on the threshold of the Catalinas. Throngs of young professionals, jeweled and sprayed, laughing, clever, successful, were packed solid between dark wood, carpet and brass.

I was helping a friend move to the foothills and needed to make a call. I stood by the door looking for a telephone. My eyes were adjusting slowly to the wall-to-wall glitter when suddenly my name was called out across the sea of hundred-dollar hairdos. Someone grabbed my elbow and pulled me into a small group cheerfully drinking in the midst of the jostling crowd. I looked at the man quizzically.

"I'm Don Pavone," he said. "We had a meeting in my conference room yesterday."

I looked more closely. It was the head of the Breckenridge realty company's property management division, but he looked different. The man I'd met with clients the day before had curly dark hair. This man had a spikey GQ crew cut. He gestured to a blond woman beside him. "This is my wife, Jane."

"I'm sorry. I didn't recognize you," I mumbled. "But did you look a little different yesterday?"

"I changed my hair. I do that every week. My hairdresser loves it," he laughed, raising his glass in a festive gesture. "It costs me a fortune." He laughed again, and waved to the waitress.

Don Pavone has one of those puttylump faces that can transform from contrite to arrogant before your eyes. Described as a "calculating bullshit artist" by former employees, as "persuasive" by his clients and as a "party boy" at the Tiki Room, all agree he is a guy who knows how to make the most of an opportunity.

The next time I saw Pavone he was being sentenced for felony theft by Superior Court Judge Bernardo P. Velasco. That January day, Pavone's hair was a trim razor cut. His wife was a brunette.

Pavone had admitted to six years of embezzling from The Breckenridge Company Realtors, Inc. Company auditors said he managed to skim nearly a third of a million dollars, \$320,000, into his own pockets, primarily from accounts of numerous homeowners' associations throughout the Tucson valley.

Don Pavone never served a day in jail. He was given seven years' probation and allowed to move to California. He made a deal that, in effect, gives him up to twenty-six

years to repay the money.

Six hundred Tucsonans may have been victims of Pavone's white-collar mugging. Fourteen homeowners' associations—from Pantano Park II on the far East Side to Gatewood Pointe in the runaway Northwest; from Casa Gallegos in center city to elegant Cobblestone at the top of the Catalina Foothills—more than 150 rental property owners, and investors in Breckenridge's real estate partnerships are still examining their books, trying to fit together the pieces of a large and tangled puzzle.



Don Pavone leaving the courtroom with his wife.

Is Pavone a victim of boom town values gone awry? A reflection of Pima County's speculation fever? A family-centered accountant who just made a few mistakes? Or an entrepreneur who knew how to work the system?

According to those who know him, Pavone is all of the above. He told the judge he stole because the opportunity was there.

Donald Michael Pavone arrived in Tucson in 1978. At age thirty-five, he came here as a refugee from a dismal business failure and a broken marriage. His failures had stung him deeply.

Pavone grew up in Rochester, New York, an Italian Catholic boy with two brothers. According to the probation officer's report to the court, his parents ran a family grocery store started by his grandfather. School had few attractions for him. He liked the YMCA. He was sociable even then. He liked to be liked.

At twenty-one he married and quickly became a father. He worked for the water company to support his growing family. He graduated from field work to an office job, and began to study accounting. When the youngest of his four children was two years old, he purchased a record store. That was in 1973. He thought it would be a fun business. Instead he struggled for five years to make it fly. He couldn't. The business failed.

His marriage ended in divorce.

While 1978 was a rough year for Don Pavone, it was a pretty good year for Tucson. Residential real estate was booming. Pavone didn't waste much time deciding where he wanted to be. He managed an athletic club briefly, then secured his real estate license. His current wife moved from Rochester to be with him.

In 1979 Roger Breckenridge and his wife Linda incorporated The Breckenridge Company Realtors. Six months later Pavone joined them. The exact date of the incorporation

reputation with the boards of homeowners' associations around town. The manager receives a percentage of the association's monthly income. The Arizona Real Estate Department doesn't supervise association managers and they don't have to be bonded.

Also under his supervision were property management accounts. These are accounts set up for absentee owners and owners of rental property who turn over the rent-collecting and maintenance to Breckenridge realty. Unlike homeowner association accounts, property management accounts are covered by strict state guidelines.

Former co-workers say Pavone established his division as an almost independent business within Breckenridge's organization. The department was a swarm of entrepreneurs—agents working for commissions rather than salaries, with a percentage off the top going to Breckenridge as the broker legally designated to supervise the agents.

Roger Breckenridge told the court that Pavone "gave every ounce of his energy to his job." He made him a vice-president. Pavone worked like a dynamo—and began embezzling almost immediately.

Agents who worked in Pavone's department say they were strictly forbidden to touch disbursements or the books. He kept records in his own office, manually at first, and then with a small Epson computer and a program called "The Shoebox."

He set up bookkeeping procedures that apparently allowed money to be shifted from one account to another without detection. Homeowners' associations are now discovering that money being transferred from their checking account to their savings account sometimes disappeared somewhere in the middle.

It was a financial shell and pea game. Co-workers speculate that Pavone would dip into accrued funds in one homeowners' account to cover shortages and bills in another—like borrowing from Visa to pay MasterCard, but with a difference. Pavone didn't temporarily "use" the associations' cash reserves and then return them. He took the money. It's gone.

(Exactly how much is gone still is being determined. At the time of his plea agreement, Breckenridge auditors put the loss at approximately \$320,000. Pavone disputes this. In a letter to me from San Francisco, after his sentencing, he wrote, "Obviously, no one knows better what was taken than I do, and when the dust settles and all the claims are made, the figure will be considerably less. I believe as much as half.")

Each month Pavone presented his own account summaries to the associations, but did not enclose actual statements from the banks where the accounts were deposited. As Gate-

Compliments of KVOA-TV

wood Pointe treasurer Tom Kuhn (who thought they had saved \$79,000 for new roofs) put it, "we know exactly how much interest we've earned, we just don't have any money."

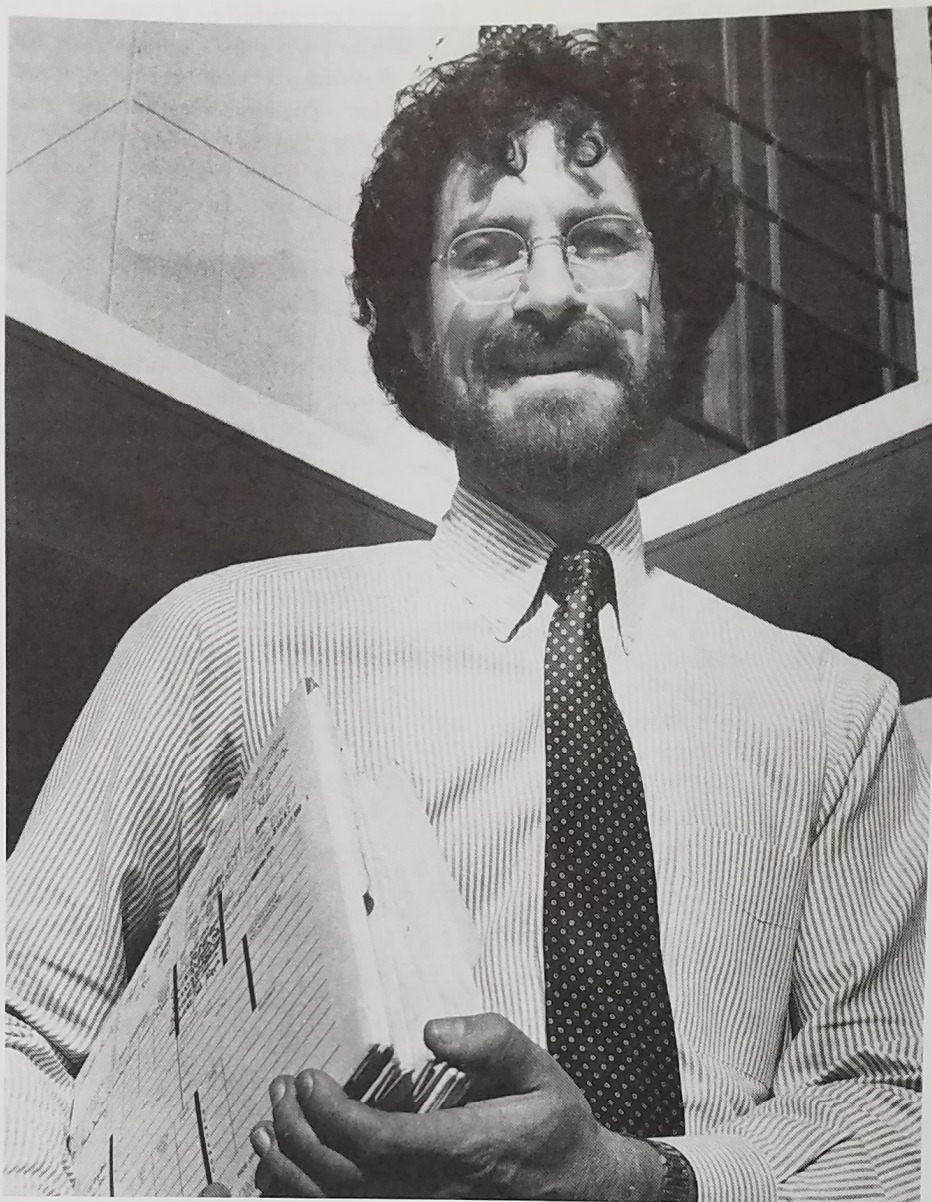
Pavone himself opened the bank accounts for most of the associations. On the signature cards for Great Western Bank he was listed as the signer, along with Roger Breckenridge and Art Mayer (another Breckenridge vice-president). According to records now being discovered, and the memory of co-workers, Pavone often sent checks to repair contractors with his signature alone. He also cashed counter checks at the bank, frequently.

Within four years, Breckenridge's property management division grew to nine employees and three computers. Employees say that hundreds of thousands of dollars passed through the operation monthly. Pavone bragged that when times were rough in 1982-83, "property management kept Breckenridge's doors open." Employees said profits from management fees eventually reached \$6,500 a month and Pavone and Breckenridge continued to receive their shares. Pavone's legitimate personal commissions totalled \$50,000 in 1985, a former co-worker said.

In a letter asking Judge Velasco to accept the plea agreement, Pavone relates the moment it first occurred to him to steal: His debts from Rochester had caught up to him. He and Jane were using bicycles for transportation. The four children had come to live with them in Tucson. He couldn't make ends meet. Bills went unpaid. The water was turned off at his house. Just then a young man walked through his office door to pay rent. In cash. Pavone made a decision. He paid his personal water bill with the money. The property owner's account stayed short that month.

He promised himself he'd pay it back from his next paycheck. When that didn't happen, he worked a little harder to bring in new money to cover shortages. "It got worse," he told the court. "I remember realizing how much I had taken, and not knowing how I was ever going to resolve this problem."

Co-workers now remember warning signs: on the property management side of the operation, owners began to question double billings and high prices for repairs to rental properties. The billings were made by Pavone, supposedly passed through from subcontractors. Property managers working under him became distressed by the frequency of improperly charged work and begged him to change contractors. He said that was a good idea, and did nothing. Today, those associates speculate that this was another of Pavone's methods for skimming



Prosecutor Howard Fell, head of the Economic Crimes division of the Pima County Attorney's Office.

funds.

Meanwhile, things on the home front turned around. "My wife and children, who had suffered so much, were now living normal lives," he told the court. They started to have fun. "I continually used the money to make even a better life for everyone."

to UA Wildcat games, partied together, frequented Jerome's and the San Francisco Bar & Grill, flew to Las Vegas and San Francisco. A local TV personality laughed about the parties at the Pavone home. He recalled they had turned a modest Sam Hughes neighborhood house into "a Yuppie palace." A realtor

"We saved the taxpayers \$50,000 by getting a guilty plea without having to go through ten months of investigation."

"He loved to brag on being an 'upwardly mobile young professional,'" said one agent. He had all the benefits of success: a charming home, Champagne pool, spa, colorful friends, stable marriage, bright social life, mad money.

Pavone liked rubbing shoulders with the movers and the shakers. Being seen in the right spots around town became a motive in itself, friends said.

Pavone bragged to his employees about "getting Roger to loosen up." The Breckenridges and Pavones flew

who worked with him and house-sat when they were in San Francisco said that "Don seemed to have the world by the tail, he seemed to have such a good time, to be so free. I was striving to be like him, I was crazy about him, we all were."

For The Breckenridge Realty Company, 1985 was a year of expansion. Arizona Real Estate Department records show five branches and eighty registered employees. Company letterheads indicated offices throughout Arizona, including Phoenix, Chandler and Mesa. The com-

pany acquired part of Century 21 Realty, and increased its property management accounts by 250%.

Along with new acquisitions came new personnel. A hectic pace characterized Pavone's office. Confusion and disorganization in servicing client accounts was attributed to the growing pains of expanding so rapidly in a short time. He was able to gloss over inconsistencies with flippant charm.

By the summer, however, a spate of bounced checks occurred in his department, co-workers remember. Paychecks bounced. Repair checks bounced. But most significantly, checks from owners' trust accounts bounced. "It should be impossible for this to happen," a local realtor who worked in Pavone's department explained. "The money in trust accounts, including renters' deposits, should never be touched. This kind of thing should have been an immediate alarm to the Arizona Real Estate Department to check into."

"I never understood why our department wasn't audited...in the year and a half I worked there, we were never audited once."

"Audits are expensive," said Robert Griffin of the State Real Estate Department. "We have one auditor in Southern Arizona and thousands of agents...it's up to the broker, but it's expensive for the broker too...."

Breckenridge is quick today to say that no one is "blasé" about bounced checks. "If you see it happen, you make inquiries," he said. "If there is a reasonable explanation, you make a business judgment to go on down the road." He declined to discuss what routine auditing procedures he used to supervise Pavone's division.

Owners called to complain during the 1985 episode. "Don was glib," a co-worker said. "He could always talk his way around anything that came up. He made a bunch of excuses about how the bank had screwed up, made it seem like the bank was the cause of the problem."

Gatewood Pointe homeowners' association wishes someone had been watching during that time. Their Great Western Bank account was lightened by \$20,000 in a series of transactions on January 22, 23 and 24, 1985, treasurer Tom Kuhn says he has discovered.

After six years of weaving intricate deceptions, Don Pavone was starting to feel the pressure by the summer of '86. In business dealings he became increasingly distracted and vague. An erratic strain began to show in his personality, throwing the people around him off balance.

Socially, life seemed to percolate normally. He and Jane went out a lot, took some trips to California, enjoyed their friends. But they

seemed to be seeing less of the Breckenridges, and Pavone even hesitated before going to Roger Breckenridge's birthday party, a co-worker remembers.

At one point, Pavone told his probation officer, he tried to tell Jane what he had done, but couldn't bring himself to. She still assumed their enthralling lifestyle was the fruit of a prosperous realty business.

By August, about the time I saw him at In Cahoots, Pavone knew his house of cards was about to collapse. "I'd gotten to the point where I couldn't handle what had happened here anymore," he told me later. "I just wanted it over with. I couldn't run my business at its full capacity. I had pretty much made the decision to end it all, so I probably laxed up near the end."

There were plenty of signs that the end was near.

Homeowners' associations were growing uncomfortable. Independently of each other, several groups started to ask the kinds of questions that would make an embezzler cringe. Patricia Magda from Pantano Park's association said her board had tired of not getting straight answers about their finances. Kuhn of Gatewood Pointe criticized Pavone's "voodoo accounting" and asked what would happen if he tried to withdraw money from their own account. He says Pavone told him he couldn't.

"I told him I might just try to do that," Kuhn remembers. "I asked to be put on the account." Pavone "turned white," then said he would send Kuhn signature cards.

Magda remembers that Pavone "actually looked us in the eye and said, 'I don't lose any sleep over the bookkeeping'" at the August Pantano Park meeting. At their September meeting, they voted to give the account to someone else.

The next day, Magda later discovered, Pavone went to the bank and cashed a \$2,700 counter check on their account. That withdrawal brought the total missing from their account to \$23,000, Magda says. On August 29, 1986, Pavone withdrew \$2,149.81 from Gatewood Pointe's account, Kuhn has found.

Just after the September Gatewood Pointe meeting, Kuhn received the signature cards in the mail from Pavone. He signed them and put them in the enclosed envelope addressed to The Breckenridge Company.

"Later I thought that's odd, why would I send them to him rather than the bank?" Kuhn remembered, adding that the cards never got to the bank.

All over town, companies providing services to homeowners' groups—landscapers, garbage collectors, security services, cable television repair firms—reported bills going unpaid during this period, co-workers



Pavone's attorney Robert Hirsh.

remember. They'd be told about "misfiled" and "lost" invoices when they called to inquire. Checks were bouncing again. Pavone's staff joked about getting rubber fittings for the typewriter used to make out the checks, but they knew something was drastically wrong.

They said they often were faced

out." Pavone had taken another trip to San Francisco. Breckenridge surprised the staff by making an unaccustomed visit to Pavone's office during that time, closing the door and going over documents. During the course of the day he questioned various property managers. The staff thought his behavior was odd.

"With an investigation Pavone would have ended up in prison. There's no doubt about it."

with making excuses to angry vendors and owners. Their own paychecks were coming back regularly. But to the end, they believed Pavone's stories about bank foul-ups. Back in May, they had pressured him to change banks. He put the property management accounts into First American Savings & Loan. When the problems continued, they became increasingly confused and demoralized.

"By September," Roger Breckenridge says, "in my conversations with Don, it was obvious he was burned

Breckenridge now says, "I was concerned about Don, trying to find a way to make him feel better, take some of the pressure off." He also says that he would not have known what to look for to identify any problem with the books.

On September 14, Pavone returned and announced that he intended to resign. He told Breckenridge he would move to San Francisco as soon as his son graduated from school in May. He turned over his management accounts to an associate in the office. He continued, however, to control

homeowners' association matters. In four separate transactions between October 10 and October 15, Kuhn says, Pavone withdrew \$5,700 from the Gatewood Pointe account, bringing their total loss to more than \$79,000.

On October 17, 1986, Pavone wasn't at the office. His daughter says he went to Las Vegas alone. He says he went to Las Vegas "on an organized trip with friends."

On October 20, just shortly after the seventh anniversary of The Breckenridge Company's beginning, Pavone picked up the phone and confessed to Roger Breckenridge that he had been stealing from him for six years. He said he hoped they could work something out.

They did. There was no official criminal investigation. Pavone and Breckenridge both contacted their personal attorneys and started the chain of events that moved the case through the justice system quietly and efficiently.

Breckenridge was obligated to report the situation to the Arizona Real Estate Department. On October 22, "Roger Breckenridge and his attorney walked into my office and told me about it," said Duane Turner, deputy commissioner for the Tucson office. "They turned in Pavone's real estate broker's license. We provided an auditor to work with an independent CPA of their selection."

Over the six-year period that Pavone had been embezzling, Turner has seen astounding changes take place in the real estate industry in Pima County. Huge commercial developments requiring massive capital resources have come into Southern Arizona: La Paloma, \$600 million; Rita Ranch, \$500 million; Williams Center, \$500 million; Gateway Plaza, \$450 million; Midvale Park Village, \$400 million...there are more, lots of zeros. Billions of dollars pouring into one place over the same period of time can turn the atmosphere a bit giddy. Turner has wondered if local brokers might be tempted to live beyond their means, under pressure to appear as affluent, capable and successful as these new well-capitalized players. He has seen a few bankruptcies.

For real estate developers in Arizona, this is expected to be "the year of the shakeout." For Don Pavone, this was the year of the bail out. He finally hit his wall. But his fall was cushioned.

Perhaps it's a compliment to him as a defense attorney that Tucson cops, as a class, are known to hate Robert Hirsh.

The firm of Hirsh, Sherick & Murphy is on the fourth floor of La Placita, downtown near the Community Center. Hirsh has a large, bright office cluttered with remnants of cases completed and cases in pro-



Randolfo V. Lopez, who figures his Casa Gallegos association is missing \$12,000:
"I'd much rather be robbed by someone with a gun."

gress. A long bulletin board covered with sketches of the Sanctuary Trial defendants leans precariously against one wall. As head of the Sanctuary defense team, he is said to have sometimes infuriated colleagues by less-than-prompt attention to paperwork, but gained absolute respect in strategy sessions and the courtroom. Accused dope moguls have paid well for his services.

Robert Hirsh's gunmetal gray hair shimmers with a touch of silver. He wears vaguely crumpled suits, but is too tall and arrogant to look disheveled. In the courtroom he moves with the grace of a cobra. He's an expensive and effective weapon. Pavone chose well.

Howard Fell is head of the Economic Crimes division of the County Attorney's Office. He's a compact, energetic man with curly brown hair, a beard and rimless glasses. He dresses casually in tweed sport coats and comfortable shoes. No idealist about his job, he's confident, direct and efficient in his manner.

"My office got a call on Friday, October 24 (that's in the records, I don't know who called) that there was a major embezzlement from Breckenridge. On Monday Bob Hirsh stopped by, said 'Can I talk to you? ...I don't think there's a good defense, my client will plead guilty, avoid a lengthy investigation, avoid a costly trial....' We met with the Breckenridge attorney; he even reduced some of his demands. Normally, to open an investigation can take

a year to complete. I thought, 'How Terrific!'"

Pavone and his attorney sat down with Breckenridge's attorney and worked out a proposal for the County Attorney's Office. There were businesslike trade-offs. It was a Gentleman's Agreement. Pavone agreed to plead guilty. Breckenridge agreed to probation. The prosecutor agreed that Pavone could go to another state to get a job and begin restitution. The Breckenridge Company was designated as the victim of the crime. They all agreed that the members of the homeowners' associations need not be brought into the plea agreement.

On November 18, 1986, the County Attorney's Office filed charges against Pavone for embezzling funds entrusted to him by The Breckenridge Company.

Two hours later, Pavone pleaded guilty to a single felony count of "theft by conversion" of over \$1,000. Fell's office recommended probation and acceptance of the plea agreement.

Sentencing was set by Judge Velasco for January 7, 1987.

Another win for efficient justice management. The county attorney got a conviction at a bargain rate for the taxpayer. Hirsh walked in and handed it to them on a platter. Fell took it. Why shouldn't he? He feels the public got a good deal.

"We saved the taxpayers \$50,000 by getting a guilty plea without having to go through ten

months of investigation," explained Fell. "Even if we had gone to trial, we might not have gotten the provisions we got in the plea bargain. Look, Pavone agreed to pay restitution. He agreed to pay \$1,000 a month or one-third of their gross monthly income. He agreed to sell his family home and a duplex they owned and give that to the restitution fund. He voluntarily gave up his state real estate license, agreed to carry life insurance for the full \$320,000, and his wife agreed to share responsibility for paying the money back. A judge couldn't have ordered that."

Hirsh knows Pavone got a good deal.

"No formal accusation had been made when we got there," Hirsh explained. "It would have been much different if we hadn't gone to them first. With an investigation Pavone would have ended up in prison. There's no doubt about it. He could have been indicted and convicted on a series of thefts (if the proof had been presented). You've got to remember the time factor. He was doing this over a period of six years. With multiple convictions, prison time is mandatory. We short-circuited the need for an investigation, so it saved the state money too."

The county attorney and the defense attorney may be pleased with the agreement, but the homeowners have a different opinion. They're angry. Sandra Shupe of the Vista Grande association, which says it is

missing \$10,000, is emphatic about her feelings:

"Only someone who has been the victim of a crime can understand the distaste that's left by a plea agreement. People feel like they've been shut out of the judicial system."

Peter Hochuli represents some of the homeowners. He looks like a good guy. He has the clear eyes, wide smile and easy laughter of a man comfortable that he's on the right side of an issue. He wears neat dark suits and crisp white shirts. Law is the family business. He shares a tidy suite of offices with his brother and father in a renovated building on Toole across from the Amtrack station downtown. He says:

"We hoped the County Attorney's Office would at least investigate how the money was disposed of. Suddenly, just because Pavone's turned himself in, they're treating him as if he's an honest man. The homeowners' associations are amazed. The court and its officers are believing the word of a thief."

In the plea agreement, Pavone swore all the embezzled funds are spent—nothing was stashed. I asked Fell before the sentencing how he knew whether or not Pavone had any of the money left.

"We don't," Fell said. "Presumably, most of it was pissed away. He told Judge Velasco in November that he lived on \$120,000 a year when he was making only \$60,000. It doesn't take long to go through a lot of money when you go to the Tack Room a couple of times a week, take trips to San Diego and San Francisco, stay at expensive places. There's no indication he was a drug user. He just lived well."

On December 23, 1986, Hochuli wrote a letter to County Attorney Stephen Neely. In it, he expresses outrage that a plea agreement should have been made without the involvement of the homeowners' associations:

"It came to my attention the first part of November that your office was attempting to enter into some form of plea agreement arising out of the embezzlement. I immediately contacted Howard Fell of your office to find out why the homeowners' associations had not been contacted. I pointed out to him that they were the victims, they lost the money. He informed me that he would of course be in touch with at least some of them prior to entering into any form of plea agreement.... November 18, 1986, Mr. Fell contacted my office, I returned the call approximately 4 p.m. and was informed of the plea agreement and that it was to be presented in thirty minutes. I was speechless. No association had been contacted. I requested a copy of the plea agreement. To this day I have received only a portion of that plea

agreement....My clients were appalled by the contents of the plea as relayed to me.

"The man admits to embezzling... and is given over twenty-six years to pay back the principle alone. The property that belonged to him was turned over to the Breckenridge Company with NO protection for the associations who lost the money. There is NO way a thorough investigation could have been conducted to determine if any other parties were involved. Your office appears to be



Pavone sent this picture from California. He says he thinks a lot "about those poor victims."

taking the word of an admitted embezzler that he did this act on his own, no one else knew about it, and he has spent all the money. That does not appear to be protecting the public's best interest...."

County Attorney Neely did not respond to Hochuli's letter. Fell met with the group. He expressed commiseration, but knows the system he works in too well to be swayed by calls for abstract justice. He invited them to speak to the judge at the sentencing, and explained again why he felt the plea was in everyone's best interest.

"To some of those prosecutors, white-collar theft may be an invisible crime," said a Gatewood Pointe homeowner. "But we still have our roofs to worry about."

"I understand why the homeowners' associations are angry," Fell said to me later. "They feel he's getting off too lightly. They don't understand the full ramifications of a criminal investigation. They've been hurt. One group lost all the money that was supposed to go for new roofs. And Pavone has twenty years to pay this back. They feel, 'Damn, why didn't I steal \$320,000, when all I have to do is pay it back with no interest over twenty years?' He could be sent to prison for five years, but conceivably he wouldn't serve one year of that. The prisons are filled to the gills with dangerous felons convicted of violent crimes. With an entire term of probation of up to twenty years until he pays it

back—that's more of a hammer."

Randolfo V. Lopez is a tall, heavy-set fellow with a wide smile and a view of both sides of this issue. He's an attorney with the Pima County Public Defender's Office. He's also a member of the Casa Gallegos Homeowners' Association. He figures they lost \$12,000 to Pavone. "I'm usually the guy defending people in these kind of criminal charges," he sighed at the sentencing.

"A lot of the people here feel he should be behind bars," he continued. "I wrote a letter to the judge that he should give this guy at least some jail time so he can know what it will be like if he doesn't follow through with the restitution agreement....But you have to ask, what would the victims get if they hadn't made the plea agreement?"

"Nobody has to talk with police officers in an investigation. They can invoke their Fifth Amendment rights, like Poindexter and North are doing about the Iran arms scandal. It may be better to have a bird in the hand....It gives fodder for civil litigation against Breckenridge to already have a criminal conviction. I think the onus is on Breckenridge. He should have had better internal controls. He said he might have coverage under his Errors & Omissions insurance. But we'll have to sue, and civil cases take a long time to amount to anything....I understand Pavone has \$20,000 equity in a home. That's supposed to be sold and go toward restitution, plus \$1,000 a month he and his wife have agreed to pay.

"All in all," Lopez concluded, "I'd much rather be robbed by someone with a gun. At least you know you're being f---d."

As Pavone flew off to begin his new life in San Francisco, the Arizona Real Estate Department was considering taking emergency administrative action to summarily suspend Roger Breckenridge's realty licenses. On November 1, and again on December 23, 1986, the homeowners' associations were asked to the Smuggler's Inn to meet with Breckenridge and his attorney. Association officers say they were persuaded to petition the real estate department on Breckenridge's behalf by a warning that Breckenridge would have no other choice but bankruptcy if he lost his license. As Kuhn from Gatewood Pointe puts it, "As long as he's in business, we have a hope of getting our money back."

By January 9, nine suits had been filed by homeowners' associations against the Breckenridge Company Realtors and its owners for recovery of missing funds. The suing associations are: Pantano Park, Casa Gallegos, Cobblestone, Mission Shad-ows, La Vida, Saddlewood Villas,

Gatewood Pointe, Vista Grande and Linden Place.

Breckenridge told the associations he was trying to recover damages from the banks for releasing money to Pavone.

In a telephone interview Breckenridge said, "Since it started I have spent virtually seventy-five percent of each day trying to resolve this thing in a favorable way....The Breckenridge Company intends to repay the victims." He said he expects the repayment to be accomplished within this year.

Workers said Breckenridge called a meeting with seventy employees on January 29 and announced he would be consolidating.

The next day, he attempted to file with the Arizona Corporation Commission to establish a new business called "Bradstreet and Associates, Inc. dba Bradstreet Realtors." Because of paperwork errors the application was sent back to him for corrections on February 2. Breckenridge declined to discuss the new company with me, except to say that it was completely different from Breckenridge realty.

Pavone's home, expected to put about \$20,000 into the restitution account, was sold the week after his return to California. The IRS swooped down to seize \$7,448 of the proceeds. Back mortgage penalties took an-

other \$7,300. The Breckenridge Company took a \$4,375 brokers commission (in addition to another \$4,375 paid to a second broker), leaving only \$3,636 to go toward repaying the homeowners.

And Pavone? He wrote me a note saying it was to the homeowners' advantage that the IRS grabbed unpaid taxes out of the proceeds. Otherwise, he said, "the government could have filed a lien on me, attaching bank accounts and all assets, thus preventing me from obtaining suitable employment necessary to provide ample restitution...."

When I spoke with him by phone in San Francisco, he and Jane had just moved into their new apartment. They're excited about their new city, and having a good time. But he said he thinks a lot "about those poor victims."

I asked him about the October Las Vegas trip, about whether he ever secretly hoped he might get lucky there and be able to pay the money back without being discovered. He said, emphatically:

"You'd have to have the kind of mind to think that way, and I don't think that way. My thought was to get the debt paid back, on my own, in the right way, legitimately. I'm not a thief." □

Patric Hedlund is a Tucson writer and producer of television documentaries.

City Magazine is printed by

Pride In Graphics Corp.

At **Pride in graphics** we have one goal: Make It Right For Our Customers. We have been able to accomplish this goal by establishing a 30 year reputation for quality, dependability, and service. We want your printed piece to reflect your image as something we both can take pride in.

Our customers have the security in knowing they come first. This is more than just a statement, it's a principle we take pride in.

**Pride in quality, Pride in dependability,
Pride in graphics.**



Please give us a call and "MAKE IT RIGHT".

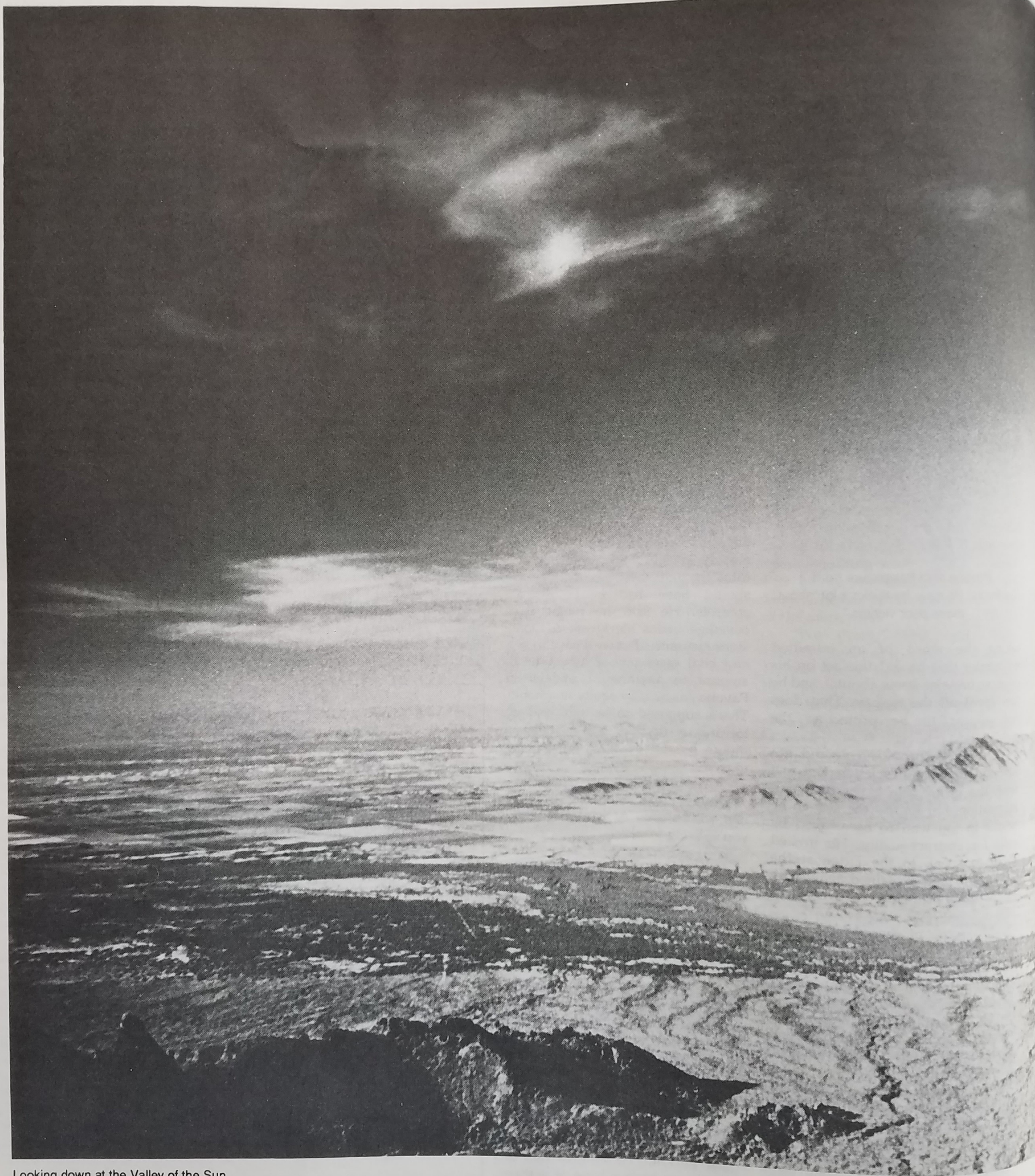
Ask for our customer service representative.

Pride*

*** in graphics corporation**

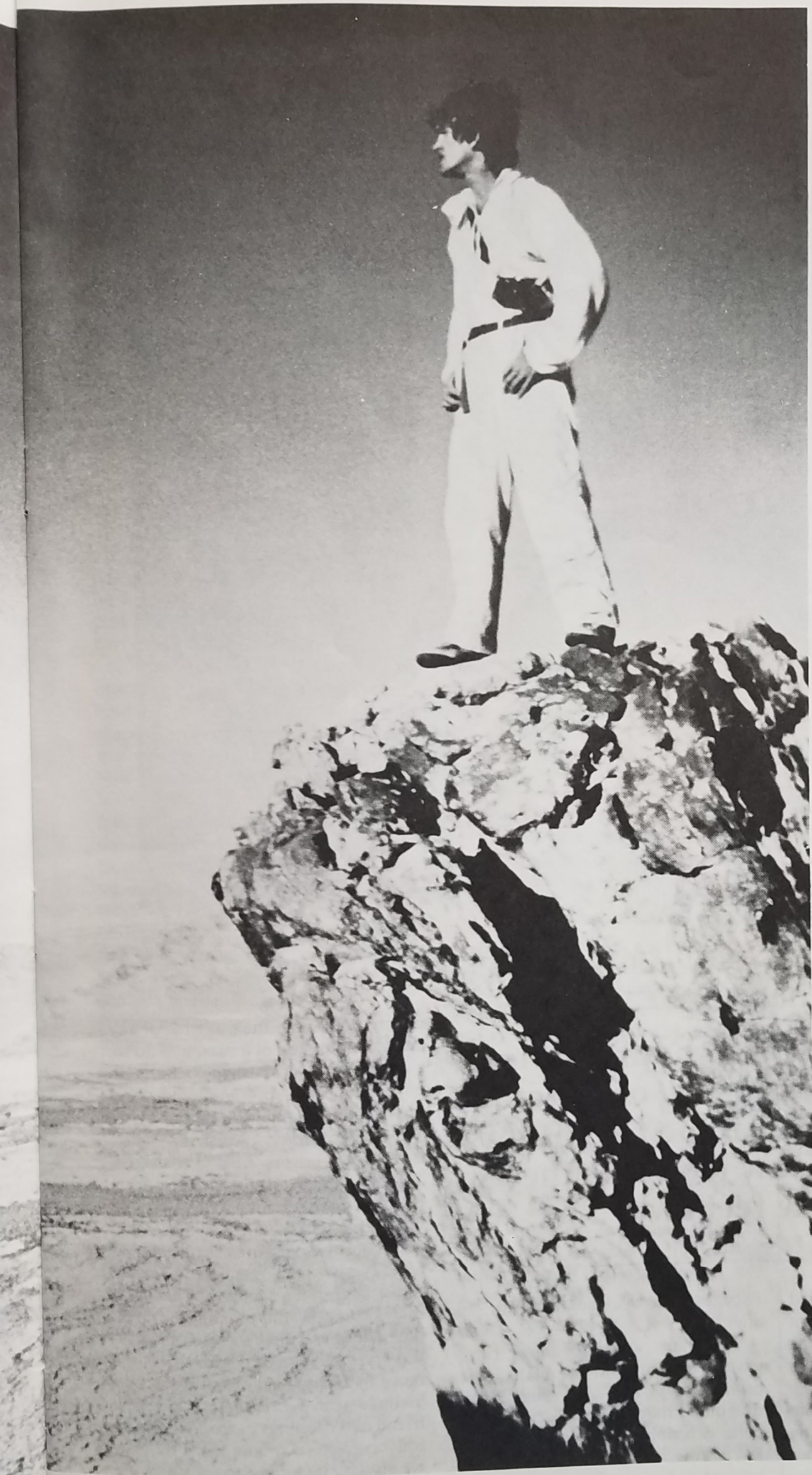
841 East 47th Street, Tucson, Arizona 85713

602-624-9971



Looking down at the Valley of the Sun

HIGH AND DRY



*The closer you get to death,
the clearer the image of life.*

Roger Marshall, Himalayan climber

We hadn't planned it that way; in fact, I thought we'd planned it perfectly. But we were out of water, and if we continued struggling through the heat of the day it would only be a matter of time before one of us slipped and fell. Or simply lay down to die. It was now a question of margins—or maybe it always had been. Could we carry enough water on our backs to traverse the dry, twenty-five-mile-long serrated crest of the Sierra Estrella Mountains? I thought we could. But we were now down to one option: if we slept through the heat of the day, there was a chance we could make it back to our shuttle vehicle alive. A chance. If we didn't make any mistakes. But there's a rule of thumb amongst endurance runners: if you lose ten percent of your body fluids, it affects your performance twenty-five percent; and if you lose twenty percent of your fluids, it affects your performance fifty percent. We were now stumbling over that fifty-percent line, I knew. Our precision scrambling had turned into a nauseating crawl. Worse, I could no longer make sound judgments as to which was the safest and easiest route over these granite teeth.

We have to stop; my partner agrees.

As carefully as possible, we tear our way through a vicious thicket of catclaw to the shade of an unnamed peak at 4,232 feet and collapse. There is nothing to do now but wait until the desert cools. Or until we slip into unconsciousness. I look over at Randy lying against the cool rock; he's trying to eat some granola, but it just sticks to his mouth like bitter frosting. I turn and stare at the miniature high rises poking their steel summits out of the haze of downtown Phoenix fifteen miles away; they seem so close you can reach out and grab a handful of them. But as far as we're concerned, civilization is a million miles away.

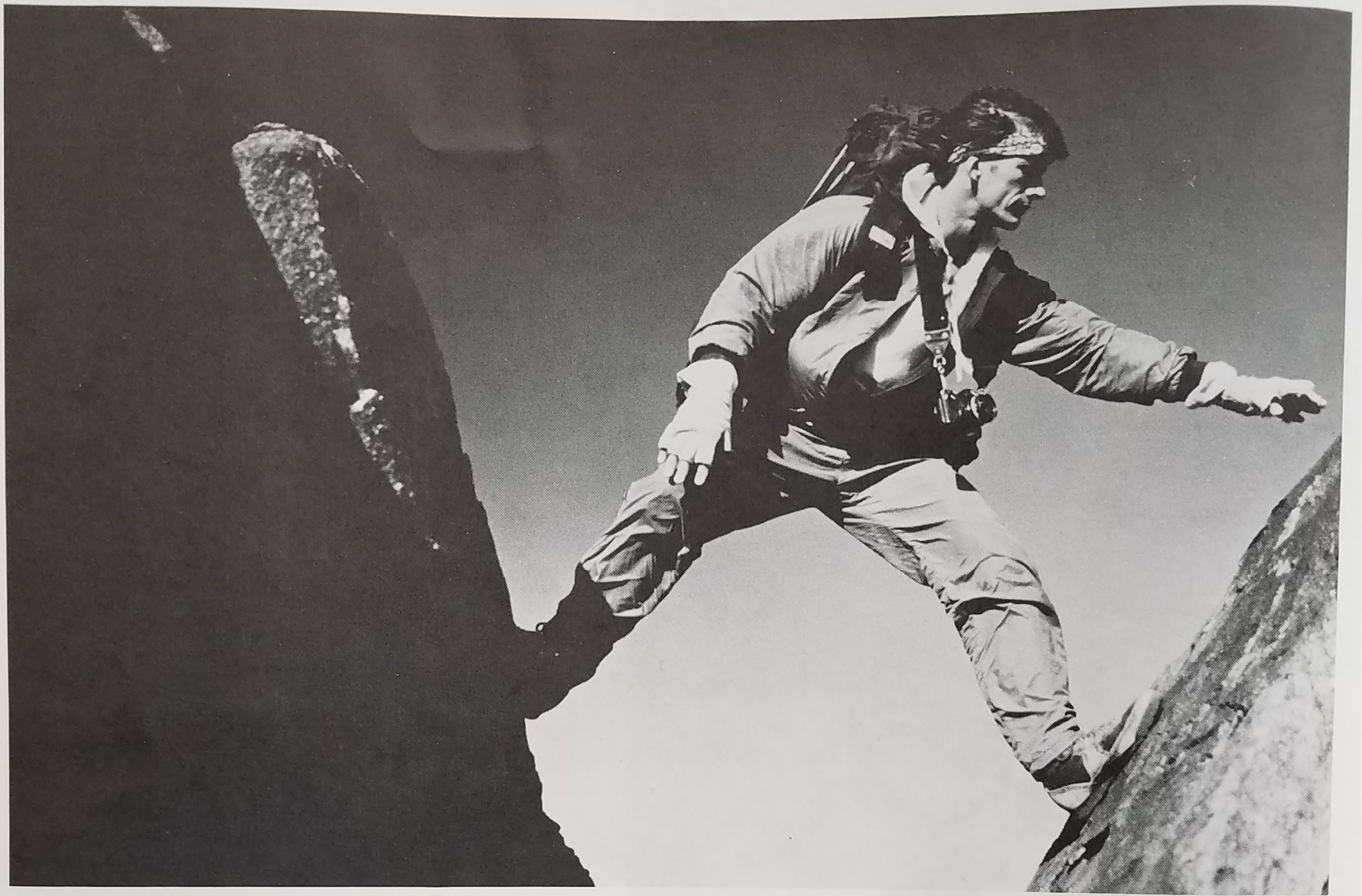
According to the notes I'd etched onto our Avondale SE topographical map, it is Monday, April 29, our third day out. But dates and figures no longer mean anything to me. The only thing that does is whether or not we'll be able to negotiate the last four or five miles of this wicked ridgeline. I doubt that we can. I fold my map, curl into fetal position, and pass out.

This adventure began almost six years ago; that's when I first started looking at the Sierra Estrellas erupting out of the desert southwest of Phoenix and wondered "what if." To me, that formidable wall of 4,000-foot-high granite peaks was, without a doubt, Arizona's "last great problem." All the major canyons in the state—from the magnificent Little Colorado River Gorge to the Grand—had been traversed on foot, either by trekking or running. The seemingly lifeless deserts of southwest Arizona had all been crossed in both historic and prehistoric times. And the few mountain ranges that hadn't been explored end-to-end—possibly the Harcuvars and the Blacks—either had roads lopping them in halves or thirds, or had enough trails and permanent waterholes enroute to guarantee successful passage. As far as I could discern from my research, the Sierra Estrellas had neither; nor could I find any modern or historic records of anyone exploring this pristine desert range from one end to the other on foot.

There was good reason for that.

*Only in Arizona could you almost die of
thirst watching the lights of downtown.*

Written and photographed
by John Annerino



Running the ridge of the Sierra Estrellas

From nearby Phoenix, the Sierra Estrellas may look like some sort of peripheral extension of South Mountain; topographically they are not. As early as 1925, explorer and hydrologist Kirk Bryan recognized their sublime stature in his U.S. Geological Survey Water-Supply Paper, *Routes to Desert Watering Places In Papago Country*: "Much of the topography and scenery is as rugged, wild, and grand as any found in the Rocky Mountains of the United States or Alaska." Bryan was as qualified as anyone to make that statement. In 1917, he was assigned by the U.S.G.S. to survey "the driest, hottest, and least explored part of the desert region...in southeastern California and southwestern Arizona." Of the 60,000 square miles surveyed for the report, the Sierra Estrellas were one of the few mountain ranges where the U.S.G.S. failed to discover any perennial water sources or reliable tinajas (natural rock tanks). That's one of the main reasons most early explorers simply avoided the Sierra de San Joseph de Cumars, as they were called by Fr. Francisco Garces in 1775—including the dauntless Father

We spend the twilight hours staring into our fire, dreaming of water fountains gurgling at the foot of toy skyscrapers that now look like they're only a few feet away.

Eusebio Francisco Kino, who skirted the southernmost flanks of the Sierra Estrellas as early as 1699. Even the Pima and Maricopa Indians who lived, farmed and fought hostile Yuman and Mojave Indians within the shadows of Kamatuk had little reason to climb its jagged upper reaches. According to anthropologists, they subsisted on flood-water agriculture and a digging-stick economy, and they could ill afford to spend the time necessary to successfully hunt the Estrella's desert big-horn sheep, the way the Papago did in the desert ranges farther to the south. As one Pima chief explained to anthropologist Frank Russell, "sheep were game fit only for the

Papagos, who had no fields to look after."

In short, when medieval cartographers pointed to the blank spots on their maps and said, "here be the dragons," they might as well have been describing the Sierra Estrellas. But to me, "mountain of the stars" became a dream of possibilities. For six years I stared at them in awe and wondered what it would take to traverse the forbidding summit crest in one continuous push, without ground or air support—what mountaineers call "alpine style."

The way the ancient Cocamaricopa would have, had they any practical or spiritual reason to do so. The key factors that would ulti-

mately determine the outcome of any attempt consisted of a reason to do so; climbers' physical shape; thorough psychological preparation; and ideal environmental conditions.

On Saturday, April 27, 1986, those four factors finally coalesced. The jet stream slipped down from Utah into Arizona, and the extended weather forecast called for unseasonably cool temperatures Saturday and Sunday, with a general warming trend beginning Monday. That forecast provided the minimum three-day window I felt was necessary to traverse the Estrellas carrying little more than three gallons of water and bivouac gear. Fortunately, a longtime friend and running companion, Randy Mulkey, agreed to join me. I thought we stood a better chance of surviving and succeeding as a team.

April 27 we began our traverse on the southern end of the Sierra Estrellas near Montezuma's Head and climbed throughout the heat of the day. Since there are no roads or trails to speak of in this precambrian range, we are forced to thread our way through, over, and around black granite boulders up a subsidiary ridgeline until we gain the skyline

crest of the Sierra Estrellas. However, what appeared to be a straightforward ridgeline from the modern Pima settlement of Komatke turns out to be as steep and gnarly a ridgeline as any I've climbed in Arizona. It's also crawling with snakes; for starters, two rattlers and a coral. Consequently, every move we make demands our utmost concentration: whether to climb over this boulder, crawl beneath that one, or squeeze between one or the other. This "technical" scrambling is made even more interesting by the profusion of cholla, ocotillo, and "Spanish daggers" waiting to impale us if we slip.

We reach the 4,300-foot south summit of Montezuma Peak at 6:45 p.m. unscathed. But I am as weary from the rapid-fire judgment calls of route-finding as I am from the four thousand vertical feet we've climbed; Randy concurs and we welcome this craggy summit as our bivouac site for the night. As twilight torches our perch a phosphorescent pink, we look over the cool, lavender Forty Mile Desert far below.

"The mirage...now began to distort mountains which everywhere bounded the horizontal into fantastic shapes." Lieutenant W.H. Emory was writing about the notorious Forty Mile Desert he crossed on November 13-14, 1846, which now lay at our feet. It was bordered on the east by the steep western flanks of the Estrellas and on the west by the meandering Gila River. The only relief we could see in that purple sea of desert shimmering between us and the Gila was a long, narrow, low-lying black range called Sevenmile Mountain. Paralleling Sevenmile immediately to the west was Watermelon Wash, which now looked like an undulating serpent slithering across the landscape; Juan Bautista de Anza was forced to lay over there on November 5, 1775, when two women in his party were "taken with violent child-bearing pains." And even farther to the west, you could make out the smattering of desert hills called the Maricopa Mountains; distance and aridity notwithstanding, the pass through the Maricopas was the last physical obstacle standing in the way of anyone trying to follow in the bold footsteps of Father Kino across the Forty Mile Desert.

But follow the tireless padre's footsteps most did willingly, from the pilgrims and argonauts enroute to the California gold fields to the hard driving stagemen of the the Butterfield Overland Mail. They followed the route Kino forged across the Forty Mile Desert a hundred and fifty years earlier because his was the one proven shortcut on this stretch of the Gila Trail; it cut off the sixty-mile loop the Gila took from the Pima villages around the northern end of the Sierra Estrellas

to present day Gila Bend. The hardships many of the desert travelers endured became legendary, and the waterless trek across the Forty Mile Desert became known as the Jornada de las Estrellas, "the day's journey of the stars."

Not long after we first see the Big Dipper, the wind begins whipping across our perch at thirty to forty miles an hour. Since water took up so much weight in our packs, we had no room for a sleeping bag without skimping on needed food and clothing. And with little firewood to burn, we shiver throughout the night like dogs passing peach pits, grateful we didn't make this journey in mid-winter: me in my thin nylon bivouac sack; Randy in a coffin-sized wooden utility box discarded by helicopter surveyors.

Daybreak is a long time coming; once it does, we work the deep, shivering chill out of our bones by picking our way around 4,354 foot Montezuma Peak; a half-mile below its unnamed northern satellite, BM 4159, we come to grips with the unrelenting technical nature of this summit crest. We are literally carrying destiny's hourglass on our backs, and each time we drink from it, we measure our remaining water against the visual distance we've traveled and what remains of the intimidating northern horizon. It's obvious that unless this ridgeline smooths out, the water in our hourglasses will turn to sand before we reach our truck; throughout the day, we cling to the belief it won't.

By early evening, we know better. "Climbing this range is arduous work, and many of the slopes can be ascended by a pedestrian only with the greatest of difficulty," Kirk Bryan wrote in 1925; he's correct. We are whipped, and we are in awe. It has taken us all day to traverse five miles of ridgeline around the 4,119-foot summit wings of Butterfly Mountain to yet another unnamed summit at 3,695 feet. Worse, we are down to a gallon of water each, and I suddenly begin to feel the magnitude of our undertaking. One look to the north confirms it: a standing-wave of ridges are stacked up one behind another like a series of tsunamis about to break over us.

Our goal now seems so far away, so out of reach. We spend the twilight hours staring into our fire, dreaming of water fountains gurgling at the foot of toy skyscrapers that now look like they're only a few feet away. Uluru is what the aborigines called "dreamtime"; "the dream is a shadow of something real," and it's the only thing that keeps our minds off the inevitable—that we will run out of water long before we reach the terminus of this great range, let alone downtown Phoenix.

I go over our escape routes in my

head; to the west lies sprawling Rainbow Valley; somewhere out there is water, but to break for it without knowing its exact location could be deadly. (Prospector Pablo Valencia proved that in August, 1905, when he fought his way across 100 miles of southwestern Arizona desert without water for six days to reach the one known water source he was willing to bet his life on, Tinajas Altas; there was no margin for him to consider other maybes.) At the foot of the Estrellas immediately to our east was the old mission of Santa Cruz (called San Bartolome by Father Kino), Komatke and the mostly dry Gila River. We could make any one of them if we bailed off the mountain first thing in the morning. But the fire enrapt me again, and we give little thought to such notions. After two days of struggling across the Estrellas, we

have endured the initiation well enough to assume we'll survive the passage—dry mouths or not.

By mid-morning of day three, I begin to have serious doubts. We pass a grave on a low saddle, where it looks like the uncompromising nature of the route is finally going to cut us some slack. But after startling two bighorn sheep on the west saddle of 4,512 foot Montezuma Peak North, we can clearly see the way ahead is just as difficult as the first two days.

We negotiate a series of exposed moves without giving much thought to the hundred-foot drop. We only think of the heat.

The jet stream has obviously lifted, because it's suddenly getting hotter. My brain feels like it's turning to mush. I've quit perspiring. It's been fourteen hours since I've urinated. And I can no longer call up any saliva. We thrash and scramble

"OUR HOME WAS LONG GONE IN 3 DAYS."

The Landau family listed their home with Roy H. Long on a Wednesday and by the next Saturday morning, only three days later, they signed the contract to sell it.

"It was over almost before it started!" says Mrs. Landau. Then, according to Mr. Landau, "our Roy Long agent helped us with the sale of a home in another state... with no profit to him at all. That's real service after the sale!"

For well over half a century, the Roy H. Long Realty Company has shown thousands of Tucsonans the best way home.

We've brought buyers and sellers together quickly

and smoothly because of the time-tested ability of our agents to match the right homes to the right people.

And today, the Landau family knows that's a true statement.

"For us," Mrs. Landau says, "the LONG way home was the shortest way home!"

But, don't just take their word for it. When you're considering the buying or selling of a home, take the LONG way home through the Roy H. Long office nearest you.

You'll learn first hand, like the Landau family did, the many benefits of knowing a Roy H. Long agent.



out of the noon heat into a shaded overhang where we await our fate.

I awake several times throughout the afternoon, but force myself to remain still until 3:00 p.m., when the internal alarm sounds. We look at each other, struggle to our feet, and push down the most precipitous ridge-line we've encountered thus far. But a hot westerly wind is blowing across the Forty Mile Desert, engulfing the crest and wicking away what little moisture we may have left. Again we slow to a crawl. We are simply too far into fluid deprivation to continue this technical traverse—even downhill.

We drop our packs and agree to hunt down the fattest barrel cactus on the mountain. The one we find is withered and after carefully removing row upon row of fish hook spines with our long, stainless steel blades we cut into mostly-dry pulp. After an hour of chewing, sucking and trying to swallow the sweet-bitter pulp, I know it's not enough to stave off dehydration. Ecological ethics forced us to wait too long; I can't stomach another mouthful.

A half hour out, I begin to break down; it's the first time I have in the wilderness since my last run through the Grand Canyon, a 250-mile run below the North Rim in 1982. Only I was alone then—responsible only for myself. Today, I'm also responsible for a friend of fourteen years, and the responsibility weighs too heavily on me. I begin to cry, quietly, so Randy won't hear. I am the leader, and leaders aren't supposed to cry. I continue groping around this rock and that, occasionally stopping to make certain Randy is making all the right moves. But we are about to crash and burn. I can feel it, and this is simply our last chance. I stop, look up at the ridgeline a thousand feet above, gnashing its teeth heavenward. It's only a subsidiary ridgeline of 3,000 foot crests, I tell myself. We've already traversed all the four-thousand footers in the Estrellas, so we gain nothing by trying to follow that ridge to our truck. I look to the east, at the Gila, and wonder if we can possibly make it.

Randy finally speaks up, and in a hoarse whisper says, "What are you thinking, bud?"

"This is our last chance to bail off and go for the Gila."

"Let's go then."

Even as we begin our declivitous, three-thousand-foot descent to the floodplains below, I know the Gila is beyond our reach. But we have to try. We may find a reliable tinaja or a lone "coyote water."

An hour later it is dark, and all of the tinajas are bone dry. I give only passing thought to the fact that we're stumbling down the little known and seldom used Pack Saddle Pass "trail"; according to pioneer



Desperate for a drink

Arizonan Ben Humphreys, who rediscovered it in the early 1950s, it "was a portion of the first road from Yuma to Fort Whipple in the early days, going through Gila Bend and later, Phoenix."

I fall face down in the sand. "Just a few minutes, bud." Randy agrees, and lies down in the cool sand a few feet away.

The canopy of stars seems so

continue. Somehow. At last we decide to eat some powdered ice tea—our first meal since morning. It has sugar in it, and maybe it will give us enough of a jolt to go a few more steps. But it just cakes up on the roof of my mouth until I'm forced to shove it back in my throat with my tongue.

...Half hour on, half off....

Sometime that night, when we can no longer read our watches by the

"Nobody's ever been up there before. Those mountains are a mystery to everyone."

inviting, and I seek solace from my extreme thirst by traveling amongst them. Is this what the Jornada was like?

"Let's go," Randy says, as if we're actually going to make it. Another half hour of trudging, and we both drop again. This time I pull Randy back before he nods off. "Really bud." We start again. I wonder how impossibly far the Gila is; it's simply beyond our reach now.

Half hour on, half off. We con-

ambient light of Phoenix, the temperature drops noticeably; I think we've reached the Gila greenbelt. Randy wants to turn north and head for Phoenix International Raceway and water, but there's no way I'm leaving the Gila "river" even if it's dry. I insist on crawling through a jungle of tamarisk, where I'm certain I'll find water. Reluctantly, Randy agrees. Unseen branches slingshot at our faces and tear at our clothes, but I hear mourning doves. I crawl toward

the sound until I hear frogs, I think. I smell something. I light a match and hold it to the ground. Water. Fortunately, it's too dark to see what's floating in it, but we resist the temptation to stay on all fours and lap it up. Instead, we build a fire and boil it for twenty minutes. Randy gets two cups down and holds it; I'm not as lucky. Still, salt cedar water or not, we've made it. Psychologically, anyway.

Tormented all night with an intense headache, and being worse at daylight, I went forward...to get shade where road and river met...

Benjamin Butler Harris, 1848, on the Forty Mile Desert

We break camp in the dark at 4:00 a.m. and crawl through the double-canopy of "tammies" on all fours, dragging our packs behind us like sled dogs. We hit the trickling main stem of the Gila at 6:30 a.m., but it is so foul we can't even consider drinking it. We find a jeep trail, of sorts, and follow it east to a natural gas pipeline. Randy sees something, a small mudhole; I gag at the thought of trying to hold down any more salt water. He bends down and samples; it's good. This is our image of life, and from it we drink carefully.

An hour later, we stumble up to Bernard Donohue, a Pima. I ask him where the closest market is. He says 45th Avenue and Baseline; we're at 85th Avenue and Dobson. He was obviously too busy working in his yard to see us drinking out of the irrigation ditch up the road. I tell him where we've been, pointing to the wall of mountains to the west in the hope he'll let us drink from his garden hose. Suddenly, he stops his work and tells us he was up there once, working with some "helicopter geologists." Then he looks us in the eyes and says, "Nobody's ever been up there before. Those mountains are a mystery to everyone." We nod in agreement, then thank him for the water still gushing out of the stiff, green hose. "Send me a picture from up there," he says, "and I'll send you a present." I take one last pull from the garden hose before writing Bernard's address on our crumpled map, so I can send him a picture from up there.

"Thanks Bernard, but you've already given us a present." I say, wiping the water dripping off my chin. We turn and reluctantly walk away from that oasis. At the foot of Kamatuk. □

John Annerino is a freelance photo-journalist whose work has appeared in *Life*, *Fortune*, and *Arizona Highways*. He is also author of *Hiking the Grand Canyon*, A Sierra Club Totebook. He lives in Prescott.



Peter Kresan

Catalina State Park along Oracle road

On May 25, 1983, Gov. Bruce Babbitt stood before a small crowd in a mesquite bosque under Pusch Ridge to celebrate the dedication of Catalina State Park. "This is the first time," he noted, "the State Park Board has established a large, open space right in the path of urban development." Babbitt saw this fact as an achievement: the government had set aside open space for people right next to a booming Sunbelt city. Four years later, that fact is seen as precisely the problem.

Catalina State Park is for sale or lease to the highest bidder. That is a legal fact. No one in the current state government wants it stated quite that baldly; some local park advocates don't want it stated at all, for fear it will start a land rush to seize the park's 5,500 acres of prime real estate. But it is the reality. Recently, some Tucsonans filed an application to buy 3.86 acres of the park. The State Parks Board responded that it "opposes the sale of any state land within the boundaries of state parks." The State Land Department has taken the matter under advisement.

Glendon E. Collins, deputy commissioner of the land department says of the park, "We're not going to put it up for sale."

But in the end, Collins has very little choice in this matter. For example, for years Maricopa County has leased state land at \$100,000 a year for Lake Pleasant Park. Recently, the state reappraised the land and now must jack the rent up tenfold to a million dollars a year. And nothing can be done under the law to reduce this rent. Collins is doubtful that Maricopa can afford it; he

Catalina State Park, Going Once, Going Twice...

It could happen. As development drives up land values on the Northwest Side, the state may have no other choice.

By Charles Bowden

speculates that the county may start charging fees to people who use the park. It does not matter: the new rent must be paid. Period.

Priscilla Robinson, executive director of Southwest Environmental Service, an advocacy group concerned with the quality of air and water and land-use planning in Southern Arizona, participated in the fight to create Catalina State Park in the '70s. Finally, through a county bond issue and a complicated land swap between the state and a private developer, the 5,500 acres were secured. The land is part of the state's school trust lands and this is the point that alarms Robinson, who recently finished a six-year term on the State Parks Board. "If," she explains, "somebody says, 'Hey, I want to lease for ninety-nine years to put in a shopping center and some condos,' I don't know what will happen."

The park, though 5,500 acres overall, experiences much of its use in a few hundred acres where the road, picnic tables, parking lots and camping sites are. Basically, the heavy traffic in the park takes place in the mesquite bosque along Canada del Oro and Sutherland Wash. For fiscal 1986-87, the parks board must pay rent to the State Land Department of \$87,771. Each year the rate goes up \$11,972. The rent is cheap, about sixteen bucks an acre this year, increasing by two dollars and change annually. Private land in the booming

area around the park sells for \$5,000 an acre and up.

Robinson has two nightmare scenarios about the park's future. In one, the state—in an effort to raise revenue—begins selling or leasing off the low-use areas of the park, first the highway frontage on state route 89, then the bajada lands away from the mesquite groves and picnic tables. The second and more serious nightmare is that when major developments like Rancho Vistoso and Sun City Vistoso and La Reserve go in near and adjacent to the park, the land values will skyrocket, the rents will rise into the heavens and developers will apply to lease the park land and win because they are willing to pay higher rents. The park lease must be reappraised in 1989 when the current rent schedule expires.

The beginning of Gov. Evan Mecham's administration has hardly calmed such fears. Mecham in his 1982 book, *Come Back America*, does not discuss state land. But he does mention what he thinks should be done with the vast federal holdings, seventy percent of Arizona: "All federal lands shall be deeded to the respective states except the National Parks and federal land and buildings necessary to carry out the constitutional activities of the federal government."

There are other moments in the text that are likely to give environmentalists the jitters: "We

all want to protect the air, water and overall cleanliness of our environment but with realistic bounds and not at the cost of our livelihood."

The State Land Department manages 9.8 million acres of Arizona, about thirteen percent. When Arizona became a state in 1912, the Enabling Act dedicated four sections per township to the state to help support the public schools, the universities, the Pioneer Home in Prescott and various other institutions—the bulk of the revenue, about eighty-six percent, goes to the common schools. Western states admitted to the Union earlier had lost much of their public lands through corrupt sales. For this reason, the Enabling Act for Arizona is very specific and almost ironclad.

As interpreted by the state, the statute means "true value, or fair market value, must be obtained from the lease, sale or exchange of State Trust lands."

The State Land Department is housed in a 1950 building indicative of the highest bad taste American bureaucrats can achieve. The narrow bleak halls and sterile offices celebrate 1984. Deputy Commissioner Collins has brightened his cell with a poster of a mountain lion, a huge colored map of the state's land holdings, a 1911 photo of the land office and a sepia-toned portrait of a prostitute in a brothel that Collins' wife once mistakenly thought was a portrait of an ancestor. Collins chuckles when he recalls his wife's surprise at learning the true identity of the lady in the bathrobe sitting on the brass bed.

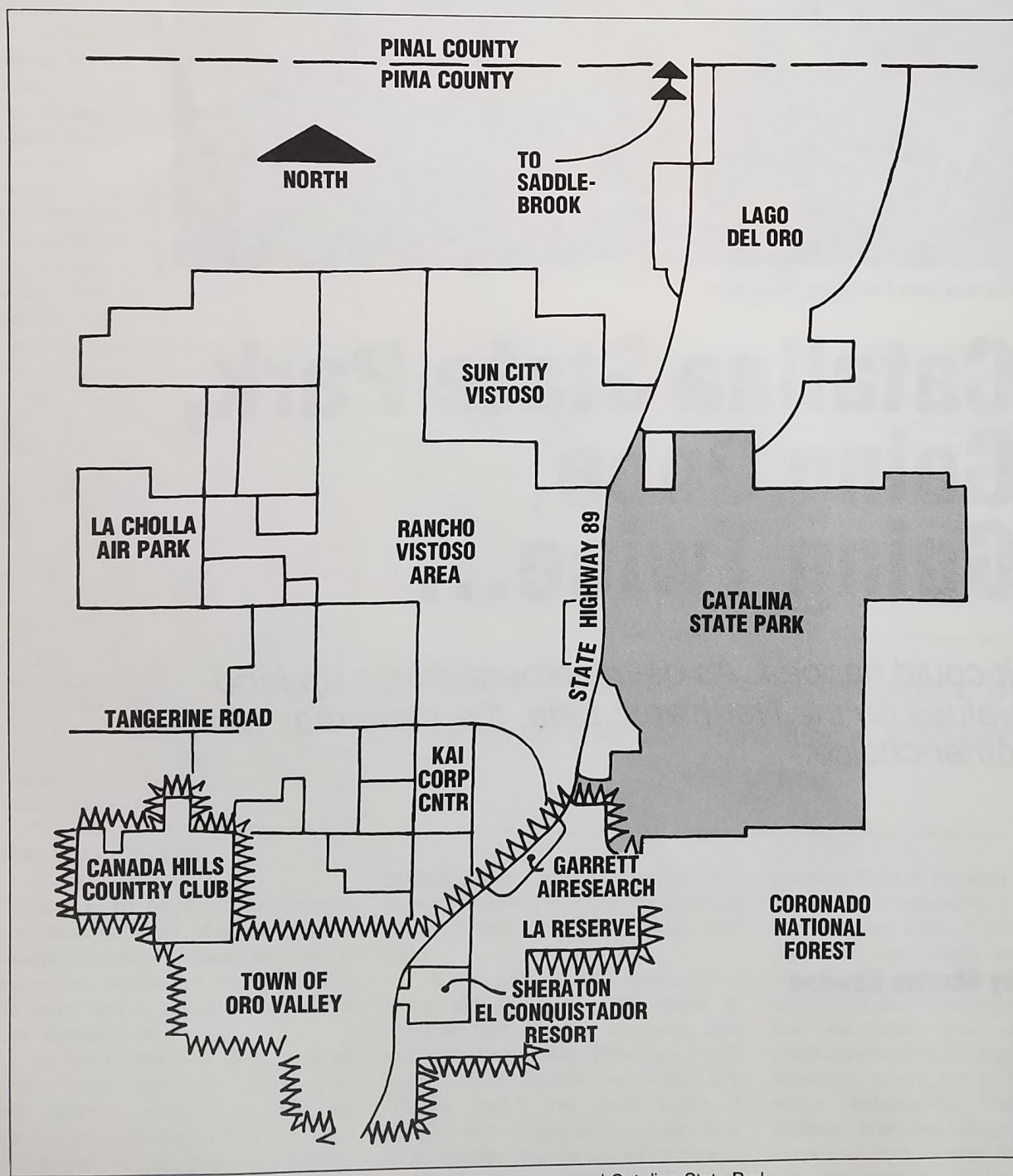
Collins, who began working with the federal Bureau of Land Management, has been with the state department for years. M. Jean Hassell, acting state land commissioner, has been with the department since January 16. He comes from more than twenty-five years in the U.S. Forest Service, primarily in Arizona and New Mexico. A Mecham appointee, Hassell is large, friendly and frank. Both Collins and Hassell are hesitant to talk about the notion that someone could lease or buy a state park.

Collins notes that "Mr. Mecham has told Mr. Hassell they want to accelerate income to the state trust fund by primarily leasing the commercial and industrial lands. Is there going to be a wholesale disposal of trust lands? That's not true at all."

But when talk shifts to the state parks, Collins admits such parcels "present a real dilemma to everyone." When pressed about the possibility of being forced to lease to builders, he says, "I know that, I know that—and there we sit. The parks board and us have a real problem. You've got some options—reduce the acreage, refocus what the park is. I haven't been there. Maybe from an environmental standpoint, it would be nice to retain some of that open space, but do the taxpayers want to foot the bill? Maybe a state park should be reformed in that little valley."

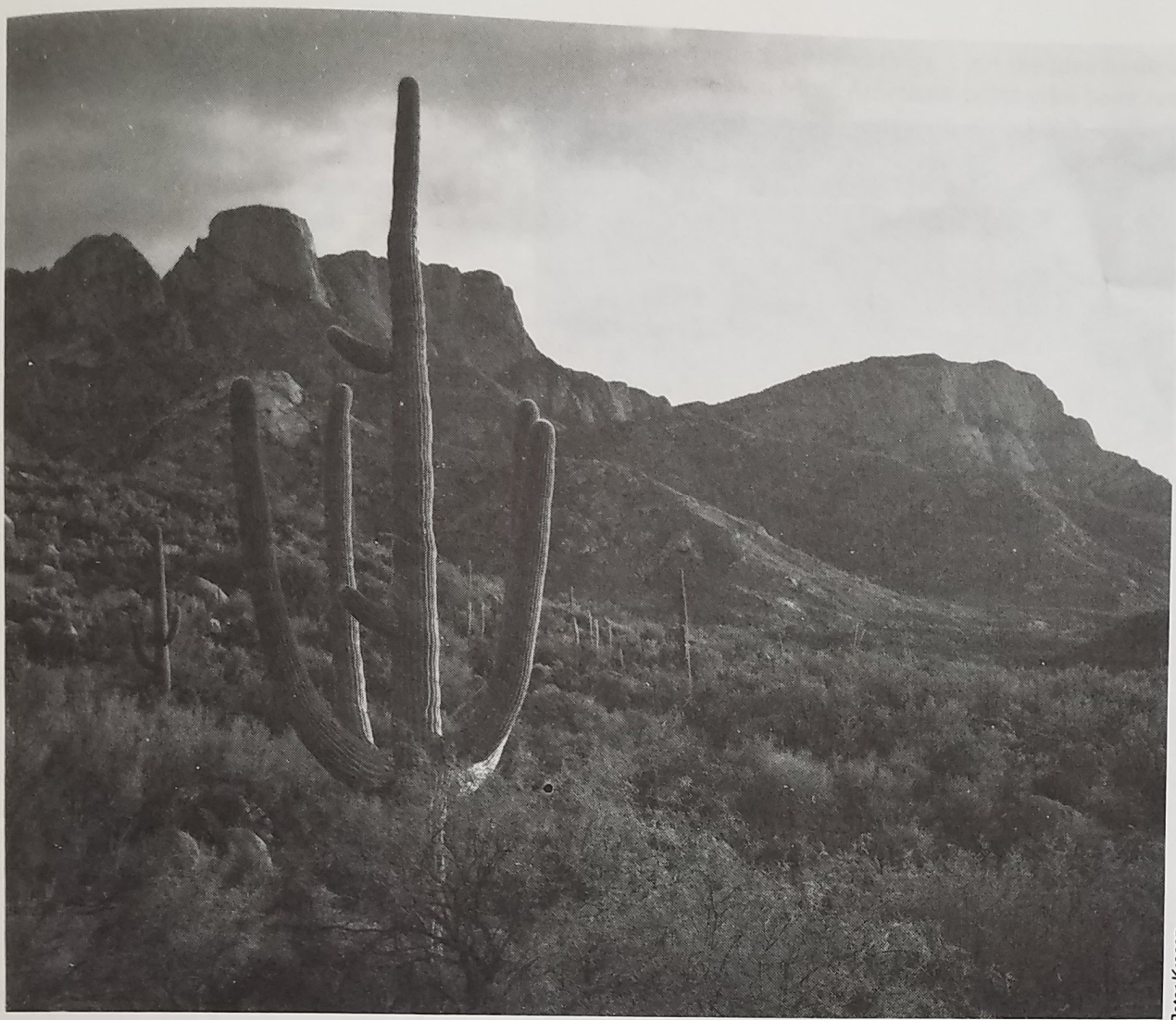
Hassell wants to make clear that "in general, we don't have anything against parks or wild lands—that has been our life. Catalina State Park is one of the jewels. But parks aren't our business by virtue of the Enabling Act of 1912. The purpose for which the state was given those lands was to support our institutions."

He offers a story to illustrate the frustrations of a public servant who serves as a steward of the public lands. During the Carter administration, a key presidential aide and vocal wilderness advocate came out to take a back country trip in



Development planned or under way around Catalina State Park

Dale Bruder



Peter Kresan

Parkland or condoland?

New Mexico, where Hassell worked for the forest service. As they rode horseback through the high country, they came upon blown down trees where a tornado had touched the mountain. Men worked with hand saws to clear the trail; the trees were left to rot. All this was in compliance with the law on wilderness lands which bans all machines and motor vehicles. The aide was outraged that the men could not use chainsaws and argued a road should be cut into the wilderness so that trucks could haul out the lumber.

Hassell remembers the incident with a quiet fury and has the look of a man beleaguered by ignorant foes.

When Mecham picked Hassell, he told Hassell he was looking for honesty and sincerity and that he favored long leases over outright sale of state land. But he added, Hassell recalls, that he wanted the State Land Department "run as businesslike as possible, because every dollar you raise saves the taxpayers a dollar."

When asked about Mecham's desire for Washington to give the state the federal land, Hassell looks up, puzzled, and says people keep asking him about that and he can't figure out where they're getting the idea. The book is produced and he goes "Umm, Umm" as he reads. He is a relaxed man in a gray suit with cowboy boots.

Part of this park problem, he thinks, is that hikers aren't used to paying fees. Hunters pay for licenses, fishermen pay for licenses, boat owners pay for licenses, he notes, "and you don't hear much of that coming out of hikers and passive users like bird-watchers. And rather than talking about freebies and ripping someone off, maybe somebody ought to pay for this use."

As for Catalina State Park, he continues, "It's probably priceless in some people's minds, but we mere mortals deal with appraisals. What if somebody sues and says we are not getting a fair market price? It sure as hell isn't the purpose of

the state land trust to go around furnishing parks."

What if someone came in today and wanted to lease the park, even though the park board's lease does not run out until 2006—how could such a private application be stopped? Hassell figures nobody can do anything until the lease ends, but when William P. Foster, the department's specialist on sales, is called in, he calmly notes that the State Land Department has an obligation to inform the current lease-holder of any applications for the same land. Having done that, the land department can lease or sell any trust land, even if it is currently under lease. The new arrangement would automatically terminate the old lease. He adds that the department is always very careful about ending leases and is protective, as much as possible, of current and long-term leases.

Hassell says, "Maybe the thing that could be done is to take a real look at where the boundaries should be—and if there's any excess land...."

Sun Lakes covers 3,200 acres near Chandler with lagoons, golf courses (54 holes), grass, palm trees and retirement homes. When the project was first put together in the early 1970s, the land was bought for \$3,000 an acre. Land in the area now goes for \$46,000 an acre, and a few miles away, Richard and Nancy Jeppesen are developing Oakwood Hills—which they advertise as the "Beverly Hills of Arizona." Oakwood will have only thirty-three homes, each costing at least a million dollars, embedded in a man-made eighty-five acre terrain of hills and lakes that simulates the Virginia countryside. Desert landscaping is prohibited in this new Beverly Hills.

Edward J. Robson, the developer of Sun Lakes, also is opening a project just north of Catalina State Park and the changes that have occurred in land values around Chandler are pertinent as a kind of yardstick to gauge the possible increases in

land values around the park in coming years.

Steve Robson, 32, the president of the company and son of the founder, sits in his cramped office wearing Levis and boots and talks about the woes of the modern Arizona developer. His words are constantly interrupted by voices barking out of an intercom and the ringing of the phone. He lives amid a whirlwind of construction details. And he is irked over talk of Arizona having a water problem. He insists the state does not have one. Even the governor agrees, he notes.

"If you were a developer," he asks, "would you want to develop somewhere where you'd run out of water? There are a lot of no-growthers telling people, 'Don't come here, we'll run out of water.'"

But for the verison of Sun Lakes coming north of the park, there can be no grass except for the golf course. "No more lakes," Robson says. "No more greenbelts. It's a desert."

The attitude in Tucson bothers him. "People don't come to Arizona," he argues, "because it's a financial center. They come for the quality of life, because it's green and pretty. But Tucson has to reach a compromise between no-growthers and developers over quality of life. Phoenix is a growth mentality—they're interested in quality growth. Tucson is interested in slowing growth and preserving the status quo."

Robson figures it is too late for Tucson to really apply the brakes. He points to a huge aerial photo of land around Catalina State Park and notes Del Webb's new retirement community, Sun City Vistoso. If you want to slow growth, he explains, don't let retired people in. They have big assets to park in banks and create "the highest velocity of money."

"What you will see at Sun City Vistoso," he beams, "will cause a velocity of growth that Tucson has never seen before."

On his big aerial map, Sun City Vistoso is but one of many projects on the boards for the lands around the park.

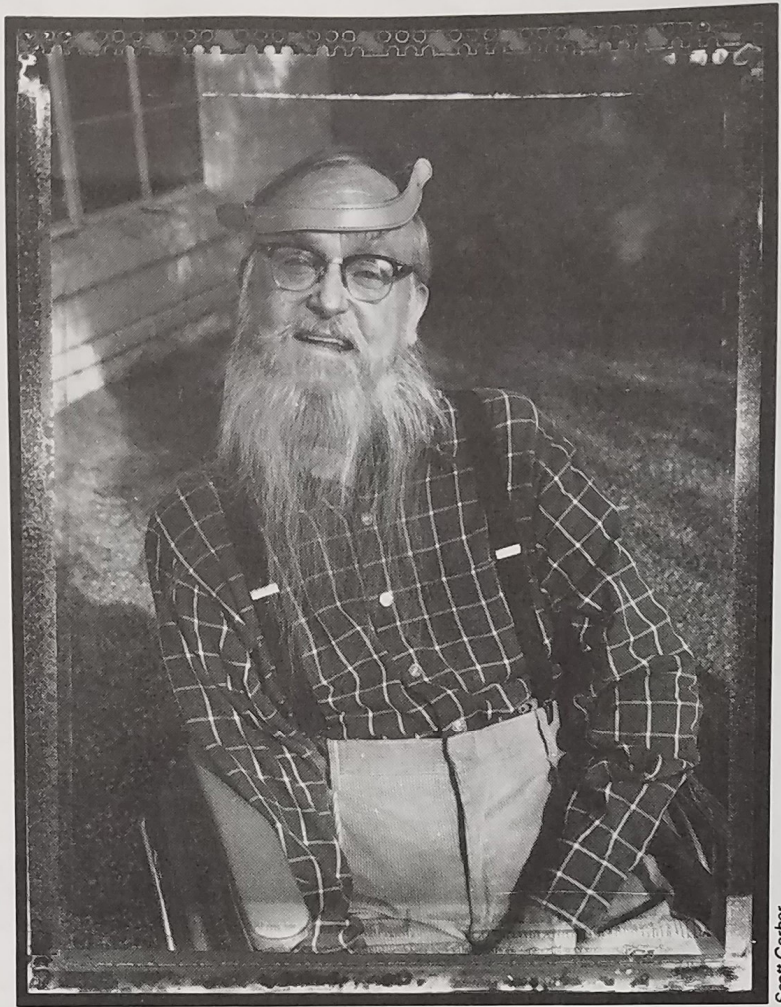
Catalina State Park is but one of a dozen state parks and they all share the same problem: they could be sold or leased out from under the State Parks Board. This is a situation without any villains.

Congress in 1912, in an effort to keep the new state from being fleeced, created an Enabling Act so well-drafted that no one can see an easy way around it. The state land commissioner is bound by law under the Enabling Act to get the maximum return on state lands. The State Parks Board lacks the funds to buy the land from the State Land Department. And Arizona's population and land values are increasing in part because this state has preserved natural wonders like Catalina State Park.

We face a problem that can only get worse. Each day, week, month and year, land values will rise as more intensive development takes place. A buyout of the state trust lands for park purposes will never be as cheap again as it would be today.

The park itself is a success. On an average spring Sunday, 1,000 to 1,500 people use Catalina. Three to four hundred people can be hiking the trails at any one time on a weekend. And this use will increase greatly as high density developments open up around it. As Babbitt noted at the dedication, Catalina State Park is directly in the path of urban development.

"So here we sit," Priscilla Robinson says, "and everybody thinks we've got the park and solved the problem. Well, everything is *not* fine." □



Scott Garber

An interview by Nils Nelson

Michael Cuddihy

*Poetry is about our
culture, whether the culture
knows it or not.*

Since 1972, Michael Cuddihy has edited *Ironwood* magazine from his Tucson home, publishing the work of this country's best poets.

Severely paralyzed from a case of polio as a young man, Cuddihy moved to Tucson in 1956 to escape the harsh climate of New York. Not one to be held back though, he traveled to Europe in the early '60s, touring France's vineyards and taking in the bullfights of Pamplona.

A self-described workaholic, Cuddihy translated the French writer Jacques Maritain's *Peasant of the Garonne* before launching *Ironwood*.

In the first issue he wrote that "Each editor, each magazine, must find its own way." On the eve of his 55th birthday, he spoke with me about his journey.

What led you to begin a poetry magazine?

I'd have to start with writing poetry myself. I really didn't begin that seriously until the age of thirty-five. Two things were at the root of it. One was falling in love with a woman, and the other was a sense that I might only have a few years left to live.

After working at the University of Arizona, sitting in on poetry workshops and having access to the Poetry Center with its impressive collections of magazines and books, I began studying these and thinking of starting my own magazine. I began *Ironwood* in summer of 1971 by writing poets and asking for submissions. I knew many of these people because they had stopped in Tucson as guests of the Poetry Center and had read at the university.

Well, oddly enough, I must have convinced almost everyone. Things took off from there.

You mentioned coming from a publishing family.

My grandfather had begun as an office boy, a young Catholic lad working for a firm begun by two Protestant ministers known as Funk and Wagnalls. In about 1908, he took over the firm, but kept its special features, such as the *Pulpit Commentary*, which was a compilation of what you might call canned sermons, apparently used by about one-third of the Protestant ministers in America in its time. There were some similar Jewish works that he also published, although he himself ended up becoming a Knight of Malta and a Knight of St. Gregory, all these special Catholic awards. This was in the days when the Catholic Church was very strict about these things. My grandfather managed to be both unorthodox and acceptable.

The year Al Smith was nominated for the presidency, my grandfather went to the Republican convention as a delegate for Herbert Hoover. Also, grandpa, with some help from my father, started *Literary Digest* in the '20s. That was a magazine like *Time*, but without the sarcasm and pettiness that mars *Time's* way of writing and, often, looking at the world. *Literary Digest* lasted quite a while until its fairly notorious demise due, in main, to the failure of its polls in the 1936 Roosevelt/Landon election when they predicted Landon, and Roosevelt carried everything but Maine and Vermont.

How have you and *Ironwood* evolved over the years?

When I first began, I had this strong dedication to what poets call integrity of line, regarding each line as something that has to be strong in itself. I still have that, but somehow over the years I've realized that a poem is more than the sum of its parts. I got so busy, like an auto mechanic checking off tires, suspension, plugs, points, that I didn't pay enough attention to whether the car ran. In this case, whether the poem honestly worked. I would pass on all its parts and I would lose sight of that larger thing that was supposed to go on in poems as it does in people—one's prejudices, one's own temperament, constitution and habits.

After a few issues, I thought that if we were going to last, if we were going to interest readers, we'd have to do something a bit different. The George Oppen issue was our first special issue devoted to a single poet, who, although a Pulitzer Prize winner, was out of the mainstream.

In 1980, about four months before Czeslaw

Milosz won the Nobel Prize, I got the idea to do an issue on him. Most American poets who have read a lot were as likely as not unfamiliar with his work. I thought this was the kind of person to make more accessible. His winning the prize didn't change that. The job still had to be done, still has to be done, to a certain extent, today.

In light of such a limited audience for poetry in this country, the job seems immense indeed. What keeps you going?

Well, this is the fact, that there isn't a large audience out there and, if a thing is worth doing, as G.K. Chesterton said, "it's worth doing badly." It comes from following your own interests.

I'm not sure how many people are supposed to be reading and writing poetry. Nobody should be forced to read poetry, except insofar that it's part of a curriculum. If they don't want to do it, forcing poetry down people's throats isn't going to do much good.

Certainly the Spanish-speaking world seems more open to at least its great poets. And the Russians seem this way. Possibly the French. America is pretty nice to its best poets, once they're

One of the ways politicians lie is by inflating a word until it ceases to mean anything.

dead, like Walt Whitman or Emily Dickinson. They let kids read them.

But the whole business about the audience is that more and more poets are writing about their culture, whether the culture knows it or not. They're not simply writing from an ivory tower. In their own divorced consciousness, they're likely to be out in those streets, or in those offices, or in front of those television sets or at the ball game.

But a larger question to be asked of a public is when you are raised in the suburbs, as more and more people are, how much of our own country do we see? How many people see factories? How many people see dumps, where the waste of our society goes? How many people see the poor section of town, unless they're poor? How many of the poor see the rich section, unless they have rich friends?

In a way, our culture separates us. Perhaps poetry, one of its functions, is to try to bring us together.

You mentioned the function of poetry. For all those people who still have bad memories from high school English, let me ask, what does it do?

One thing poetry does is that it helps us to stop where we are and look, look around us at our own life, try to see what's happening. It releases us from the goals which we all have for ourselves, either the goals in life, in marriage, in a job.

But to exist here and now is something we've all experienced at some point. And often those

points are the ones in our lives that we remember as being the most important. Poetry holds those moments, allows them to expand, like drops of water on a leaf just before they're ready to fall.

For example, what does a baseball game mean? Well, to a good novelist it could mean many things; to a ball player it means many things. But to most Americans who go to them, it's a way to have a good time. Many people enjoy poetry the same way. They could enjoy it, be excited by it in ways they may not be able to understand or to express to themselves or others, but that doesn't take away that good time. Or a really good movie, they might feel the same thing. They couldn't write a review, but they could say, "I like this movie."

How can we create awareness of our language, not necessarily in the realm of poetry, but in an everyday sense?

For example, the word "unique" means one of a kind. Baseball is "uniquely" an American institution. Now, more and more people, including some decent writers, are starting to say "very unique," "quite unique." They've lost confidence that "unique" means what it means, so they add another word. They're inflating the language. It's like paying two dollars for a milkshake that used to cost you one. Try saying "unique." Try hanging on to those meanings, to those words you really know.

Try to hang on to that, because if people lose the language they have in common, then it's that much harder for them to maintain a community of ideas, a flow of connections, even between husband and wife. This takes effort. Awareness takes a kind of effort, just like worshipping God does.

And when you get words misused on the political level, particularly the highest level, it's often because they're trying to lie. One of the ways politicians lie is by inflating a word until it ceases to mean anything. They say "protective reaction," when they really mean, "let's go get 'em, boys."

Or they say "The People's Republic of China." What kind of "republic" is that?

How do you apply your awareness in your job? How do you know when you come across a good poem? What makes it good?

I can't give you a single reason how I know, except that I don't stop reading. I go back. I just feel good and I suppose that's the spark. I want to read it, I want to be with it, like a woman you fall in love with. You want to be with her. Well, I want to be with that poem.

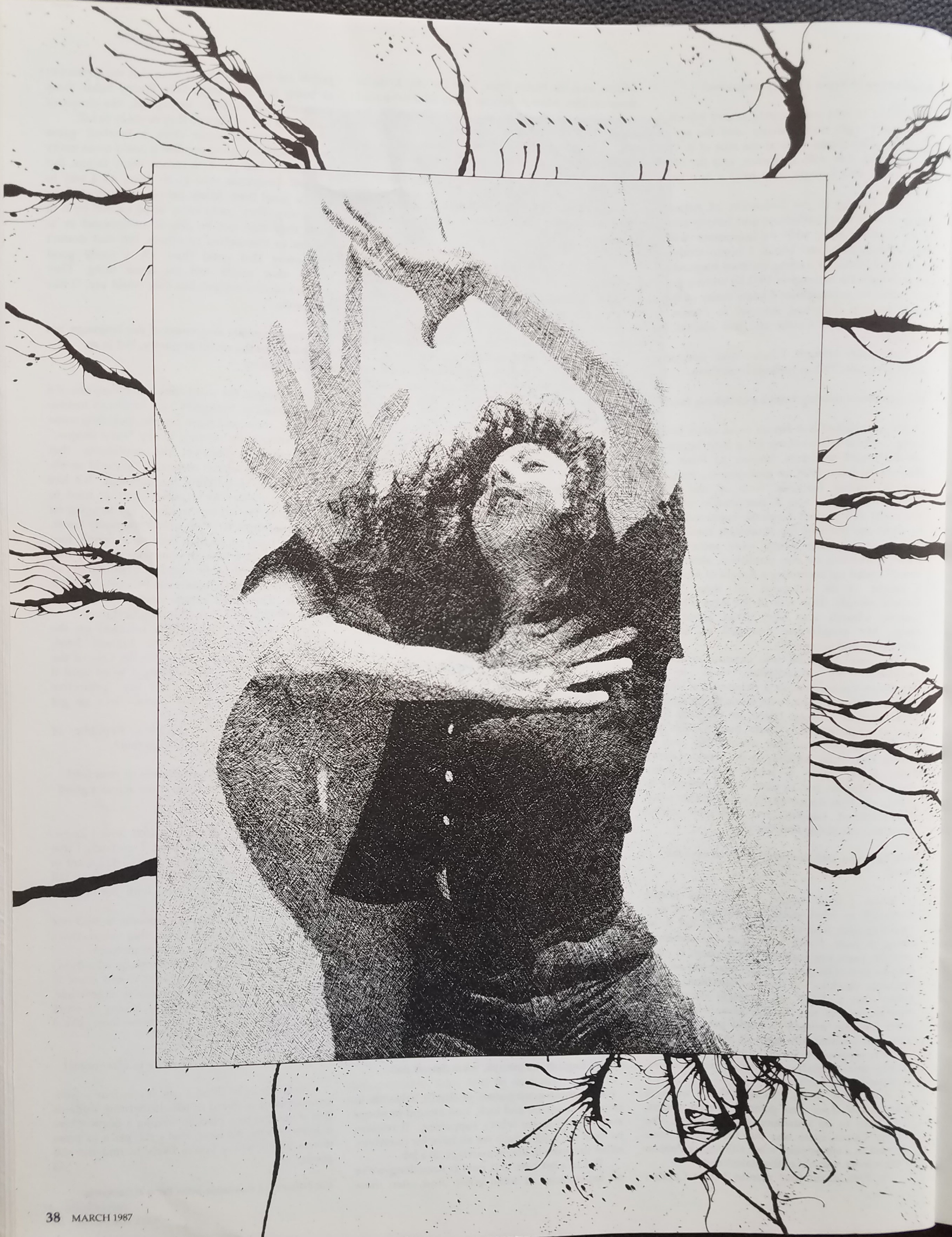
I'll go through a thousand poems to find one that causes that to happen. In that sense, that's my goal, to reach that same kind of moment.

And so I would hope that someone who didn't have to plow through all of that would come to *Ironwood* and find enough to make it worthwhile, to have those moments without having to work quite so hard. They can just browse there, like a horse chewing on the good grass.

Do you have any words of advice to offer poets?

Well, the only thing I can say is that a well-known poet I've heard of tells his writing students that if you get to a place in writing a poem where it hurts, where it's hard, that's the place to press down. That's where you're likely to find the real poem. □

Nils Nelson is a free-lance writer living in California.



PUSHING THE PANIC BUTTON

People now talk about panic attacks as casually as they spoke of depression in the seventies. Anxiety is coming out of the closet.

Panic. Hands are numb, fingers and arms are stinging, arm hair splays on end. Skin crawls, veins bulge bright green. Breath is thick, short gasps, not enough oxygen. Blood races. Legs are separating from hips.

I run to the bathroom and stare at the white reflection in the mirror. Blank sockets are my eyes. I see my heart pulse arrhythmically—heaving out of my chest, pounding like a drum. Where did this come from? Only seconds before, I was lying lazily on the couch, talking on the phone.

I run from the bathroom to my car, trying to escape the seizure. I fumble with the lock. I can't hang on much longer. My hands rattle, my bones jiggle, making it impossible to find the ignition. I sprawl across the seat, struggling for air, flailing, clinging to empty space. My chest is being squeezed. My stomach rolls up into my lungs. I am overheating, sweat rains from pores; chills come whipping over my skin, freezing the perspiration. I need to vomit but know I'll choke to death. I run from the car back to the apartment; I can't escape.

Instinctively my fingers dial a phone number: "Mom, you've got to come over, I'm dying, I'm almost dead. Hurry up."

I hear whispering soothing words. Mother is here, gathering up my limp body. I'm a wounded soldier, slipping in and out of consciousness. I know I'm dying.

Panic attacks cripple lives. In Tucson, an estimated 30,000 people have experienced some form of unprovoked panic, and the phenomenon is catching the attention of the mental health profession. Currently, a major study is being conducted at UA Medical Center on panic disorder, and a clinic devoted to anxiety and related problems will open at the center this summer.

This is a disease whose time has come, perhaps another reflection of the way we live. AIDS, cocaine abuse, co-dependency. Each year a new epidemic worms its way into the American middle and upper classes. The media are a fitting barometer, and scores of national magazines, tabloids and talk shows are now trumpeting phobias. People discuss their panic attacks at cocktail parties the way they discussed their depression in the '70s. And now that anxiety has a secure place in the white mainstream, clinics and phobic-help groups are sprouting all over the country.

According to *Science and Technology* magazine, a dozen years ago there were two centers in the U.S. that treated phobias. Now there are fifty-plus treatment centers and more than 250 anxiety specialists. It's becoming big business, with big revenues.

The National Institute of Mental Health estimates that there are thirteen million Ameri-

By Laura Greenberg
Photographs by Scott Garber

cans who endure phobias, currently ranking them as the number two mental health problem in the nation, outdistanced only by alcoholism.

Is it mental illness? Or is it physical? Unable to draw clear distinctions, the medical profession has tried many labels: panic syndrome, anxiety attacks, neuroses, phobias, agoraphobia and a host of other terms that conjure up nervous images. According to Dr. Manuel Zane, founder of one of the country's first phobia clinics in White Plains, N.Y., the fear response in a phobic is not normal fear, but complete emotional scrambling. Physically, the body begins calling the shots. Control is lost. Phobic fear has nothing to do with real or imagined danger. The body reacts to a non-existent threat. The phobic is responding to sensations of dread that escalate out of control, with no apparent cause, mounting quickly to a level of uncontrolled panic.

Panic strikes the way tornadoes descend on small towns, picking individuals at random, without distinction of class or social situations. There are no warning signs the first time. Suddenly, unpredictably, the body is battered by a neurological war. Symptoms vary, but according to the *Diagnostic Statistic Manual*—(3rd edition), the bible of the American Psychiatric Association, a person in the throes of a panic attack may experience shortness of breath, rapid heartbeat, chest pain, choking sensations, dizziness, feelings of unreality, tingling or numbness in the extremities, hot and cold flashes, sweating, nausea, trembling or shaking, faintness or fear of dying, going crazy or doing something uncontrolled. It's real. You don't imagine you're feeling this, you are. Often, people are convinced they're having a heart attack, or that they're dying.

After these spontaneous bursts of doom have made their initial appearance, a once-normal person's behavior shifts to resemble qualities associated with addicts in withdrawal. Even the most robust will slam on the brakes, halting the routines of their lives. Overpowering fear takes root in the anticipation of another attack, especially the possibility of losing control in public. The attack may be brief, lasting two minutes or so, but the aftermath is usually an amplified version of anxiety, lasting hours, sometimes days. People shift schedules, relationships are tested, jobs are lost. Victims become obsessed with the idea they're going berserk.

Its worst form is agoraphobia, which renders people helpless. They can become prisoners in their homes, sometimes confined to a specific piece of furniture—feeling safe only in a certain chair, or their bed. They struggle to carry out only the simplest tasks for survival. Agoraphobia is the Greek word for "fear of the marketplace." Unfortunately, that doesn't accurately describe the extent of the problem.

Michael and Kathleen, their three-year-old daughter and their mongrel dog live in a three-bedroom house on the South-east Side. The brick front is covered with leaves that look as if they were handpicked and pasted on specifically for decoration. An oak table and antique pressback chairs guarantee comfortable rituals in an earth-toned kitchen. Two steps down, the living room is eclectically decorated in soft couches and antiques picked up at the swap meet for a song. The patio has a huge built-in spa, made baby-proof by Michael.

A little over a year ago, Michael had his first panic attack while driving his car. "I went to pick up cement on my way home from work, and



realized I was concentrating on my breathing, kept looking for that next breath," he recalls. "I had to get home. I thought I'd never see Kathleen or Teresa again. I thought I was having a heart attack. I floored the car, driving real fast. Every breath I took, I felt subconsciously was a heart attack. My left arm was numb. I thought of my father, who had dropped dead of a heart attack after being told he was healthy." As he talks, his turquoise eyes seek the memory and crinkle at the sides. His hands move in frustrated, sweeping gestures.

Disoriented, Michael managed to get home, but didn't know what was wrong with him. He didn't confide in his wife. That evening they attended an office party, where he remembers draining the entire stash of Coca-Cola, drinking

physician since he was five years old.

"I was obsessed with dying and this feeling," he remembers. "I didn't know where it was coming from, but I began to anticipate it. I kept waiting for it, looking for it."

On their fifth wedding anniversary, Michael and Kathleen went out to celebrate. Midway through dinner, Michael panicked, insisting, once again, that he was having a coronary. They spent the remainder of their anniversary in another emergency room. Again, they ran him through a battery of tests. Again, they told him he was suffering from anxiety and prescribed the mildest of the popular tranquilizers, Librium. Michael has resisted the pills. In more than a year, he has taken only four.

Michael and Kathleen have a combined in-

On their fifth wedding anniversary, Michael and Kathleen went out to celebrate. Midway through dinner, Michael panicked, insisting, once again, that he was having a coronary.

liquids till he thought he'd burst—overstimulated by sensations he'd never experienced before. Later, in bed, he began shaking and sweating, his fingers were numb, even his nose felt numb. He got up and paced the floor, unable to get his breathing right. Eventually he slept, his body sapped. He remembers the tightness in his chest.

The next day he tried to spend with his daughter, as he usually does on his weekday off. But he grew convinced he was dying of a heart attack, called his wife, dropped his daughter at the babysitter's and rushed to the nearest emergency room. They gave him every test his insurance could buy: EKG, blood analysis, chest X-rays, etc., then assured him he was healthy and recommended a stress-management program. He left learning only that he'd had Valley Fever at one point. He did not believe the doctor's diagnosis of anxiety.

That was the first time Michael had been to a

come of fifty thousand dollars a year. He recently turned thirty and Kathleen is twenty-eight. They own three cars: a vintage truck with an overhauled engine, an early '70s restored Firebird and a new brown Cherokee jeep, the seats cloaked in expensive tan sheepskin. They spend their free time skeet shooting, camping and hanging out with friends. A carpentry wizard, he intuitively knows how nails and wood go together to become functional forms. He is drawn to whatever needs fixing or building, often spending time repairing engines.

Now, Michael now gets stressed-out in traffic. He's at a red light, sandwiched between hunks of metal wanting to accelerate. It's rush hour and he puts his car in park, takes off his seatbelt, opens the door and is ready to bolt. His legs dangle over the floorboard while he fights the desire to run. People are glaring at him through windshields. He knows these strangers think he is nuts. He

will himself back into his car. It reminds him of a scene scripted for a Woody Allen film. But Michael couldn't care less about public humiliation and the noise of honking horns. He is aware he isn't acting rationally.

When he's in the middle of a panic episode, Michael gets quiet and withdraws. He doesn't want to talk to anyone, he listens to meditation tapes and rides out the symptoms, absorbed in sensation and anguish. As the panic subsides, he feels exhausted, nervous, irritable.

For Michael there is a sliver of "good" shielded in the shadow of anxiety. Not one given to pop psychology, he realizes this experience has altered old perceptions. "I used to not have many feelings—nothing pleased me or made me feel bad. An old girlfriend overdosed and it didn't register. Now everything registers. When you think you're gonna die, you start having emotions."

Michael speaks up more now, even argues with his wife—once a rarity. Kathleen is a tall woman with frosted layered hair and the unblemished complexion of a child. Her eyes shift between green and blue, depending on the reflection of light. When she speaks her body is motionless, except for her face. Her cheeks flush, her mouth quivers as the words come tumbling out. When Michael first began experiencing anxiety, she was terrified he was physically ill. Aware now that he isn't in danger of immediate death, her feelings have changed. "I hate when he gets it. I get all keyed up. He's onto me to open up. I feel like this is now my burden, and I'm always worrying about him. I get exhausted and we argue over it. I get angry that he's going through it and then get angry at myself for feeling this way. At times I make it worse for him when he's having an attack because I want him to talk to me and he wants to be left alone." It has taken a toll on her. Routines firmly established over the years are now changing. Nothing in their life prepared them for something so remote as the sudden onslaught of panic attacks.

These days Michael needs more sleep, schedules his life more rigidly, and knows the location of every emergency room in town. And he doesn't leave home without his American Express Card or his tranquilizers.

In the late '80s, the nuclear and electronic age, we are bombarded by fear and information. Consider the shopping mall. These new architectural wonders, sometimes three stories, bombard us with fluorescent light, broadcast announcements, waterfalls, curvaceous stairways, controlled temperatures and so many exotic trees you'd think you were hacking through a jungle. Moving, chopped visions of ourselves reflect from blankets of glass storefronts. We scurry like frantic robots through a snarled traffic jam of people—pushing, shoving, always in a hurry, dodging sales in the walkways. Malls carry sensory overload, providing maximum distraction just to get from one store to another. These days, many people have to psych themselves up for a simple shopping trip. For the phobic, it's often an impossibility. According to Tucson psychologist George Mayo, "We all have a genetic vulnerability or predisposition, and if we are under enough stress, it will pop out in various ways. People with panic attacks are wired for it."

Continually assaulted by frantic, frequent messages—videos in two minute doses, television

in thirty-minute formats—our attention spans adapt to intense visual and auditory rushes. Reading is boring. Stimulus junkies, we are in need of constant arousal. Anxiety and panic, as uncomfortable as they are, give people tremendous bursts of adrenaline. At least they aren't dead yet. Panic and anxiety attacks flood the body with feelings.

Once agoraphobia was labeled the housewife's disease, but the phrase is fading in light of our changing social structure. Most women no longer have the luxury of staying home in anxiety, because households need two incomes. Just as many men are affected by panic and phobias as women, though they tend not to share their feelings with friends or family, and avoid treatment until they can no longer function. It is speculated that many men with panic syndrome become alcoholic,

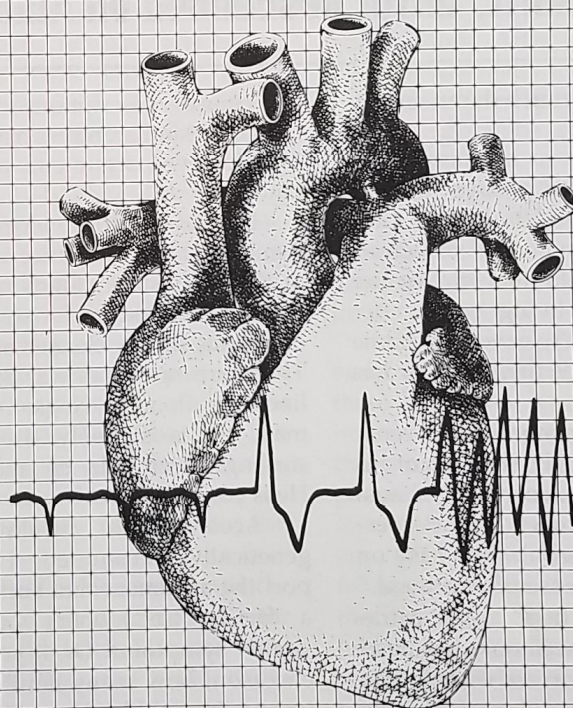
drinking in an attempt to function.

Nancy Mairs is the author of *Plaintext*, a collection of autobiographical essays published locally and garnering national attention. She lives in central Tucson, in a house that appears smaller than it is. The living room has high ceilings—specks of light creep in from large windows and create crocheted patterns over expensive furniture.

Her voice is a reminder of an aristocratic heritage, retained from growing up well-bred in New England. Shiny black hair frames her features in a blunt cut. Prominent blue eyes, discreetly made up, rest above high cheek bones. Her face is a landscape of control; you wouldn't take her for forty-five. She is a woman who is comfortable with

NOT EVERYTHING IS WORTH WAITING FOR.

THE PERSONAL FITNESS PROFILE CAN HELP REDUCE YOUR RISK OF HEART DISEASE.



Hear disease is America's number one killer. But it does not have to be the killer it has become. The risk of heart disease can be reduced. And that is exactly what the Personal Fitness Profile is all about.

The Personal Fitness Profile was developed by the Arizona Heart Institute, a medical center solely devoted to the prevention, diagnosis and treatment of heart disease. It's a comprehensive analysis and evaluation of your lifestyle, nutritional habits and physical condition as they relate to your heart and overall fitness.

The Personal Fitness Profile evaluation includes cardiovascular risk factors, cardiovascular endurance, body composition, flexibility, strength, lung function, blood cholesterol level, stress, tension and nutrition.

HEART INSTITUTE
of Tucson

On the campus of El Dorado Hospital.

1398 North Wilmot Road/Tucson, Arizona 85712/(602) 721-8108

At its conclusion you'll be provided with a comprehensive report which will be reviewed with you by a trained counselor. If appropriate, custom-designed exercise, nutrition and medical programs will be recommended.

We will check your progress at regular intervals and, if need be, advise you as to how you could improve on specific aspects of your performance. Depending upon your medical condition, additional evaluations may be required before you take the Personal Fitness Profile.

The Personal Fitness Profile requires only two hours of your time. Won't you take a moment to make what could be the most important call of your life? Call 721-8108 for more information.

eccentricities. She approaches life with intense honesty; you wonder what secrets she has left.

She writes explicitly of her life, focusing on her experiences with agoraphobia/panic and depression. Also afflicted with multiple sclerosis, she walks with the aid of a cane, elegantly maneuvering a body that has spent a lifetime preoccupying her thoughts.

Nancy was in her early twenties when she self-deposited herself in a hospital for the mentally ill, struck with severe depression and anxiety, no longer able to hold a job, incapable of leaving her home, unable to care for her husband or baby daughter. In the late '60s, agoraphobia was a word hidden in a medical dictionary. Her hospital stay lasted six months. She was given anti-psychotic medication and periodically seared with electro-shock treatments. Misdiagnosed and treated for symptoms of psychosis, she ended up diagnosing herself.

In 1980 she was put on an anti-depressant that provides some relief, but is not a cure for the panic that is the core of her experience. Very seldom does a day go by when she doesn't experience an attack. "You do things in spite of them," she says.

His voice is soothing as he describes working at the General Motors plant in Flint, Michigan. He had nineteen years on the line. One day, with five minutes to go to the end of his shift, terror descended on Alan King.

"I get angry because I waste so much damn energy stopping that panic."

When asked if anyone else in her family has a similar history, she emphatically says no. The women in her family were raised to believe they could achieve anything. In a moment of reflection, she fingers the filament of gold that circles her neck, and realizes her sister, living on the opposite end of the country, can't leave her home town. So yes, she muses, perhaps this disorder has some genetic basis.

Nancy has been married for more than twenty years to the same man. Generously she tells of his support, then in an afterbreath, describes her husband as helping to foster her anxiety and depression. She acknowledges that it hasn't been easy on him, but adds it "must suit his sense of sainthood." When asked why she engaged in so many extra-marital affairs, documented in her book, her head shifts sideways, searching for correct words. You sense she is organizing memories. Invariably she feels this, too, is tied in with panic. Other men made her feel alive, romantically alive. If she wasn't involved, she felt dead, though she asserts now there is no longer a need for those attachments.

She lights a cigarette, notes she is down to only five or six a day now. She says panic attacks make her feel like a fish gaping in an empty bowl. They're exhausting. "Panic attacks don't take place in the realm of language," says the woman whose existence revolves around words. She is better able to handle and control the attacks as she gets older. "Another way I dealt with panic attacks was by going public," she says. When you put it all out on the line, there isn't much to fear.

Still claustrophobic in movie theaters, she nevertheless attends films, sitting through them in discomfort.

She orders her life carefully—by nature she is reclusive. Spending long periods with people will send her reeling, so she limits her time with the

outside world and functions better because of it. "My inclination as an agoraphobe is to limit it completely—a balancing act. I insist upon having large chunks of time. I need to be alone."

Nancy has experienced panic and agoraphobia for over twenty years and has learned to function with them. "There is no cure for being me—I'm flat up against that reality. Anxiety is a part of who I am."

Anxiety has been recognized for centuries. Robert Burton wrote extensively about phobias in 1621 in *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. This is his account of an anxiety attack: "...this fear causeth in man, as to be red, pale, tremble, sweat; it makes sudden cold and heat to come all over the body, palpitation of the heart, syncope, etc. It amazeth many men that are to speak or show themselves in public assemblies....Many men are amazed and astonished with fear, they know not where they are, what they say, what they do, and that which is worst, it tortures them many days before with continual affrights and suspicions...." For hundreds of years

the clinical descriptions of anxiety attacks have remained similar. Stress has existed in every age.

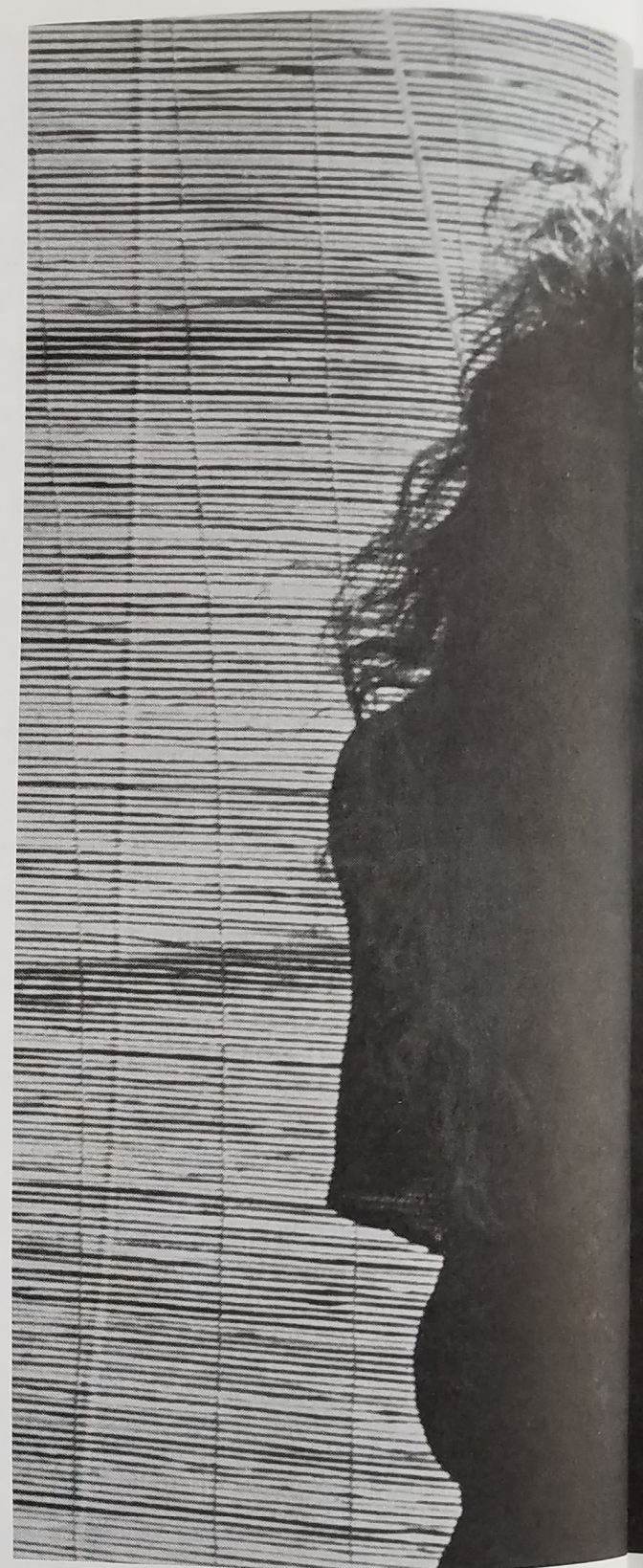
However, arguments abound on the causes of panic.

Dr. George Breslow conducts the UA study on panic disorder. His office is situated in the bowels of the psychiatric clinic on the seventh floor. The room is bare except for some prerequisite medical diplomas, an air cleaner and a stuffed bookshelf. There are no windows. Breslow walks the thick linoleum floor in clogs. A young and attractive man, he is stylishly dressed in gray, with a sterling silver bola tie and aviator-type glasses. He is cordial but reserved.

According to Breslow, panic disorder is genetically transmitted. He says statistics support the argument that sufferers likely come from a family tree where other members exhibit similar symptoms. Or, if you can't locate a phobic, check out how many family members are alcoholics or heavy drinkers. Breslow also maintains that panic disorder is a life-long affliction, because it involves non-specific anxiety. It will wax and wane according to the pressures of an individual's life.

There are definite physical differences in the way a phobic's brain reacts to stress, Breslow says. Studies have shown people with panic disorder have certain chemical imbalances in the brain that predispose them to an adrenaline surge, causing their bodies to automatically begin the fight-or-flight syndrome. We all have levels of cortisol, a steroid that is released while we're under stress that helps regulate anxiety levels. In patients with panic disorder, there appear to be abnormal secretions of this chemical.

Dr. George Mayo, a psychologist at Arizona Behavioral Medicine Associates, doesn't necessarily agree that phobics must remain forever anxious, though he concurs with Breslow that certain physiological characteristics may contribute to the disease. Articulate and knowledgeable



regarding phobias, he is eager for the public to become educated. He has been treating patients with panic disorders and phobias for years. Every Wednesday evening, he leads a group discussion on panic and agoraphobia. Often he'll have recovered phobics or visiting psychiatrists speak. It's free and open to the public.

Mayo says that the onset of panic can be precipitated because of one major trauma or a series of minor crises. He cites Vietnam veterans who later experience post-traumatic stress syndrome—the soldier's version of anxiety and panic, cloaked in a new label. Mayo asserts that "ninety percent of everyone who makes up their minds, can overcome it."

While there is no consensus regarding medication or psychological treatment, progress has been made. Now recognized by the the American Psychiatric Association as treatable, phobics are less likely to be automatically dismissed as hopeless hypochondriacs by doctors. Studies show that the average phobic visits between seven and ten doctors before a correct diagnosis is made.

Recent theories, posited by Dr. Harold Levinson in his new and controversial book,



potential for abuse.

Phobias are fears reflected in a mirror requiring self-absorption of the highest caliber. We're all afraid of something. Many of us have phobias that are simple or individual—they don't disrupt our lives. We easily joke about fears of snakes, spiders, elevators, planes. But it takes a dramatically self-absorbed personality to walk up twenty-seven flights of stairs while he puts his mother on an elevator to the same floor. Unlike the paranoid who believes he is being persecuted, the phobic is aware the behavior is inappropriate to the situation.

Alan King is a recovered agoraphobic who at one time couldn't leave his house. A recent transplant from Flint, Michigan, he lives with his wife Linda in a spacious mobile home, decorated in Early American, snuggled beneath the Tucson mountains. A russet rug needled with white is plush enough to muffle the sound of footsteps. Knick-knacks line shelves. A small revolving Kodak picture holder has a miniature American flag resting proudly on top.

He entered military service at age eighteen, and from 1960 to 1964 he moved from Japan to South Korea to Thailand to Okinawa to the Philippines to Panama to Cuba to Jamaica to Puerto Rico—"like General Grant took Richmond."

Alan King has the sort of face that makes you want him to be your friend. Smooth character lines show he has been around for awhile. Beneath his glasses, blue eyes twinkle. His brows are thick. Now in his early forties, with a receding hairline and a soft belly, he stands six feet tall and weighs a touch over two hundred pounds.

His voice is soothing as he describes working at the General Motors plant in Flint, Michigan. He had nineteen years on the line. One day, with five minutes to go to the end of his shift, terror descended on Alan King. Out of the blue, he was in the throes of a panic attack so severe he thought he was having a heart attack. He was pacing, his knees went weak, his heart beat rapidly, his breath was shallow. Usually one of the last workers to leave, that day he was the first. He got into his car, ran a red light, driving, in his words, like he was in the Indy 500 and the IRS was chasing him.

When he got home he felt normal—until the next day. When he went to the door to leave for work, his fingers froze on the knob. His face went white, his legs gave out. The man who was a world traveler now felt safe only in his home. He took a ninety-day unpaid leave, vegetated and denied everything.

At the end of the ninety days, he went back to work. He lasted less than a half hour.

Linda dragged him to a doctor. After routine tests by a physician who recognized his symptoms, Alan was sent to a psychiatrist.

He recalls telling the psychiatrist, just don't get between me and the door or I'll kill you. The layout of the office, where his wife sat, where the couch was, is forever committed to memory. Alan had never heard of agoraphobia, or anything like it. Meanwhile, Linda had gone to the library and brought home every book she could find on panic attacks and agoraphobia. Alan sat up the entire night reading. He was ecstatic with the giddiness that attacks a teenager on a first date. Once he understood what he was suffering from, he was able to relax. With the zeal of the newly converted, he started to confront his problem.

Alan was treated with medication and psychiatric sessions, though he feels he received the most help by desensitization—a technique that has patients deliberately confront the particular situation they fear most—outlined in self-help books by Dr. Claire Weeks, considered the patron saint among agoraphobes.

Put on sick leave, it took Alan King another sixty-six days to get himself back to the GM Plant. Every day, even Christmas, despite ice-slicked streets, regardless of illness, Alan would leave his house at 7:15 a.m. and drive his 1976 Chevette the twelve miles to the plant. In the beginning he would stay in his car, doors locked, motor running, and sweat and panic. He would stare at the piece of paper that he taped to his dashboard, taken from Claire Weeks:

Face—do not run away;

Accept (fears, panic)—do not fight;

Float—do not tense;

Let time pass—do not be impatient with time.

It didn't come easily. He was impatient. He would get angry. But he stuck to his routine. One day he drove to the plant and made it out of the car. He couldn't walk toward the guard gate, he could only move sideways. So he paced horizontally. Once he began making progress, he wanted to win the way a runner who starts walking around the block wants to win the Boston Marathon. In the evenings he would force himself out of his house to walk around the mobile home park.

On the sixty-sixth day, he made it to the guard house. After that, he called work and told them he was ready to come back.

A local newspaper wrote an article on Alan King's experience with agoraphobia. His name and phone number were in the article. After the story appeared, Alan was on the phone from eleven a.m. until midnight, taking the phone off the hook once so he could get to the bathroom. He organized and started a self-help group for agoraphobics.

At the first meeting, three women in their early fifties came in, locked arm in arm, and sat there bug-eyed. They cornered Alan and asked him where the weird people were, the "ones with the purple hair and the six earrings." He deadpanned: "You're staring right at him."

Alan and Linda moved to Tucson five months ago. Alan would like to start a support group here for agoraphobics. He folds his arms and reflects that he could have become a houseplant if he hadn't fought. All he needed, he says, was to be watered and fed and he would have existed, but wouldn't have lived. Alan King has been there and he has won.

People prone to panic attacks and phobias have been known to share certain personality patterns. Generally, those who suffer from this syndrome have a compelling need to be in control, not just of themselves but of external situations, a strong desire to please others and to be perfect. None of us can be that good.

Panic disorders and phobias are finally accepted as a legitimate disorder. If this is really the human condition in the 20th century, it's sure to be overcome. We can't stand not being perfect. And that is why we panic. □

The following are resources available for people interested in help with panic attacks or agoraphobia:

Alan King: 622-4099

Agoraphobics United: 323-9373

Arizona Behavioral Associates,

Dr. George Mayo: 887-4901

Phobia Free, suggest that panic disorders and phobias are physically connected to an inner ear dysfunction and the vestibular system. Problems with the inner ear will throw off our sense of balance, direction, equilibrium. Other theories assert that phobias are based on deficient genes, which change the body's blood chemistry and brain function, including the inner ear system.

Panic is treated with three different types of medication: Imipramine, a tricyclic antidepressant; Nardil, part of a group of drugs called monoamine oxidase inhibitors; and the benzodiazepines, the popular minor tranquilizers that include Valium and Xanax. All three groups of drugs block or minimize panic attacks in some patients.

Xanax (alprazolam) is the current hot drug for panic because it enters the bloodstream quickly and is felt within five to ten minutes of ingestion. What Valium was to the '70s, Xanax is to the '80s, without the euphoric qualities. Once thought to have no effect on panic disorders, doctors are discovering minor tranquilizers work for certain patients. But doctors are reluctant to prescribe them because they are addicting and have high



Novelaland

This article began by lucky accident. I was walking through the barrio one garbage morning (Tuesday, Friday) and discovered, on the curb for pickup, two plastic trash bags bulging with novelas—those illustrated pulp paperbacks from Mexico devoted to all the great themes of pop fiction: drugs, sex, violence, romance, power, witchcraft, the supernatural, cowboys and Indians, political corruption and “true confessions.”

I took them all home.

I had read novelas before, because, like many gringos for whom Spanish is an acquired language, I found them a painless and amusing way to pick up spoken forms of the Mexican idiom which are seldom printed in publications of greater literacy or journalistic stature.

And now, reading through this discarded collection, which conveniently spanned all genres of novela fiction, I found myself addicted, much as

*Welcome to a world of
true confessions,
horror stories, adventure
romances and extrava-
gances of crime and vice.*

By John Durham

some otherwise intelligent adults get hooked on “General Hospital” or endless reruns of “Bonanza.”

The people in Novelaland are simple and credible—a bully is a bully, a thief a thief, a pimp or usurer is a recognizable monster. Villains are sometimes drawn from history—Adolf Hitler, in *Los Lagos de Amor de Hitler*, is the evil force behind an Aryan breeding program which requires of S.S. officers the arduous duty to recruit young blonde breeding stock. These fecund *putas* are used to populate a reservation which is part resort, part Garden of Eden, part day-care center after the model of the creche in Huxley's *Brave New World*.

Another historical figure found in Novelaland is Edgar Allan Poe, whose predisposition to romance, blood and supernatural horror seems to strike a major chord in Mexican taste. One

beautifully drawn four-color volume translates and illustrates *The Raven*—the evil bird looms, purple and shiny-black over the diminutive figure of Poe cowering by his glowing fireplace, surrounded by a kind of hideous aura that resembles the quality of light experienced in a bad tequila headache.

Brujas and *curanderas*, witches drawn from Mexican folklore, often are figures of preternatural saintliness. A poor old widow, who lives alone with her devoted dog and goes to Mass every morning, prays that her crushing solitude might be alleviated by a visitor—kind of like the blind hermit in Mel Brooks' "Young Frankenstein." She spends most of her days talking to the dog, who is highly intelligent and appears to be some sort of familiar spirit. At last the *bruja* and the dog are given a foundling to raise and cherish.

This belongs to the *libro sentimental* variety of novela, which sometimes combines elements of horror show with a type of pure, heart-tugging melodrama that hasn't been seen in this country since the silent screen went dark.

Vice is always a popular topic, of course, and furnishes the substance of periodicals such as the weekly *Delito!* (Mexican presses stamp out novelas with the alacrity of tortilla factories; at least in terms of titles, novela houses must figure among the world's largest publishers.) *I Married a Homosexual* is a typical number in this true confession series, as is *Delirium Tremens*, a collection of gruesomely illustrated case histories involving "misfortunes, bad breaks and tragedies...desperation, anguish and death."

New characters may pop up without notice, and the theme of the story may change from violence to sentimentality at a moment's notice. To maintain mood and titillate interest, stories of crime and vice keep flashing back to what Hollywood screenwriters used to call a "backstory," a thread of profane romance or simple lust that runs through the narrative like a figured bass in a baroque musical composition. Plots gather force and unfold wildly with a momentum that must somehow be resolved within a hundred or two hundred pages of illustrated panels.

In *El Libro Semanal* of February 21, 1986, pretty but aging Veronica is confined to a wheelchair in the opulent house she shares with her nurse-companion Pina, suave husband Arturo and her selfish daughter Yolanda, whose lover Valentin ("he knew how to keep her passion always burning when, in his arms, she became his slave") comes to visit. After these trysts, Yolanda goes to Mass with her black-suited husband Raul, a lawyer and a priggish and conventional young man who lacks imagination and skill in the art of love. Not only that, he is horribly indifferent to the clothes she wears and his car is five years old.

Yolanda suffers terribly from jealousy of her avaricious sister-in-law Lucretia, who always has luxury cars and elegant clothes, serves caviar at snobbish dinner parties and finds all of her mother-in-law's household odiously *declassé*. Another object of Yolanda's bottomless resentment is her brother Juan, the only good and dutiful offspring of Veronica and Arturo, who she feels will never amount to anything but a bad actor or a failed writer.

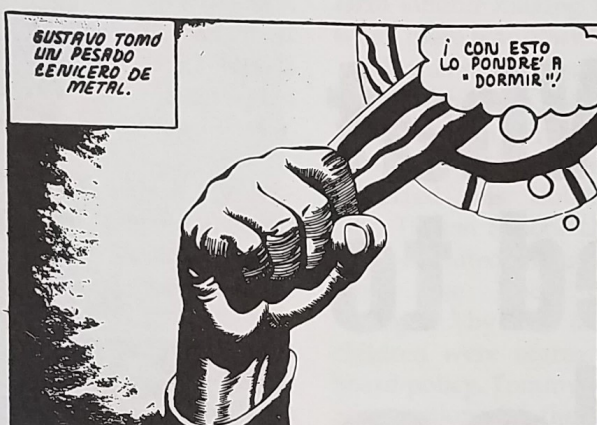
Arturo has a heart attack as he and Veronica are planning a second honeymoon to get away from the domestic hell of greed, jealousy and adultery. He dies uttering "AAAGGHRS!!!"

The rest of this charming dynastic embroglio concerns the scheming of Veronica's family—all except loyal, good Juan and kindly Uncle Pedro—to capture Veronica's house, car and financial

estate by declaring her incompetent.

"There ought to be plenty of money in the estate," Yolanda speculates. "Arturo was a politician."

Novelaland is distinct from television soap opera, both U.S. and Mexican, in that the surface sheen of comfortably middle-class lifestyles often is dispensed with. Stories of vicious degradation and human exploitation, of rape and greed and murder, often are set in the appropriately hellish squalor of urban Mexico. (One is reminded of Raymond Chandler's tribute to Dashiell Hammett, father of the hard-boiled detective story: "He took the body out of the drawing room and put it back in the alley where it belonged.") *I Am a Murderess* is set in the *cinturones de miseria* (poverty belts) surrounding the city, where squatters' shacks built of cardboard and old rubble provide the rawest necessities of habitation to millions of migrants from the countryside.



Such stories invariably portray the criminal heroines as innocents victimized by the big city's inhumanity. As in the nostalgia-tinted U.S.A. of our own pulp literature, the city looms over the innocent but poor countryside as the incarnation of all evil. We are sure that if these unfortunate ladies were returned to village life in the Sierra Madres, they would be chaste and good.

But by far the worst cities of Novelaland are not *La Gran Ciudad* of Mexico, but legendary places to the north—San Francisco, Los Angeles, New York, Miami, Chicago. While stories set in Mexico are more likely to concern crimes of passion and the exploitation of individuals by individuals, *El Norte* is a world of organized crime; of cold, mechanical violence and industrialized sex. *For Women Only*, set in New York, is a keyhole glimpse of the private lives of a group of male strippers. In Los Angeles, meanwhile, *The Violence of Eros* concerns the murder of a *puta* who

performs in live shows at a porn parlor. *Diamonds in the Swamp* is a typical Miami vice saga, involving a prison break engineered by a gang of big-time dope dealers.

One of the most outlandish of these lurid visions of the good old U.S.A., *Space Sabotage* combines startlingly dramatic illustration with a story brewed from all the worst features of Los Angeles. A producer acquires from a mad-scientist type of engineer the plan and model of a space city. He wants to use a full-scale mockup for a science fiction film.

This place is like a Disneyland for adults only, a theme park based on the happy marriage of sex and technology, where bikini-style space-suits and outrageous female fashions of the future are so prominently displayed that the entire space station appears to be a bordello. In Novelaland, this region of torrid sensuality is as much contemporary Los Angeles as it is outer space.

The U.S.A. seems to serve much the same purpose in Novelaland as Italy did for English dramatists of the Renaissance. It is a legendary Moloch where affluence and splendor mingle with erotic depravity, intrigue and sexploitation. The U.S.A. of Novelaland is like the Italian gangster states that provided the setting for much of Jacobean tragedy—those novelalike melodramas of revenge, blood-lust and cruelty that were the pop literature of 17th century London.

But my own favorites in the two bulging trash bags—a collection I've supplemented with some good finds from Abuelita's Cottage, a second-hand store on St. Mary's Road—are the adventure fantasies of *El Libro Pasional*, which range throughout time and place to find exotic settings for fast-moving narratives told in a terse and comparatively hard-boiled idiom. The artwork in these books is always strong-lined and full of movement, comparable to the best of U.S. fantasy "comics" in the early fifties—those masterpieces of horror and suspense that were squelched by industry self-censorship (the redoubtable Comics Code Authority) around 1955.

Libro Pasional adventures range from the high Middle Ages and Moorish Spain to the contemporary Middle East, World War II Japan and Germany, and antebellum New Orleans. The cast includes assorted pirates, Gypsies, Nazis and Samourais, mulatto slave girls and charros dressed like mariachi musicians. *Libro Pasional* stories are gritty and, within the formulized limits of novela convention, realistic historical romances.

There are plenty of other kinds of novelas besides true confessions, horror stories, adventure romances and extravaganzas of crime and vice. In general, anything that might provide grist for a film scenario can also become a novela. One action-filled series, *Sensacional de Luchas*, is devoted to wrestling. There are disaster books, too, about such things as airplane wrecks, plagues, earthquakes and poison gases; and the photonovelas, true-confessions books that substitute for drawn panels crude black and white photos of models mugging like silent film stars. □

(Novelas are available in Tucson at all Spanish news outlets—Crescent Smoke Shop, Flores Internacional, the newsstand on West Speedway at Grande, Bellas Artes pharmacy on South 6th Avenue, and some barrio confectionaries. They also can be borrowed from the Tucson Public Library, particularly the El Rio and Pueblo branches).

Freelancer John Durham worked in Tucson radio for years.

What Happened to Joe Batiste?

A Mexican-American cop tracks the sad death of a childhood hero—and uncovers our racism.

By Arturo Carrillo Strong



The sound and smell of men in cages was overpowering. Two trustees mopped the cement floors with a strong disinfectant while exchanging small talk with the men behind bars in the city jail, a cellar under the old Courthouse. The two smaller isolation cells were at the end, the doors solid steel with only a peek hole. They held no beds and the toilet was a hole in the corner.

It was a cold Sunday morning in November, 1957, when I got the call to pick up a prisoner wanted on a county warrant. I was a sheriff's deputy then. I was waiting for the jailer to bring him out when all hell broke loose—it sounded like a riot, men screaming and rattling the bars, the red emergency light blinking furiously. We rushed in to find one of the prisoners throwing himself at the bars and the steel-plated walls. Blood and sweat covered his swollen face.

He was a tall black man, nearing middle age, with a thin but muscular build. I figured he was either having

the DT's or acute drug withdrawal. We spent a good half hour forcing him into a straitjacket—the prisoners jeering because it took six cops to overpower him.

Later, I had a nagging feeling I knew that man and I called the city jail.

"That was Joe Batiste," purred the sergeant in a soft cynical voice.

I wanted to tell him he was wrong, that the beaten man I had seen could not be the Joe Bastiste who had made us all so proud in 1938 and 1939. But less than four months later, on March 1, 1958, Joe Batiste died, officially of a liver ailment, at age thirty-eight.

For almost thirty years, I have wanted to find out what had happened to Joe Batiste. An ex-newspaper guy once told me that reporters and cops never quit, they just go off the payroll. I started backtracking to find out what caused Joe Batiste to wind up dead in a veterans hospital.

In the spring of 1936 a bunch of eighth-grade kids from Dunbar

Junior High approached the Tucson High track coach, Don "Doc" Van Horne. They had in tow a tall, skinny black kid who they claimed was a terrific athlete. Doc found an old pair of track shoes and led them to the high jumping pit. It was the first time in his life that Joe Batiste ever tied on a pair of track shoes. He cleared the five-foot-two-inch bar like a bird, then did five-foot-five with the same ease.

A year later, Batiste, still a ninth-grade student at Dunbar Junior High, competed against the University of Arizona freshman track team—winning both the high jump and the high hurdles.

In 1938, he entered Tucson High School and immediately tied the national interscholastic high hurdle record with a time of 14.5 seconds for 120 yards. A year later he ran the 39-inch hurdles in 14 seconds flat—another national interscholastic record. Tucson sports fans raised money to send Batiste and Doc Van Horne to the national AAU championships in Lincoln, Nebraska, where Joe beat Fred Wolcott, the Rice University world record holder. In 1939, at age eighteen, he was one of ten athletes selected to tour Europe as part of the United States all-star track team.

He raced in France, England, Switzerland and Sweden and met monarchs before Hitler's invasion of Poland cut the trip short. On his return to Tucson, the town gave him a parade.

But nothing in Batiste's life was ever simple and clear-cut. Even as a budding schoolboy track star, there were critics disputing his age. When he set the record for high hurdles with a 14.5 time, the National Scholastic Federation refused to recognize it because he had used forty-two-inch hurdles instead of the lower thirty-nine-inch. And in those days, no one ever forgot that he was black.

The Tucson High newspaper, *The Cactus Chronicle*, referred to him as "High Jumping Joe Batiste, the Badgers' ebony-colored star," or as "Joe 'Dark Victory' Bastiste," or the "Ebony Flash" or "Sleepy Joe."

"There was quite a bit made of Joe's laziness at Tucson High," his older brother Ernie recalls. "Sometimes when he wasn't playing (on the football team) he would lie down behind the bench and rest his eyes. When he was called to go into the game, he would get up and make an eighty-yard run. Joe was the only player I ever knew who made All-State in football coming off the bench."

He got the fans up out of their seats. One old-time Tucsonan recalls, "I remember watching Joe play football at Tucson High in 1939 or 1940. I remember one night they were playing Phoenix Union and he was playing tight end or something like that. He ran like a deer, man. He

caught a pass and won the game. Everybody was jumping and hollering, you know. He was the hero again and everybody loved him."

Because of his ability, the school did not try so much to educate him as to make sure he remained eligible. Former Tucson Police Captain George Robles, a teammate and friend of Joe's, remembers a civics class shortly after Batiste returned from his European tour. Coach Rollin T. Gridley was teaching and he called on Batiste to answer a question. Joe was sound asleep. Gridley laughed it off and went on with the class.

After Tucson High, Batiste went to Sacramento Junior College where he won All-America honors in 1941 and 1942. He ran the high hurdles in 15 seconds flat, the lows in 24.2, took the hundred in 10 seconds. His broad jump earned a second at 22 feet, 2 inches. He threw the javelin 174 feet, 2 inches and the discus 130 feet, 8 inches.

After the 1942 season, he enlisted in the Army. His family said he was assigned to Special Services where he continued his athletic career. In both 1940 and 1944, he was named to the U.S. Olympic teams for the decathlon and high hurdles by the U.S. Olympic committee—teams that never competed since World War II prevented the games. After the war, he returned to Arizona and

Batiste needed discipline and leadership, not more leisure time in which to find trouble. Something had happened to Joe during the war. He was unable to regain his old form and couldn't stay in shape. While at Arizona State, he married a school teacher and then got divorced. He dropped out in 1948. Chanin lost all contact with Batiste until he read newspaper reports of Joe being arrested by Phoenix police for drunk driving.

Ernest Batiste, Joe's father, was a strapping six-footer and a better-than-average baseball player in his native Lake Charles, Louisiana. He moved to Tucson in 1927 and supported his wife and six children as a farm laborer making \$44.50 a month when there was work.

It was much harder to be black in Tucson than to be Hispanic. The Mexican community faced segregation into the barrio, but many preferred this isolation. Traditionally, Tucson School District Number One operated a tri-ethnic system; while the black children were segregated by state law, the Chicano children were segregated by school board policy. Tommy Price, now chief of operations for the City of Tucson, remembers that he was enrolled at Roskrige Elementary School in the late '30s, a school then considered

land, he came home to a big parade in his honor. Then, after his tour of Europe, he went with the Tucson High football team to Casa Grande for a game. He was not allowed to eat in the restaurant with his teammates—they brought a hamburger out to the car. His older brother Ernie, now retired after thirty years with the Tucson Recreation Department, recalls bitterly, "In Europe they treated him like a person, at home they treated him like a dog." Blacks could go to the movies but had to sit in the balcony—"We used to call it the crow's nest."

"Raza con Raza!" (Race with its own race!) was the advice of the Mexican mother to her daughter. We used the word "nigger" as easily as the Anglo used the word "greaser" or "spick." The thought that I might have contributed to Joe's discontent crept into my mind and I wasn't comfortable with it. Other memories crept into my mind the more I investigated.

Elmer Carrier, former teacher, administrator and track coach at Dunbar, and now owner of Elmer's Pub at I-10 and Kolb, remembers what happened to black athletes in the Tucson of the '30s and '40s. At first, they were allowed to compete only in track. Finally Carrier and Dr. A. B. Thompson, a respected local physi-

As a great athlete he was applauded; he met the Queen of England, he came home to a big parade in his honor...but he was not allowed to eat in a Casa Grande restaurant with his teammates.

attended Arizona State College at Tempe, as ASU was then known, winning the Border Conference high hurdles with a 14.3 clocking.

Abe Chanin, former sports writer and editor, now with the journalism department at UA, was a schoolmate and friend of Joe Batiste. He recalled that the athletic director at Arizona State wanted very badly to bring the school to national prominence in a hurry. He supposedly promised Joe a diploma without any problems. Chanin said the decision to attend Arizona State was made easier for Joe because UA football coach J.F. "Pop" McKale, legendary baseball coach Frank Sancet and others kept a firm hold on the color line at the university, refusing to consider Batiste for a scholarship. Chanin remembered that he received a lot of heat from the university and Pop McKale when he openly criticized the coaches for letting Joe Batiste get away.

However, the Arizona State offer of a worry-free scholastic ride didn't turn out well for Joe, either.

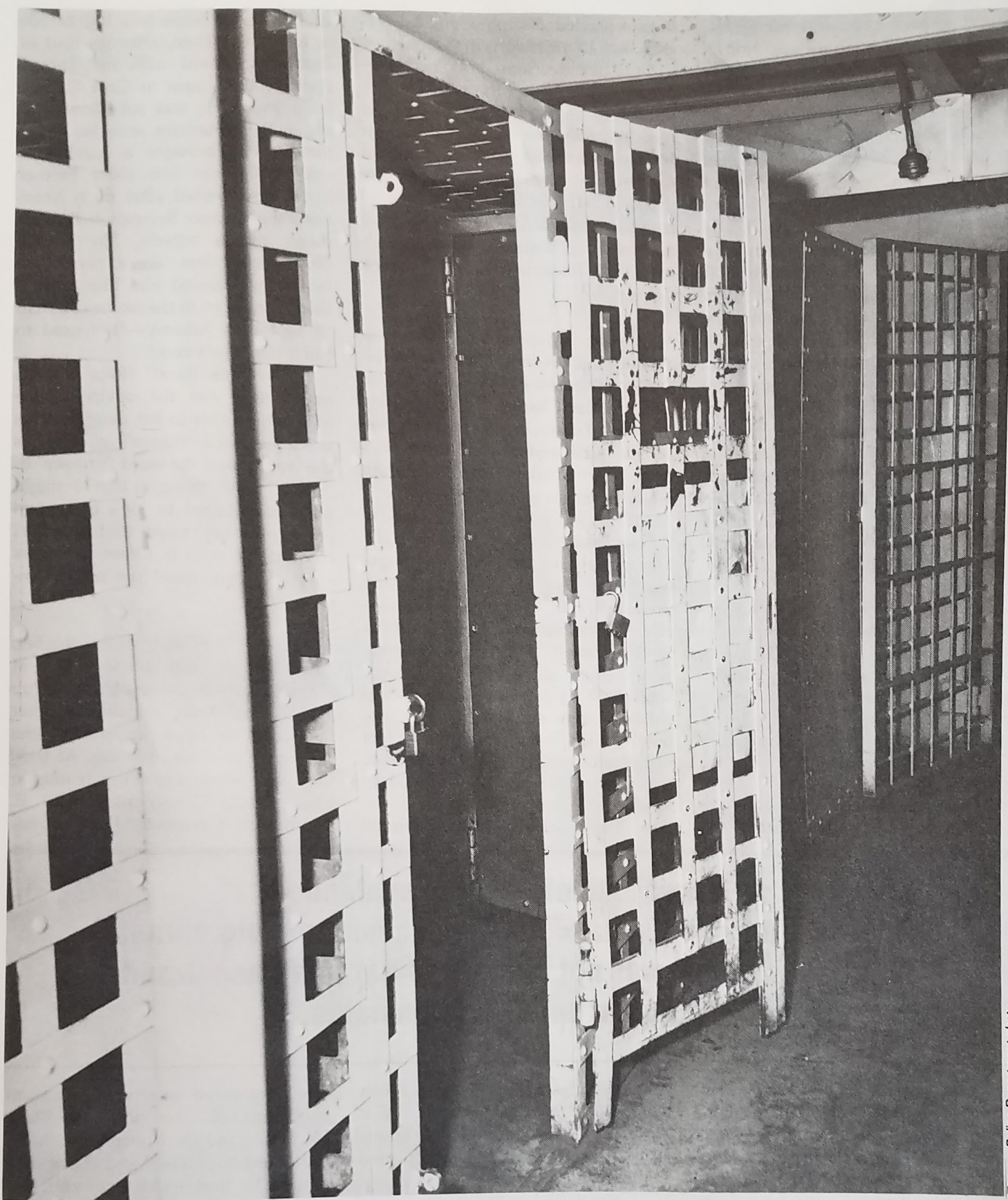
Anglo. He lasted three days. When the teacher found out he was Mexican, he was immediately transferred to Davis School, a Chicano facility.

I was raised in the barrio of the '30s. We were taught and we believed that the black guys from Dunbar Junior High were great natural athletes, but were not too bright. Imagine our confusion when we found out that most of the teachers (all were Anglos) operated under the theory that Mexicans could not or would not learn and preferred to work in the fields or do menial labor. I was probably more confused than anyone, half Mexican, half Anglo (with an Anglo name), but brought up in the Mexican community, attending Mexican schools. For some reason, probably economics, Tucson High was integrated—but then, it was the only high school in town.

Joe Batiste, a shy, self-effacing young man who never bragged about himself, must have been confused as well. As a great athlete he was applauded; he met the Queen of Eng-

land, organized a football team to play against the Phoenix Black Monarchs and the Phoenix and Mesa Indian schools. The Mesa coach then agreed to find Joe Batiste and two other black kids jobs so that they could play on his team. Having set up this deal, they called Hank Squires, a liberal columnist for the *Tucson Daily Citizen* and leaked the news. Shortly after this, Tucson High football coach Rollin Gridley allowed Batiste on his football team. (Basketball and baseball remained segregated.) Abe Chanin remembered writing of this incident when he was a young reporter on the Badger staff and that Gridley was highly critical of the story. Gridley said he had urged Batiste to go out for football. According to Chanin, black athletes had not been allowed to play contact sports in Tucson because Anglos didn't want to rub against black skin.

Carrier recalls that "the black children couldn't go to the movies or to restaurants with the other kids, even the swimming pools were



A cell in the old city jail, where the writer found Joe Batiste in 1957.

Tucson Police Department photo

segregated. The only place a Negro could go swimming was at Oury's Park on the West Side, and then only on Thursdays because on Thursday night they changed the water. If they wanted to swim on any other day, they had to use the irrigation ditches."

He doesn't recall Batiste as a kid heavily into drugs. "Mostly," Carrier remembers, "he drank wine and maybe used marijuana. It was growing wild on the banks of the Santa Cruz River in those days and it was free....The University of Arizona didn't even try to recruit him and that hurt him, too."

I was a young and impressionable kid during the war years and I remember vividly how the barrio

changed. Joe was away. Suddenly there was plenty of work as Davis Monthan Air Force Base boomed. For anyone trying to understand what happened to Joe Batiste, there are clues in the world of the black soldier in Tucson. Many black troops trained at Fort Huachuca and when they came into town looking for a good time, they headed for the one place that would accept them: Barrio Libre, the city's tenderloin of hookers and gamblers, a district bounded by Main, Congress, Stone and 18th Street. They began moving their families there.

The Tucson Police Department, its ranks depleted by the war, couldn't keep up with the trouble in the barrio. Shootings and cuttings seemed daily, if not hourly, occur-

rences. Weekends became a carnival of merriment and terror as drunken soldiers moved from bar to bar and to the resurrected whorehouse cribs on Sabino Alley and the row houses on McCormick Street. Then the military police came to the rescue. They were big men, mostly Anglos, with mean, stern faces—at least in my memory. They walked in pairs with nightsticks twirling and a path opened for them wherever they went. I remember the Beehive Cafe at the corner of Convent and McCormick on warm nights when I slept in my second-story room above the Tucson Mortuary (it was the family business). I could hear the juke box blaring and people laughing and singing well into the morning. Sometimes the voices became angry and quarrel-

some, shots rang out and I could hear running feet and shouts of fear and pain. In a few minutes, the unmistakable sound of tires screeching to a stop was punctuated by more shouting and screaming. Then came the silence of the night.

One block south on Cushing Street was Mrs. Hall's Rooming House, tucked in between rental apartments and private homes. Inside the dimly lit entranceway there were rows of small rooms on each side of a long hallway. Mrs. Hall only rented to ladies, mostly black and very young and attractive, or so it seemed to us teenagers who lurked in the empty lot across the street and tried not to giggle too much when the kimono-clad women brought their dates to the door and sent them on their way.

One night a friend was playing in front of his house with some pals when they heard angry shouts from the direction of Mrs. Hall's. A black soldier ran out the front door followed closely by one of Mrs. Hall's girls who held a small pistol that reflected the light of the street lamp. Three shots sounded. The soldier staggered, ran a few more steps and fell. The woman with the gun walked over slowly, then prodded him with her high-heel shoe. Satisfied, she turned and walked back into the boarding house, stopping once to look back and shake her head. A while later a police car pulled up and examined the body. The cop went to his car and sat there. Then came the MPs and an ambulance. The dead soldier was covered with a sheet and carted away. A few minutes later the street was quiet again; the boys went back to their play.

When the war ended, many of the black families remained in Tucson. Some moved farther north on Main Street and then east along Speedway to Stone. They still weren't allowed to eat in most restaurants or sleep in most hotels. Black officers working for the Sheriff's Department could only work on the South Side and there were only a few restaurants or coffee shops where they could eat. This is the Tucson Joe Batiste returned to after the war.

Joe Batiste's story after the war isn't found in newspaper clippings about football or track. A retired narcotics cop, Joe B., remembers him clearly. "I was working the street, and as far as Batiste knew, I was dirty just like he was. I gave him fifteen dollars (to buy drugs) and he burned me. But what the hell can you expect?" Joe B. kept trying to recoup his loss and still get his man. On another occasion, a deal was prearranged with Batiste to buy a bundle of opium for ten dollars. The sale took place in front of the colored pool hall on Meyer Street. The street was

being covered by two narcs at each end. As soon as the deal was made, they were to close in. Batiste had the bindle of opium in his left hand. When Joe B. handed him the money, Batiste grabbed it like a baton in a relay race and took off. The officers tried to move in, but he ran past them so fast that all they could do was wave as he went by.

Mike has been a Tucson drug addict for decades and he knew Batiste since boyhood. "I had a stash of opium in 1945," he recalls, "and I remembered hearing that Joe used to like to fix. A few days later I saw him at the All Nation's pool hall and called him over. Joe offered me fifty bucks for the whole jar. Three or

Batiste had the bindle of opium in his left hand. When Joe B. handed him the money, Batiste grabbed it like a baton in a relay race and took off.

four days later I seen him at the All Nation's again. He was nodding bad, man. His dad was with him and Mr. Batiste told me Joe drank too much whiskey the night before. He said Joe was a good boy and I didn't say anything because he was always so proud of Joe."

In the early fifties, Mike ran into Batiste again at a small shoe shine parlor on Meyer. "He came over and hugged me and shook my hand. I asked him if he had any weed. He walked into an alley and pretty soon he came out with a full bottle of wine and some joints. Right there in the shoe shine place he took one drink and drank half the bottle. Then we lit up some joints and listened to music from the juke box."

In 1952 he was arrested for possession of drugs stolen from Davis Monthan. His brother Ernie feels Joe was used by some bad people. "They saw he was high all of the time," he argues, "and they took advantage of him. They knew he would do anything they told him to do. He was so good-hearted, he couldn't say no to anyone." Abe Chanin recalled that Joe wasn't the same after he got out of the Army. It wasn't anything you could put your finger on, he was just different. Shortly after Joe's arrest in 1952, Chanin remembered receiving a call at the newspaper telling him to go to the Pima County Hospital if he wanted to see the sorry state Joe Batiste was in. Chained to the bed was the one of the greatest athletes ever to play in

Arizona. He was unable to speak coherently, he couldn't understand what was said to him and he didn't recognize anyone.

Joe Batiste was committed to a drug rehabilitation center in Ohio. The next time Chanin heard anything about Joe was when Chris Reilly, a local undertaker, called the newspaper and told him that Joe was dead. The funeral of Joe Batiste went almost unnoticed.

When Batiste was nominated for Tucson High's Badger Hall of Fame, the nomination was turned down. Today Ernie Batiste is a member of the Badger Foundation, the organization that rejected his brother's nomination. It is difficult to find out very much from Ernie about what happened to Joe. They took different roads and although Joe told Ernie he was going to change, he never did.

"He was one of the best athletes to come out of Arizona," Ernie says sadly. "But he started drinking that wine and it got the best of him. I guess you could say he was a man born thirty years before his time. Today he would have been a rich man, a millionaire. With his talent, he could have played any sport he wanted to."

There is a slim line between sensationalism and sincere interest—mine was the latter. In my search for the truth of Joe Batiste, part of the time I was really investigating myself and the way we were. Some of the people I talked to were reluctant to tell how it was, partly out of respect for Joe and partly because these aren't pleasant memories. Sometimes people like Joe, who are very good at what they do, find it difficult to accept success. They seem to be always running and hiding because they feel like they are putting something over on the rest of us, and someday we are going to find them out and put them back in their place. Sometimes they hide in bottles or drugs. Sometimes they are very lucky and find out who they really are before their fears kill them.

I can't tell you what happened to Joe Batiste. I've tried to find out and I can't. I only know the barrio and what it was like on Tucson's West Side in those days. It's too complicated to simply conclude that he was just a drug addict, a loser, a lush who couldn't say no. And it would be too easy just to blame the times and the way we were.

But I wish it hadn't been so easy for me then to say "nigger."

And I wonder if I would have felt differently if that black man I saw throwing himself against the bars on that cold day in November, 1957, had not been a world class hurdler? □

Arturo Carrillo Strong, a former Pima County sheriff's deputy, comes from pioneer Tucson stock.



Prophet Sharing

Continuity—The Guaranteed Return on Your Investment

INSURE THE TRADITION

PASS IT ON

Jewish Federation of Southern Arizona / 102 N. Plumer
Tucson, AZ 85719 / Ph. 884-8921

The Lost Barrio



Anita Street, 1972.

Dave Burckhalter, 40, has been a Tucson freelancer since 1969. These selections are from a series of downtown barrio photos taken in the early 1970s.

STRAIGHT SHOTS



Convent Street, 1971.

STRAIGHT SHOTS



South 6th Avenue, 1972, South Tucson.



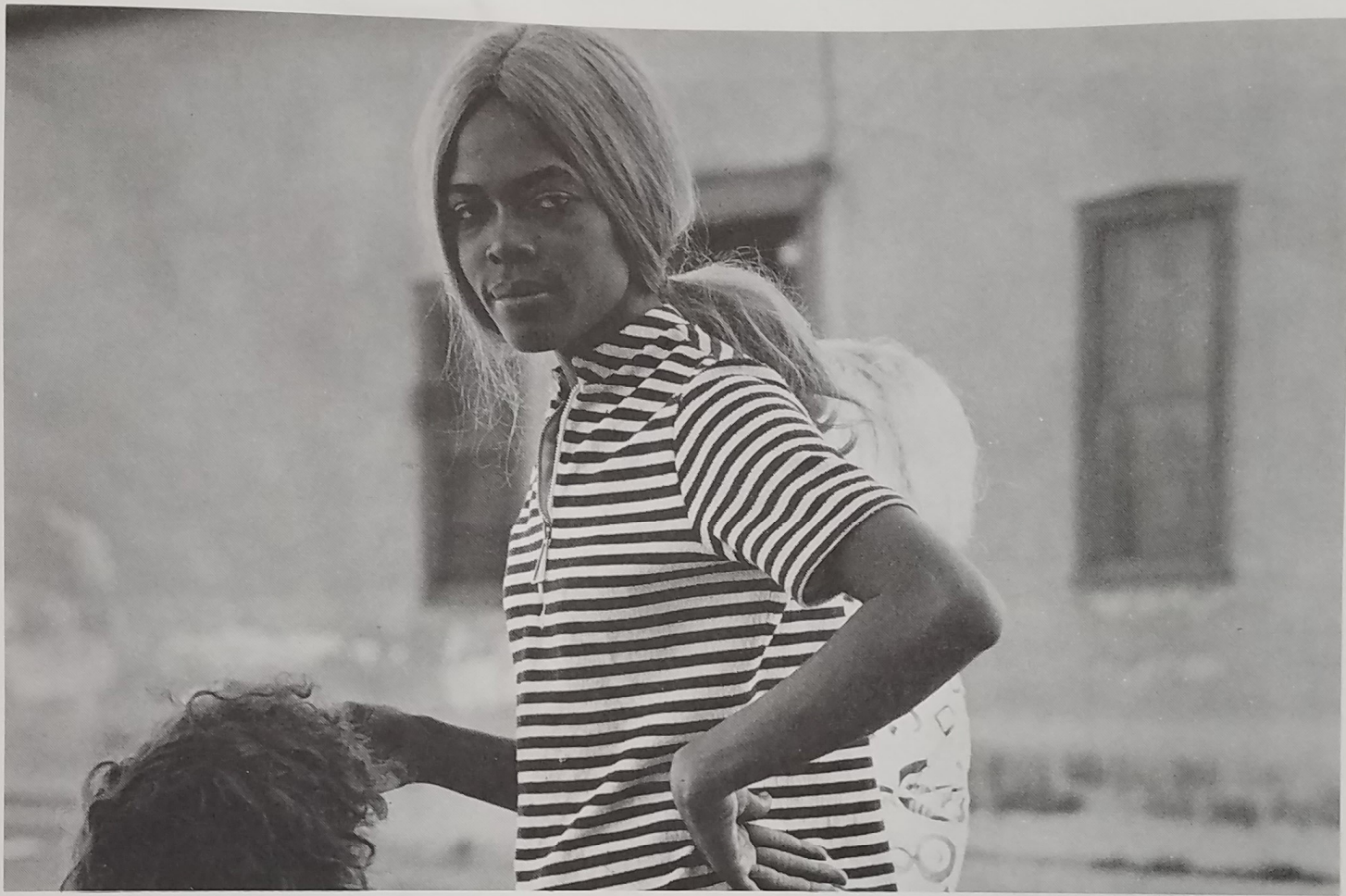
Stone Avenue, 1972.

STRAIGHT SHOTS



North Main Avenue, 1970.

STRAIGHT SHOTS

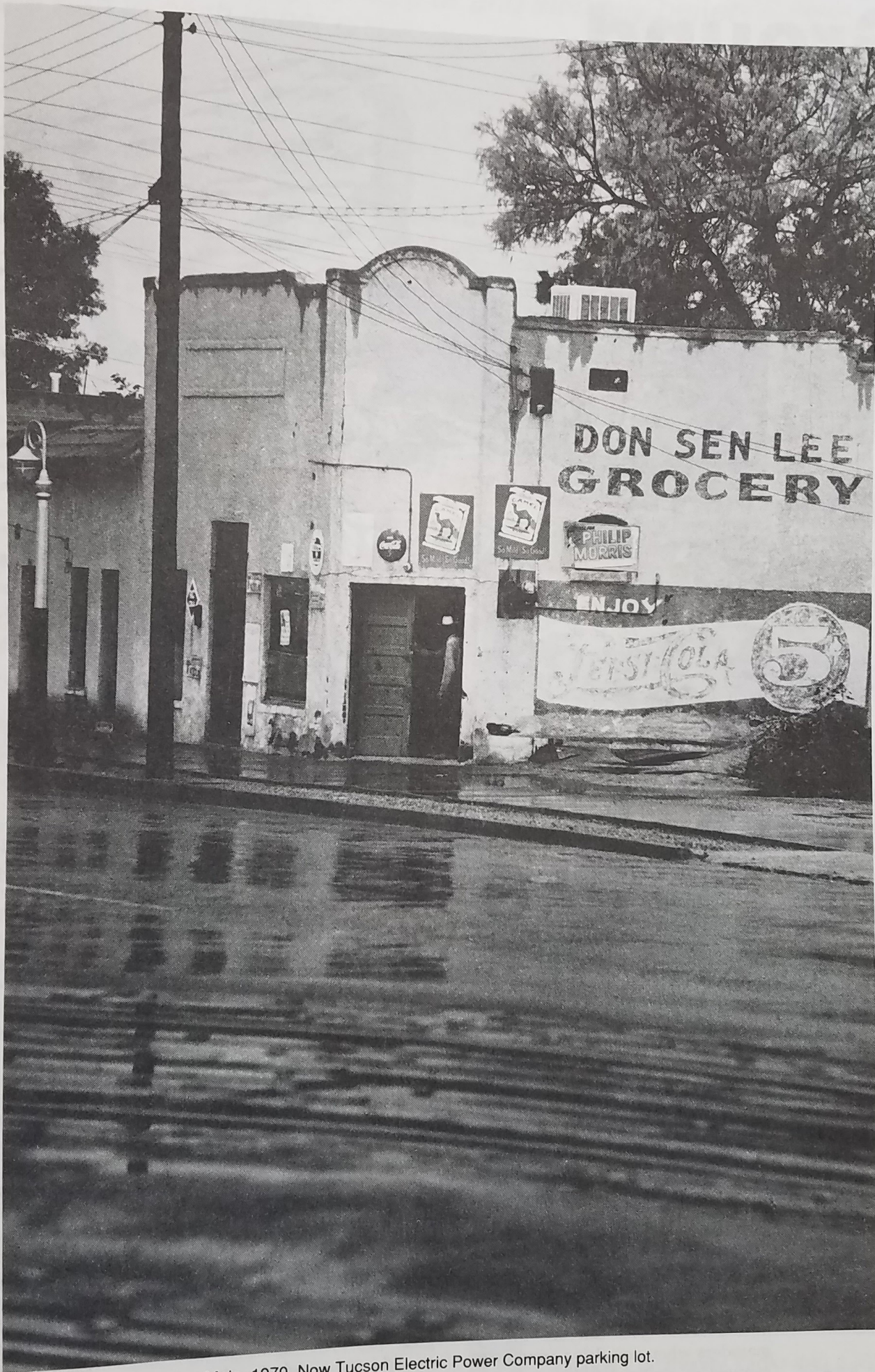


Convent Street, 1971.



South 6th Avenue, 1970s, South Tucson.

STRAIGHT SHOTS



Main, 1970. Now Tucson Electric Power Company parking lot.

Legacies of a Hole in the Ground

By Jim Griffith

We live in mining country. If you doubt that for an instant, drive to Green Valley and look westward. Huge dumps loom on the horizon, masking the mountains behind them (and rivaling the Pyramids of Egypt in grandeur, as an enthusiastic local newspaper writer once put it). Or go to one of Arizona's many ghost towns, or, better yet, to one of our still living mining camps like Bisbee or Globe. Mining made those places, as it did so much in Arizona. It's not particularly active mining country just now, but it has been for most of its recorded history and undoubtedly will be again. And this fact has given us some pretty important legacies.

One of these can be sensed during a stroll through the Bisbee cemetery. The town was (and still is, to a degree) incredibly cosmopolitan. Serbs, Welsh, Irish, Chinese, Mexicans, Germans, Swiss—all came to Bisbee and other mining camps, and many stayed there to add permanently to the regional cultural scene. Or drop in at Dottie's Family Restaurant in the Bisbee suburb of Warren on a Wednesday and have a pastie. Pasties (rhyme with "nasty," which they aren't, rather than "tasty," which describes them very well indeed) are Cornish meat pies. They came to this country as standard lunchbox fare for the "Cousin Jacks"—the Cornish miners who formed the backbone of our 19th century Western mining industry. There aren't many Cornish names in the Bisbee phonebook anymore, but there are pasties every Wednesday at Dottie's! And they are a real treat, worth the drive.

Mining has left us other legacies as well. The dream still persists: money out there for the picking up, somewhere. And the skills to realize the dream are still around. Pros-

pectors still keep looking, and during hard times small miners and gold panners still try to make some sort of living out of the Arizona earth. But there's another side to all this; not so pretty, perhaps, but mighty real. I've heard it said that an Arizona mine is a hole in the ground with a crook at one end and a sucker at the other. (Mark Twain heard something similar more than a hundred years ago in a different part of the West. He liked it too.) A lot of Arizona's most lucrative mining activity has always involved selling likely-looking prospects at inflated prices to innocents from somewhere else. That tradition, too, continues.

Not with mines to any great extent, perhaps. But there isn't too much difference between salting a mine and creating housing developments out of warm winters, fast talk and a few roads bulldozed on the hillside. And you can see the remainders when you drive around the country as easily as you can see the old prospect pits and tailings dumps.

Also, buried gold is still as hot a commodity as it ever was, but in slightly different form. Now

it's called buried treasure, lost mines, lost missions, and the like. A favorite Western author, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, had one of his characters perusing a treasure map and pondering a tale of Spanish greed and bravery.

Rhodes comments: "It was a good story. Many heads had gone to the making of it, and the years had lent it polish." Similar good stories are being told—and sold—in Arizona today. What keeps them going, of course, is a sort of perpetual human optimism, combined with the genuine but often misunderstood romance of this incredible place we live in.

As a folklorist, I get the best end of this particular deal. I get to collect the tales, enjoy them, and treat them as the manifestations of human spirit and local tradition that they are. I'd rather admire the rainbow and think about what may lie at its end than stake my all on reaching the auriferous *olla*. But some pots of gold have been found—after all, the name of our state comes from the site

of an incredibly rich and still mysterious find of pure silver (Arizonac, alternate spellings available upon request)—and that only serves to encourage the seekers.

A last thought. One of the real legacies of our mining history isn't in the ground at all—it's on our maps. Get some topo sheets of Southern Arizona and read the fine print—the names of mining claims. All the romance of the West, the hardships, the homes and families left behind, the dreams of riches beyond imagination suddenly come to life before your eyes. Consider the following: Empire, Bonanza, Lead Queen, Great Silver, World's Fair, Hardshell, Blue Nose, Black Eagle, Morning Glory, Bender, Endless Chain, Homestake, Paymaster, Dixie, Texas, Little Joker, Royal Blue, Double Header, Ultimo. There's poetry, history and a geography of optimism all rolled into one.

That's Arizona. □

Jim Griffith is director of the Southwest Folklore Center at the University of Arizona.



Bettina Single

Turquoise Power

She was becoming smarter, stronger, happier and infinitely better-looking—until she had to cash in her chips.

By Byrd Baylor

My friend, the old Navajo silversmith, likes to drink slow cups of coffee at fast-food establishments late at night while discussing whatever needs about four cups' worth of contemplation.

The other night, the subject was turquoise, and he started off with things you already know if you've hung around the reservation much—like how you aren't supposed to leave a turquoise necklace lying in a heap or tangled up in a box where it doesn't have room to be comfortable. It's really best to hang it on the wall.

Another thing he said is that when you are making jewelry and you have some chips left over, you don't just throw them out. You treat them with respect. Maybe you grind them up or mix them with some earth and put them in your cornfield or your melon patch so the harvest will be good.

You shouldn't have bad thoughts when you work with turquoise. You never use it in a greedy way or you can bring harm to many people. You have to be careful how you think of it, remembering how it was brought to this world by First Man and First Woman when they came from the underworld.

He told me how, when he was a boy first learning jewelry work at home, he had seen certain remarkable demonstrations of the power in that sacred green-blue stone.

So, finally, about the third re-fill, I told him my turquoise story.

I had just moved into a small town by the Rio Grande in New Mexico where my window looked out at the cottonwood bosque along the river and the mesas of the Indian pueblo a mile north. Even before I finished unpacking my boxes of books, I thought I ought to go visit the river, so I followed the dirt road past an alfalfa field and through the trees. At the edge of the water I took off my shoes and walked in the damp sand.

Almost instantly, I saw a tiny piece of turquoise at my feet.

I knew it had to be a sign that I was in a good place, so I took it home and put it on my window sill.

After that, turquoise seemed to come to me. Every day I went to the

river and—not every day, but most days—I came away with turquoise in my hand. By the end of the month, I needed a small basket for my treasures.

Of course, I was late finishing a manuscript I'd told my New York editor I would be mailing any day. I would sit there at the typewriter and look at my basket of turquoise and pretty soon I'd be walking out the door again. I tried to work. I even put up a sign that said ALL THE WRITERS IN NEW YORK ARE AT THEIR DESKS. WHERE ARE YOU GOING? But I soon devised a way of getting out the door without seeing it.

I had to write several notes to my editor explaining that a series of crises had come up, but I never actually mentioned that I was spending my life down on my hands and knees in shallow water.

It seemed to me that I was living in the center of a dream and the power of turquoise was all around me. I began to feel that I might be the best turquoise-finder in New Mexico, if not the world. I thought perhaps I had been blessed by the Turquoise People. I didn't mention it, but secretly, I could tell that I was becoming smarter, stronger, happier and infinitely better-looking.

One day a man from the pueblo stopped by to visit. He noticed my basket of turquoise, picked it up, touched a few of the stones.

I told him how the river gave it to me, and he did not seem surprised.

A few days later, he stopped by again. We talked about the best way to make posole and whose horse had won a race and who was trying to find a ride to Santa Fe.

And then he said, "Well, looks like a bad year in the village. Looks like all the crops going to be bad. Looks like everybody might get a lot of real bad luck."

When I asked why, he said, "Because the people put their turquoise in the water to make blessings and it floats down here and you come take it out."

He said it very matter-of-factly, and I (equally matter-of-fact and casual) replied that I'd take care of it.

I did. Early the next morning, just as the sun was coming up, I slid the turquoise pieces, one by one, into the Rio Grande.

sailed my book, page by page, into its wet southward journey. I tell you, I felt wonderful.

The only hard part was explaining to that editor in New York. I thought a telephone call might be better than a letter, but I was probably wrong because when I said I'd had to throw it in the river, there was a long pause. Finally, he said, "But what about the carbon?"

I tried again to explain about the cornfields and all the other crops and the general bad luck I might have caused, but he never did seem to understand it.

Anyway, I told my Navajo friend about it the other night while we were drinking coffee. I asked him if I did the right thing.

He thought about it for a while and asked, "How were the crops that year?"

I happen to know that they were fine. Especially the chiles and the corn and squash. The melons were good, too.

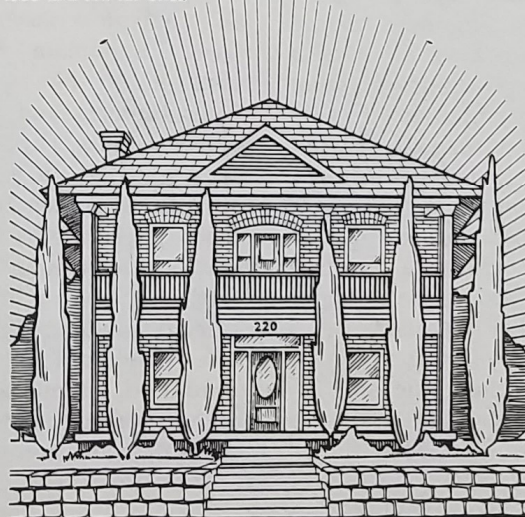
So he kind of smiled and said, "You did okay." □

Byrd Baylor has written several children's books and a novel about Indians in Tucson, *Yes is Better than No*.

Ring in the New Era-- Join KXCI's 220 Club!

—220 Members, giving \$220 each—

- # Join the Special Renovation Celebration at 220 South Fourth Avenue.
- # Receive a signed and numbered, limited-edition commemorative serigraph of the building, as our way of saying Thank You. #And blush at the sight of your name engraved on a plaque in the beautiful turn-of-the-century entryway, there for all posterity. (If you have not received an invitation, please call KXCI at 623-1000 and ask for one.)



Launch Community Radio into a Whole New Era!

Native Seeds

Magic, sex and the history of the world in a mason jar.

By Tom Dollar

There is beauty, and wonder, and magic in seeds. Real seeds, I mean. Not those hybridized sissy seeds mass produced in factory fields by big seed companies and put up in brightly colored packets with pictures of dewy vegetables on them; the ones that all look the same when you shake them out of the packet, not a runt, misshapen or odd-colored one in the bunch; the ones that all germinate at the same time, sprout and grow to the same height at the same time to be cultivated and harvested at the same time; the ones that, maybe, get blight and get sick and curl up and die at the same time because whatever resistive guts they once had in their DNA has been bred out of them by the genetic engineers in charge of this monoculture that they call "agri-business."

Not those seeds. The seeds I mean don't come in pretty packets; usually they don't come in packets at all. But you might find some in a pint mason jar on a dry shelf in a dark corner of your grandmother's potting shed. Chances are they go back a ways: Grandma probably got them from your great-grandmother who grew them in her garden because her father and his father before him passed them down through the generations as carefully and lovingly as you would old china, a cabinet-maker's tool box or antique firearms. Heirloom seeds they are called.

They probably even have a family name, an honorific sort of, scrawled on a strip of adhesive taped to the jar, like "Mrs. Burns' 'Famous' Lemon Basil" in Barney Burns' family or, more modestly, as "Mrs. Burns' Lemon Basil" in the seed catalog of Native Seeds/SEARCH of which Barney is a founding member. Native Seeds is a grassroots seed conservancy, based here in Tucson, that is working to save the seeds of

traditional arid lands crops and their wild relatives.

You can get real seeds from them—seeds for things like Navajo speckled corn, panic grass, Hopi red lima beans, red dye amaranth, Wariho chiltepine (a pea-sized chile so hot it'll bore a hole in cast iron), Tarahumara pink green beans—all in all, more than 200 seed varieties, wild and domesticated, most of them available nowhere else in the world.

These seed crops and the people who domesticated them share a co-evolutionary history that goes back thousands—in some cases, tens of thousands—of years. They learned, man and plant, a co-dependency that is symbiotic. Both changed when they needed to change—in slow time—in response to the demands of each other and to slowly evolving alternations in available moisture, daylight hours, temperature, aridity, elevation and other environmental stimuli. And both, as a result, became admirably adapted to desert life.

Held up to the sun in the forceps of your thumb and forefinger and turned slowly to let the light catch the numberless facets of their surfaces, Tarahumara red and black beans gleam like sand rubies or agates tumbled and polished to an enameled gloss. Papago devil's claw seeds scattered on a dark cloth are like bits of broken teeth; and wild tobacco seeds are as fine and insubstantial as louse nits. There is beauty there.

And wonder and magic. Consider these flint-hard Papago dipper gourd seeds, dumb as stone, cold in the palm of my hand. But if I shake them in a coffee can with some sand to scour their seed coats and press them into warm, moist soil, they will quicken and sprout, thrust muscularly to the surface and sunlight, and with astonishing quickness flower and set seed for the propagation of their kind.

Seeds of mysterious origin, sown

carelessly outside Jack's window, grew overnight into a giant beanstalk that transported him from misery and poverty to transcendent adventure and wealth. Every gardener is galvanized by the excitement, eagerness, even dread that comes after planting. What magic suffuses the common beans we supposed we had planted? What wondrous change, silently working the DNA over millennia, will suddenly manifest? An instinct for wonder and magic is second nature to gardeners.

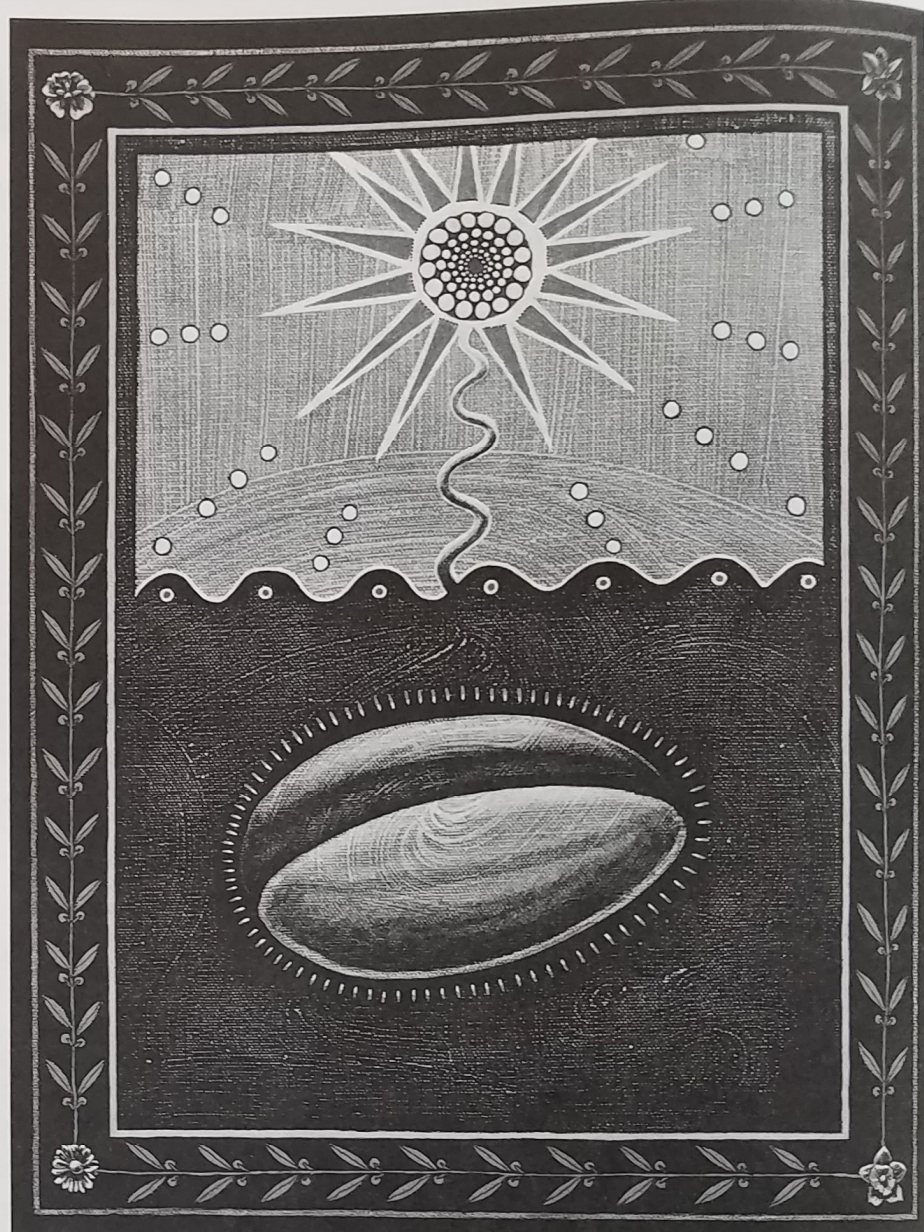
Seed savers are a funny bunch. How are we to understand the stories we hear about them? The old trapper-pro prospector, for instance, who, back in the 1860s, collected a variety of sweet corns, beans and squashes from Indians along the Colorado River. After forty years he passed them along to another prospector, who in turn gave them to a third man, Sonny Owens, who brought them in a couple of years ago to Native Seeds/SEARCH.

Understand. To save those seeds they had to grow them every few years, not just put them in bottles and cap them. What made them do it? There was no family legacy to be kept alive, and surely no understand-

ing that in saving those seeds they were preserving genetic diversity. Was it merely a taste for sweet corn? Some hope for magic in the beans? One wonders what unicorns they imagined in their dream gardens.

For my father, it was color. He grew flowers and vegetables and saved the seeds in blue-green Mason jars in a dry place next to the basement furnace room. From our bedroom directly overhead, my brother and I could hear him on winter nights turning those jar lids. His passion was flowers; vegetables were a sideline to appease my mother. He had pitched and played shortstop for the Arkansas Travelers and taught my brother and me a lot about curve balls, hook slides and setting your feet to throw after going into the hole to field a grounder at short. We never understood how he could waste his Saturdays puttering among his flower beds.

Classification was foreign to him, even when it came to common names. I would ask about one and he would say, "Oh, some kind of snapdragon, I think." Then he would add, "Do you remember the bright yellow ones over next to the garage last year? These are the seeds from



Gil Juarez

NATURE

those." He was a pressman for a local printing firm and had a special knack for color. He even loved to paint, and every year, need it or not, the rooms of our house got a fresh coat of color he had got by mixing paints.

It took me a long time, but I finally figured out that in color, he had found a way to link his vocation with his avocations. Maybe on the winter nights we heard him fussing with those jar lids he was dreaming the organic still lifes he would create in his springtime flower beds. He was a luckier man than I thought.

"The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed," spoke Jesus to the multitudes, a parable he later had to explain to his rather literal-minded disciples. A nice metaphor—eternity ramifying itself to the elect, seed into plant, unfolding leaf after infinite leaf. But the hereafter is a state I don't much concern myself with. I do know, though, that seeds once changed the face of our planet, and altered the course of evolution. "The kingdom of earth is like to an angiosperm," one might say.

It happened fairly recently as geologic time goes, about 100 million years ago, in the late Cretaceous period. The last dim-brained dinosaurs were ambling in slow-motion toward their graves when the first true flowers appeared. They were simple flowers, releasing their pollens on the wind to mate by chance with the pollens of other flowers; primitive methods, but effective, and still used by flowering plants today. These first flowers were a prelude to a series of adaptations that revolutionized life on this planet.

The first adaptation was the development of the angiosperm (literally, "seed vessel"), giving flowering plants the ability to enclose, protect and nourish their offspring within fortified walls. The second was the evolution of food sources—pollens and nectars—to attract birds and insects, the "go-betweens" in the sex lives of plants. And the third was the invention of an amazing number of devices for travel: exploding pods to hurl seeds many feet away; downy, lighter-than-air contrivances for floating on the wind; hooks and burs to stick to an animal's pelt; and juicy fruit coverings to lure birds and animals to eat and then excrete the indigestible seed, often at a great distance from the parent.

That was only the beginning. In time, plants devised all kinds of ingenious subterfuges to work their will. They designed petals and pollen clusters that resembled the female genitalia of spiders and bumble bees and, incredibly, a "perfume" that so closely matched the sex scent

of the females that vagrant male insects would "home in" to copulate, thus becoming agents in the plant's own fertilization.

Flowers exploded on this green earth and changed everything. Before they came, the energy necessary to support warm-blooded life and to control body temperature was missing. Now, birds, which had been gawky reptilian creatures with teeth for biting lizards, became feathered dynamos with long bills to probe for insects and siphon nectars. Numerous plant variations occurred;

vines and bushes proliferated; thousands of varieties of grasses appeared. Whole new species of herbivores evolved, like the mammoth and bison, and, in turn, the indirect recipients of all this flower power—carnivores, like the saber-toothed tiger.

Timidly watching from the edge of the forest, I like to think, was one of our ancestors, an ungainly fellow, ill-equipped for survival in this new world. His jaw and teeth were strong enough for grinding up tough plant forage and rending animal flesh, but not for killing. He could grasp things

with his hands, but hadn't yet learned how to throw a stone or wield a club. He couldn't run very fast, so he stayed away from open places, and he wasn't very smart. All in all, he didn't appear to be a very good bet to come out a winner in the evolutionary sweepstakes; unlike the saber-tooth, he had no speciality.

But the angiosperms had done pretty well by him; he just didn't know it yet. I wonder what they've got in store for us next. □

Tom Dollar is a Tucson free-lance writer.



IT FITS ARIZONA.

There's a different style that works here in Arizona.

One place you see it is in the western roping saddle, the way it was designed to work—the horn to hold the rope—the double cinch

to hold the saddle against the jarring impact when the rope goes taut. It's not like any other saddle style.

Because, like Intergroup, it was designed to fit the needs of the west. And like Intergroup, it works.

ARIZONA'S HMO[®]
intergroup
OF ARIZONA

A70/1-87

Moments Saved From the Flames

The history of Latin America that survived.

By Robert Kahn

This is a book of excerpts: "Chief Nicaragua was elected by the elders of the communities. He delivers food and gold and accepts baptism. He asks where souls go when they leave the body and whether the Holy Father in Rome is immune to death. He asks who elected the king of Castile. Was the king elected by the elders of his communities? The king also asks the conquistador to tell him for what purpose so few men want so much gold. Will their bodies be big enough for so much adornment?"

"Later he asks is it true, as a prophet has said, that the sun, stars and moon will lose their light and the sky will fall? Chief Nicaragua does not ask why no children will be born in these parts. No prophet has told him that within a few years the women will refuse to give birth to slaves."

The history of Latin America

has been kidnapped, destroyed before it was known, condemned to amnesia by those who prevented it from being.

"No one, however far off and however poor, can forget who is in charge. At the foot of the volcano the chief of the Quillacingas steps forward and places a bamboo cylinder in the hands of the envoy from Cuzco. The cylinder is full of live lice."

A superstitious people armed with iron and lead defeated a superstitious people armed with feathers and wood. The survivors became Americans, who are one people we now view as two. The losers were religious people who sang their histories and told them over fire. The winners knew something of science, and could use religion to justify anything.

"...with the leftover cash, Lima's churches will buy in Spain the authentic feathers of the archangel Gabriel."

In *Memory of Fire: Genesis* (Pantheon, New York, 1986, 320 pp.,

\$17.95), Eduardo Galeano has removed the hearts from the Indians, Europeans and Africans who formed America, and presented them to us. We see Indians observing the invaders, wondering about them; and invaders watching the Indians, ascribing things to them.

"What can one expect of these idolators, who ask pardon of a tree when they go to cut it down, and do not dig a well without first making excuses to the ground?"

Galeano does not interpret, nor even speak in *Memory of Fire*, but he presents moments saved from the flames: Malinche takes off her clothes before Cortez; Balboa murders and sets the dogs on fifty Indians two days before he discovers the Pacific; then, four pages later, six years have passed, and Balboa is himself beheaded by Pizarro. We see Albrecht Durer stare dumbfounded at the few pieces of Aztec goldwork that survived the furnace:

"Durer doesn't know the Mexican poem that explains that the true artist finds pleasure in his work and talks with his heart, because he has one that isn't dead and eaten by ants."

"I was a lousy history student," says Galeano, in his two-page introduction. "History classes were like visits to the waxworks or the Region of the Dead." But Galeano can spot the single paragraph from an arcane work that illuminates a dark region of Venezuela; a forgotten century of a corner of Brazil; or the pirates' recipe for turtle.

"The Guaraos, who live in the suburbs of Earthly Paradise, call the rainbow 'snake of necklaces' and the firmament 'overhead sea.' Lightning is 'glow of the rain,' a friend, 'my other heart,' the soul, 'sun of the breast.' A walking cane is a 'permanent grandson,' and for I forgive, they say, I forget."

Three generations later, he excerpts from the testament of a businessman:

"And with another fourth part of my wealth, that the most exquisite dishes be cooked and placed in my silver service and inserted in a deep ditch, with everything that remains in my larders, because I want the worms to gorge themselves sick as they will do with me. And I order...."

Galeano's 308 vignettes are each preceded by a date and a place of origin, and followed by the number of his source. He has 227 sources. I could

not stop myself from turning the pages to look each one up. Who said that? Is this true?

Galeano astonished me, and I learned:

"New Amsterdam, the most important slave market in North America, now becomes New York; and Wall Street is named after the wall built to stop blacks from escaping."

—1666, *New Amsterdam*

This book stops at year 1700. Galeano is preparing two more volumes to bring us up to 1987.

The best prose of the last half of the 20th century is coming and will continue to come from Latin America, because they are living and suffering more intensely than we are; they are striving to become, while we are struggling to hold on to what we've got.

You can't write like this, or even select like this, unless you are a poet who has thought long and deeply. I can't wait for Eduardo Galeano to tell me more about America. I was halfway through the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega's history of Peru when I read Galeano:

"One hand belongs to his father, a captain of Pizarro's. The other to his mother, Atahualpa's cousin, whom that captain humiliated and threw into the arms of a soldier."

"Like America, the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega has been born of a rape. Like America, he lives torn to pieces."

And we read also:

"Guatemala was a slaughterhouse. The poet will speak of Pedro de Alvarado and of those who came with him to teach fear."

"The children, seated in a circle around the poet, will ask, 'And all this you saw? You heard?'"

"No. None of our people who were here survived."

"The poet will point out to the moving clouds and the sway of the treetops. 'See the lances?' he will ask. 'See the horses' hooves? The rain of arrows? The smoke? Listen,' he will say, and put his ear against the ground, filled with explosions."

"And he will teach them to smell history in the wind, to touch it in stones polished by the river, and to recognize its taste by chewing certain herbs, without hurry, as one chews on sadness."

Robert Kahn taught in the high school at Sells for years.



TUCSON AUDUBON SOCIETY

34 N. Tucson Blvd

Tucson, AZ 85716

(602) 323-9673

Mon-Sat 10-3, Thurs to 6

March 9 "Raptor Rehabilitation"
7:30 pm Harvill Auditorium

March 12 Signing Party at Nature Shop with authors:
5-7 pm Irma Fisk *Peacocks of Baboquivari*; *Parrots' Wood*
Dr. Charles Lowe, Cecil Schwalbe, & Terry Johnson
The Venomous Reptiles of Arizona

We're Moving This Spring
Details Soon!

conservation • education • recreation

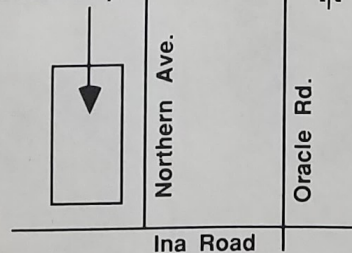


The Haunted Bookshop

Monday - Saturday: 9:30am - 5:30pm
Sunday: Noon - 5pm

297-4843
7211 N. Northern Ave.
Tucson, AZ 85704

Haunted Bookshop



SNOW BIRDS

Why We Came

An Oregon visitor finds the Arizona cure.

By Eleanor O'Bryon

Catherine arrived at the airport wearing dark purple silk. Too thin, brittle, on the jagged edge, she looked like a sudden touch or loud noise would shatter her like glass.

We lay in the sun. We slept. We ate Mexican food at Casa Molina, El Grande Tortilla Factory, El Rapido. We hiked up Pontatoc Canyon and took pictures of each other beside giant saguaros. She began to look better.

Friday we drove south to Nogales. At El Faisal we ate shrimp in garlic sauce, wonderfully smoky tortillas and drank cervezas. Wandering through the shops, we bought small parrots with friendly expressions sitting in brass hoops, a white cotton dress embroidered with lavender daisies, a pair of bright green woven leather shoes, a brown glazed pot with two dog heads. We bargained for everything, exchanging secret signals, laughing happily out on the street again after winning each round.

The black truck crept slowly down the road, parting shoppers, blowing its horn in long raucous blasts. On the wooden flatbed rode a black coffin with silver handles. Grouped around it, sitting and standing, were some fifteen men, women and children, staring with impassive calm over the crowd. (A man has died. Attention must be paid.) One woman in a blue sweater and black skirt rested her head on another's shoulder, weeping, black wings of hair shielding her face. Behind them as far as we could see crawled a procession of other trucks shattering the sky with their horns, gunning their engines in hoarse roars. The noise was deafening.

I turned to Catherine. The color had drained from her face. She seemed to be shaking internally and her eyes stared through me in panic. I grabbed her arm and yanked her into the first enclosed doorway, which turned out to be a sort of Mexican Penney's, full of racks of shawls and men's shirts and socks and children's overalls. The presence of these familiar items seemed to calm her, but the noise still shook the windows and her eyes kept straying to the slow procession outside. She looked like a horse about to bolt. Mercifully, the store had a base-

ment. Below ground the air was darker, warm, womblike; the outrageous racket died away to a faint background hum. We looked at cooking pots, handled glassware and candlesticks, and then, improbably, in a basket under the stairs, I found what I had come to Nogales for.

I recognized it at once! A wooden bat, the size of a child's baseball bat, but carved with stripes and leaves and stained bright red, green and yellow between fanciful designs drawn in black marker. Around the top ran an energetic Aztec warrior wearing a feather headdress, carrying a round shield and brandishing a bat just like mine. In front of him rose tall green agave leaves, a boojum tree with extravagant red flowers and a rising sun. Above the warrior was carved the word "MEXICO" in white knife strokes on a red band.

I am unable to explain the sudden intense affinity I have for certain objects, but I know enough to respect it. I paid \$3.95 for the bat and watched it wrapped in newspapers with deep satisfaction.

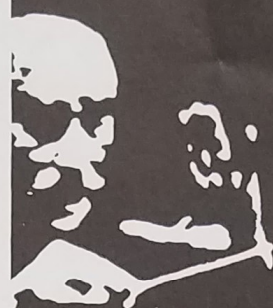
We climbed stairs to the street into the peace of the early evening. The funeral procession had vanished. Driving north to Tucson, we listened to country songs as sunset flamed and died away.

Saturday we hiked down from Redington Pass and sat on water-smoothed bedrock to throw sticks into clear pools for the dog to fetch. She leaped and swam, splashed and shook, showering us with icy water. Catherine shrieked and laughed again. We stayed all day, until shadows covered the sand.

Sunday Catherine went back to Oregon, five pounds heavier with a sunburnt nose, carrying a pound of blue cornmeal, wearing blue jeans and a white T-shirt emblazoned with green saguaros and a bright yellow sun.

Last weekend I bought a small barrel cactus the size of a goose egg and planted it in my dog-headed Mexican pot. It stands in the warm Southwestern sun on my desk, and today one magenta blossom opened. It makes me very happy. My Mexican bat lies beside me on the table as I write, bright and bold. I am so glad to be here. So grateful to be healed by this land, to be home. □

Eleanor O'Bryon is a hiking instructor. She moved here from Oregon a few months ago.



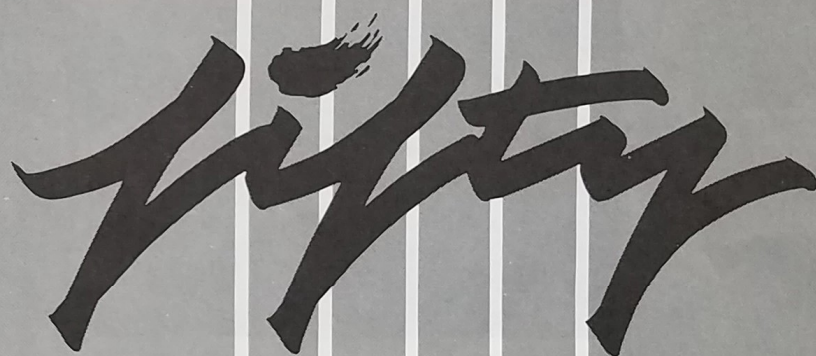
JEFF'S CLASSICAL RECORD SHOPPE

2556 N. CAMPBELL
(Next to Katherine & Co)

327-0555
Mon-Sat 10-9

New and Used Classical Records and Cassettes
Movie Soundtracks • Imports • Collectors' Items

BE A PART . . . OF FIFTY YEARS OF ART.

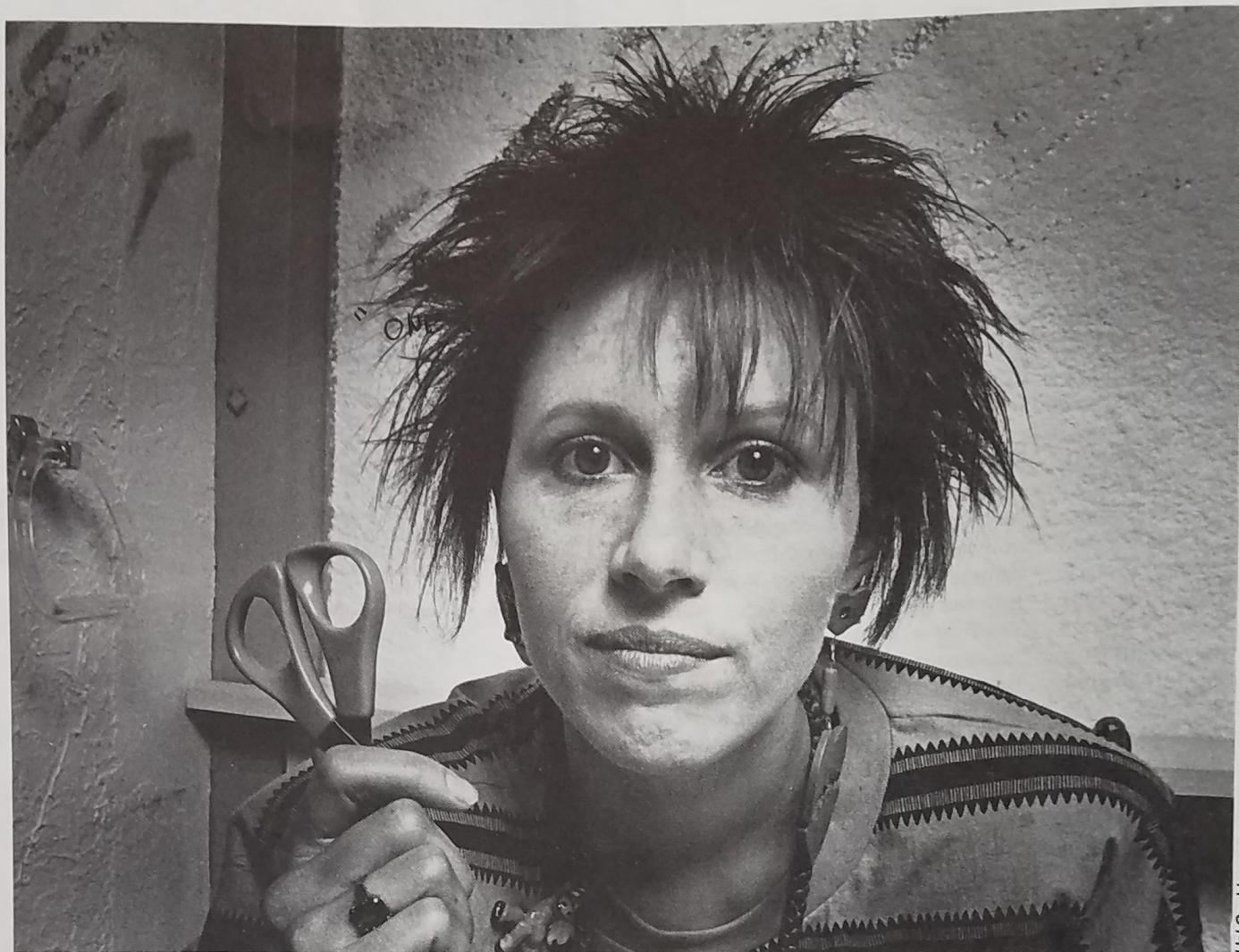


For fifty years, the Tucson Museum of Art has been bringing some of the world's best art . . . and some of the finest entertainment . . . to Tucson.

Help keep a good thing going. Join the Tucson Museum of Art. Memberships cost as little as \$35.



For more information, call 624-2333.



Hal Gould

Signe Razzi

Signe Razzi (pronounced See-na) is thirty years old. She works at D'Agostino's as a hairstylist and has a large following of all kinds of people. She loves to tint hair, including her own, which changes from blue to orange to purple regularly. By conventional standards, she wears strange clothing, mixing colors and styles to create her own look. She loves cars and drives a cherry 1964 Corvair convertible with historic plates. In spring she will marry the man she's been living with for six years.

Since I was a little kid I knew I wanted to do something "artsy." Ever since I could hold a crayon, I was drawing. I would break out construction paper, glue and scissors and make a big mess. In high school I majored in art. After graduating, my friend and I started a costume jewelry business. We put beads on suede thongs. This was 1975 and the idea just went crazy. We sold

to Bloomingdale's, Saks Fifth Avenue, really nice stores.

I went into advertising for a couple of years. I was a paste-up mechanical artist. I did the job well but I wasn't thrilled with it. It was too two-dimensional for me; I have always veered toward three-dimensional design, doing sculptural things, more than painting or drawing.

I've been a hairstylist for about four years. It satisfies my creative urge, it's very immediate. It doesn't take four or five days to make a haircut; you do it in the hour and you can change someone's looks. I do about six cuts a day and you get to talk to people and if they like it, it's a good feeling. It wouldn't be the same creating a haircut on a mannequin head. I listen to people, though a lot of my clients trust me and let me do what I want. I think I give people something interesting that stands out. I don't mean like a shaved head, but at the same time it's flattering on them and easy to do. I've done some really wild, way-out

hairstyles, but only on people who wanted that and if it suited them. I don't believe in doing something purely for the sake of being wild—it has to be esthetically pleasing. That's what makes something beautiful: it's pleasing to the eye and balances out with the face, and it's easy for them to do when they get home. I try to do that within the cut and show them how to do what I do, instead of them thinking "she put ten different products in my hair." I try to make it as simple as possible.

I dress eclectic. I like modern clothes. I like vintage clothes, I like mixing the two together. I guess I almost sometimes like to look like a cartoon come to life. I do it for whimsy and fun, to bring a little humor into the day. People you'd never imagine will say, "I never thought I'd be saying this, but I like blue hair on you."

I got a white Volkswagen square-back a few years ago. I always liked round cars for some reason. It was too nondescript for me, so I painted it

like a zebra. I liked the concept of doing some kind of animal print because it's a moving vehicle. I would drive around town and people would laugh, not at me but with me. They'd yell "catch any big game lately?" and things like that. I always wanted a convertible and I saw this Corvair. I got it in my head, after it was still there six weeks later, that it was destiny that I should have this car. I'm keeping this one classic. I repainted it white. Volkswagens are suited to funky paint jobs, this one isn't. It's funny but I was thinking lately that if I wasn't in hairdressing I might start a car-painting business and paint funky old cars. But it wouldn't be like pin-striping. It would be jazzy, for older, beat-up cars.

I believe I'm an honest person. Going back to hair, if someone comes in for a perm and I don't think they need it, I'll talk them out of it. I believe what you do comes back to you. That's kind of how I live my life. □



**American Color.
When you can't
afford the latest
show on earth.**

On a deadline? Jester reminder. American Color is used to bright lights and pressure.

You see, color separating is our *only* business. So we don't treat it as a side show.

We'll give you experienced hands/eyes that understand the fine line between red and ready, blue and blown.

And equipment that's strictly state-of-the-art. From laser scanners to color pagination systems.

That's why so many of the nation's leading magazines, ad agencies and printers entrust their most important work to us.

Next time you're all alone in the center ring, call up the best show in town.

American Color.

Sales and production office: Tucson, Arizona
(602) 623-6963, Walt Colditz or Gary Dudash

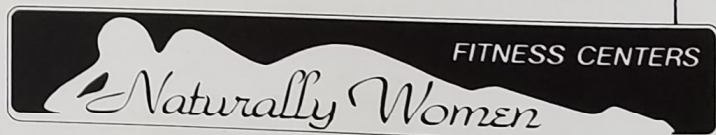


Mother Knows Best!



"You'd be amazed at what a little exercise can do...just ask my daughter. She thought she was too tired to exercise. Now she's found she was tired...because she didn't."

Shouldn't you belong to Naturally Women?...
Naturally.



Eastside
6880 E. Broadway
722-3700

Northwest
4343 N. Oracle
292-0500

**Tucson's Only Fitness
Center *Exclusively*
for Women.**